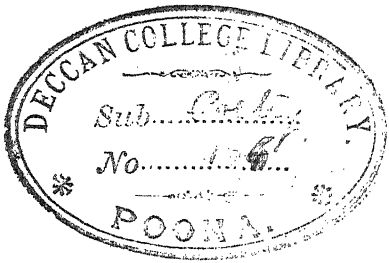
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R. C. BROWNE



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ENGLISH POEMS

BY

OHN MILTON



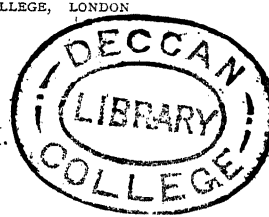
EDITED

LIFE, INTRODUCTION, AND SELECTED NOTES

BY

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O MIGHTY-MOUTH'D INVENTOR OF HARMONIES,
O SKILL'D TO SING OF TIME OR ETERNITY,
GOD-GIFTED ORGAN-VOICE OF ENGLAND,
MILTON, A NAME TO RESOUND FOR AGES;
WHOSE TITAN ANGELS, GABRIEL, ABDIEL,
STARR'D FROM JEHOVAH'S GORGEOUS ARMOURIES,
TOWER, AS THE DEEP-DOMED EMPYREAN
RINGS TO THE ROAR OF AN ANGEL ONSET—
ME RATHER ALL THAT BOWERY LONELINESS,
THE BROOKS OF EDEN MAZILY MURMURING,
AND BLOOM PROFUSE AND CEDAR ARCHES
CHARM, AS A WANDERER OUT IN OCEAN,
WHERE SOME REFULGENT SUNSET OF INDIA
STREAMS O'ER A RICH AMBROSIAL OCEAN ISLE,
AND CRIMSON-HUED THE STATELY PALM WOODS
WHISPER IN ODOROUS HEIGHTS OF EVEN.

Tennyson.

III.

LAST POEMS, 1665–1671.

(*Continued.*)



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of angels to perform the work of creation in six days; the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof and his re-ascension into Heaven.

DESCEND from Heav'n, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.
The meaning, not the name I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but Heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy tempring; with like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element:
Lest from this flying steed unrein'd (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Dismounted, on th' Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn

Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compast round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumber nightly, or when morn
Purples the east: still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art Heav'nly, she an empty dream.
Say goddess, what ensu'd when Raphael,
The affable archangel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apostasy, by what befel in Heaven
To those apostates, lest the like befall
In Paradise to Adam or his race,
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obey'd amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
Though wandring. He with his consorted Eve
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration, and deep muse to hear
Of things so high and strange, things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,
And war so near the peace of God in bliss
With such confusion: but the evil soon
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix

With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What nearer might concern him, how this World
Of heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,
When, and whereof created, for what cause,
What within Eden or without was done
Before his memory, as one whose drought
Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly guest.
'Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,
Divine interpreter, by favour sent
Down from the empyrean to forewarn
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach:
For which to the Infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
Receive with solemn purpose to observe
Immutably his sovran will, the end
Of what we are. But since thou hast voutsaf't
Gently for our instruction to impart
Things above Earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps avail us known,
How first began this heav'n which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd
Embracing round this florid Earth, what cause
Mov'd the Creator in his holy rest
Through all eternity so late to build
In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
Absolv'd; if unforbid thou may'st unfold,
What we not to explore the secrets ask

To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great Light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though steep; suspense in heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:
Or if the star of evening and the moon
Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.'
Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought:
And thus the godlike angel answer'd mild.
'This also thy request with caution askt
Obtain: though to recount Almighty works
What words or tongue of seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing, such commission from above
I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
Only Omniscient, hath suppress in night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:
Enough is left besides to search and know.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.
'Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of angels, than that star the stars among)

Into his place, and the great Son return'd
Victorious with his saints, th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.
'"At least our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deity supreme, us dispossest,
He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,
Their station; Heav'n yet populous retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministeries due and solemn rites:
But lest his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have dispeopl'd Heav'n
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience tri'd,
And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth,
One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of Heav'n,
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, speak thou, and be it done:
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
I send along, ride forth, and bid the Deep
Within appointed bounds be heav'n and earth;
Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
Though I uncircumscrib'd myself retire,
And put not forth my goodness, which is free
[illegible] and Chance

Approach not me, and what I will is Fate."
'So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heav'n
When such was heard declar'd the Almighty's will;
Glory they sung to the Most High, good will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace;
Glory to him whose just avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight
And th' habitations of the just; to him
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, instead
Of spirits malign a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to worlds and ages infinite.
'So sang the hierarchies: meanwhile the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine, sapience and love
Immense, and all his Father in him shon.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd,
From th' armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harnest at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord; Heav'n op'nd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.

They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains to assault
Heav'ns highth, and with the centre mix the pole.
'"Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace!"
Said then th' omnific Word, "your discord end:"
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the World unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice; him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he centr'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, "Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O World."
Thus God the heav'n created, thus the Earth.
Matter unform'd and void: darkness profound
Cover'd th' abyss: but on the watry calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs,
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air,
And Earth self-balanc't on her centre hung.
'"Let there be Light," said God; and forthwith Light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
Sprung from the Deep, and from her native east
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
[illegible] tabernacle

Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided: light the Day, and darkness Night
He nam'd. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
And touch't their golden harps, and hymning prais'd
God and his works, Creator him they sung,
Both when first ev'ning was, and when first morn.
'Again, God said, "Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters:" and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round: partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as Earth, so he the World
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far remov'd, lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And heav'n he nam'd the firmament: so Ev'n
And Morning chorus sung the second day.
'The Earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of Earth
Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolific humour soft'ning all her globe,
Fermented the great Mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moisture, when God said,
"Be gather'd now ye waters under heav'n
Into one place, and let dry land appear."
Immediately the mountains huge appear

Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky:
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they
Hastened with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
On the swift floods: as armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard, so the watry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wandring, found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, Earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd Seas:
And saw that it was good, and said, "Let th' Earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind;
Whose seed is in herself upon the Earth."
He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green,
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'rd,
Op'ning their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown.
Forth flourish't thick the clustring vine, forth crept
The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattl'd in her field: and the humble shrub,
And bush with frizzl'd hair implicit: last
the stately trees, and spread

Their branches hung with copious fruit; or gemm'd
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,
With tufts the valleys and each fountain side,
With borders long the rivers. That Earth now
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which ere it was in the earth
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem; God saw that it was good.
So Ev'n and Morn recorded the third day.
'Again th' Almighty spake: "Let there be lights
High in th' expanse of heaven, to divide
The day from night; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years,
And let them be for lights as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heav'n
To give light on the Earth;" and it was so.
And God made two great lights, great for their use
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night altern; and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of heav'n
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celestial bodies first the sun
A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
And sow'd with stars the heav'n thick as a field:
Of Light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive

Her gather'd beams, great palace now of Light.
Hither as to their fountain other stars
Repairing, in their gold'n urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though from human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his east the glorious Lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heav'ns high road: the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the moon,
But opposite in levell'd west was set
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him; for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night, then in the east her turn she shines
Revolv'd on heav'ns great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn'd
With their bright luminaries that set and rose,
Glad Ev'ning and glad Morn crown'd the fourth day.
'And God said, "Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Display'd on the op'n firmament of heav'n."
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
"Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
And lakes, and running streams the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multipli'd on the earth."
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals

Of fish that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid sea: part single or with mate
Graze the sea weed their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,
Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal,
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait
Tempest the ocean: there Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretcht like a promontory sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens and shores
Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledge
They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime
With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their airy caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till ev'n, nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays:
Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downy breast; the

Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tow'r
The mid aerial sky: others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and th' other whose gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenisht, and the air with fowl,
Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the fifth day.
'The sixth, and of creation last, arose
With ev'ning harps and matin, when God said,
"Let th' Earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of the earth,
Each in their kind." The Earth obey'd, and straight
Op'ning her fertile womb teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfet forms,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose
As from his lair the wild beast where he wonns
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:
The cattle in the fields and meadows green;
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
The grassy clods now calv'd; now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbl'd earth above them threw
In hillocks; the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould
Behemoth biggest born of earth upheav'd
His vastness: fleec't the flocks and bleating rose
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land
The river horse and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,

For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liveries deckt of summer's pride
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:
These as a line their long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature; some of serpent kind
Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd
The female bee that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells,
With honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them names,
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
The serpent, subtl'st beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
'Now Heav'n in all her glory shon, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great First-Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course; Earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walkt
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endu'd
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes

And worship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake.
'"Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground."
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee O Man!
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on the earth.
Wherever thus created, (for no place
Is yet distinct by name) thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' Earth yields,
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou di'st;
Death is the penalty impos'd, beware,
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
'Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd

Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created World
Th' addition of his empire, how it shew'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the air
Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou heardst)
The heav'ns and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their station list'ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
"Open, ye everlasting gates," they sung,
"Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six day's work, a world;
Open and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men,
Delighted; and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers,
On errands of supernal grace." So sung
The glorious train ascending: he through Heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal house direct the way,
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
Powder'd with stars. And now on Earth the seventh
Ev'ning arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'ns high-seated top, th' imperial throne
Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arriv'd, and sate him down
With his great Father; for he also went
Invisible, yet stay'd (such privilege

Author and end of all things, and from work
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the sev'nth day,
As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in silence holy kept; the harp
Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire
Temper'd soft tunings, intermixt with voice
Choral or unison: of incense clouds
Fuming from golden censers hid the mount.
Creation and the six days' acts they sung:
'"Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite
Thy power; what thought can measure thee or tongue
Relate thee? greater now in thy return
Than from the giant angels; thee that day
Thy thunders magnifi'd; but to create
Is greater than created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? easily the proud attempt
Of spirits apostate and their counsels vain
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n
From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destined habitation; but thou know'st
Their seasons: among these the seat of men,
Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc't,
Created in his image, there to dwell
And worship him, and in reward to rule

Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers
Holy and just: thrice happy if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright."
'So sung they, and the empyrean rung,
With hallelujahs: thus was sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that posterity
Inform'd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.'

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam enquires concerning celestial motions, is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents; and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation; his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve; his discourse with the angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated departs.

THE angel ended; and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to hear;
Then, as new-wak't, thus gratefully repli'd.
'What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
Equal have I to render thee, divine
Historian? who thus largely hast allay'd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsaf't
This friendly condescension to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator; something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this World
Of heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute
Their magnitudes, this Earth, a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compar'd,
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll

Their distance argues, and their swift return
Diurnal) merely to officiate light
Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night; in all their vast survey
Useless besides; reasoning, I oft admire,
How Nature wise and frugal could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater so manifold to this one use,
For aught appears, and on their orbs impose
Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated; while the sedentary Earth,
That better might with far less compass move,
Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains
Her end without least motion, and receives,
As tribute such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light:
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.'
So spake our sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve
Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nursery; they at her coming sprung
And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
Adam relating, she sole auditress;
Her husband the relater she preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather; he, she knew would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses, from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now

With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
Not unattended, for on her as queen
A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.
And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt propos'd
Benevolent and facile thus repli'd.
'To ask or search I blame thee not, for heav'n
Is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years:
This to attain, whether heav'n move or Earth,
Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest
From man or angel the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or if they list to try
Conjecture, he his fabric of the heav'ns
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model heav'n
And calculate the stars, how they will wield
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To save appearances, how gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbl'd o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb:
Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journies run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit: consider first, that great
Or bright infers not excellence: the Earth
Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,
Nor glistering, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the sun that barren shines,
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
But in the fruitful Earth; there first receiv'd

His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.
Yet not to Earth are those bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee Earth's habitant.
And for the heaven's wide circuit, let it speak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his line stretcht out so far;
That Man may know he dwells not in his own,
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could add
Speed almost spiritual: me thou think'st not slow
Who since the morning hour set out from Heav'n
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
In Eden, distance inexpressible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the heav'ns, to show
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.
God, to remove his ways from human sense,
Plac'd heav'n from Earth so far, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the sun
Be centre to the world, and other stars
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wandring course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these
The planet Earth, so steadfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different motions move?
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities;
Or save the sun his labour, and that swift

Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
If Earth industrious of herself fetch day
Travelling east, and with her part averse
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous air,
To the terrestrial moon be as a star
Enlightning her by day, as she by night
This Earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants: her spots thou seest
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her soft'nd soil, for some to eat
Allotted there; and other suns perhaps
With their attendant moons thou wilt descry
Communicating male and female light;
Which two great sexes animate the world,
Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live.
For such vast room in nature unpossest
By living soul, desert and desolate,
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not,
Whether the Sun predominant in heav'n
Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun;
He from the east his flaming road begin,
Or she from west her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces ev'n,
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to God above, him serve and fear;
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever plac't, let him dispose: joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise

To know what passes there; be lowly wise:
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what state, condition, or degree,
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,
Not of Earth only, but of highest Heav'n.'
To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, repli'd.
'How fully hast thou satisfi'd me, pure
Intelligence of Heav'n, angel serene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheckt, and of her roving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom; what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us, in things that most concern
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
Therefore, from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful; whence haply mention may arise
Of something not unseasonable to ask
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance: now hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard;
And day is not yet spent; till then thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate;
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply;

And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant; but thy words with grace divine
Imbu'd, bring to their sweetness no satiety.'
To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek.
'Nor are thy lips ungraceful, sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd,
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms;
Nor less think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire
Gladly into the ways of God with Man:
For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set
On Man his equal love: say therefore on;
For I that day was absent, as befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on excursion toward the gates of Hell;
Squar'd in full legion (such command we had)
To see that none thence issu'd forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Lest he incenst at such eruption bold,
Destruction with creation might have mixt.
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as sovran King, and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light
Ere sabbath ev'ning: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.'

So spake the godlike Power; and thus our sire.
'For Man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest sleep
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dri'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward heav'n my wondring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample sky; till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, and lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. "Thou Sun," said I, "fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent;
Tell me, how I may know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know."
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none return'd.

Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
My drowsed sense, untroubl'd, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve;
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, "Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First father, call'd by thee I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd."
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I saw
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
Load'n with fairest fruit that hung to the eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadow'd: here had new begun
My wandring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiss: he rear'd me, and "whom thou sought'st I am,"
Said mildly, "Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the tree, whose operation brings

The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of Life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt die;
From that day mortal, and this happy state
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow." Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect
Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
"Not only these fair bounds, but all the Earth
To thee and to thy race, I give; as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl.
In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low subjection; understand the same
Of fish within their watry residence,
Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
Their element to draw the thinner air."
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two; these cowring low
With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
Their nature, with such knowledge God endu'd
My sudden apprehension; but in these
I found not what methought I wanted still;
And to the Heav'nly Vision thus presum'd.
"O by what name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
Surpassest far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this universe,
And all this good to Man? for whose well being

Thou hast provided all things: but with me
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness? who can enjoy alone?
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?"
Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,
As with a smile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.
"What call'st thou solitude? is not the Earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Replenisht, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee? know'st thou not
Their language, and their ways? they also know,
And reason not contemptibly; with these
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large."
So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
So ordering; I, with leave of speech implor'd
And humble deprecation thus repli'd:
"Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?
Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n, and receiv'd; but in disparity
The one intense, the other still remiss
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort; they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioness;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;
Worse then can Man with beast, and least of all."
Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.
"A nice and subtle happiness I see
[illegible] in the choice

Of thy associates, Adam, and will taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possest
Of happiness, or not? who am alone
From all eternity, for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse
Save with the creatures which I made, and those
To me inferior, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?"
'He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. "To attain
The highth and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things;
Thou in thyself art perfet, and in thee
Is no deficience found; not so is Man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like, to help
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagate, already infinite;
And through all numbers absolute, though One;
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multipli'd,
In unity defective; which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
Thou in thy secresy although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication; yet so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt
Of union or communion, deifi'd;
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find."
Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom us'd
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This answer from the gracious Voice Divine.
'"Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,
And find thee

Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself,
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute,
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
And no such company as then thou saw'st
Intended thee; for trial only brought,
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire."
'He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly by his Heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the highth
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazzl'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
By Nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the cell
Of Fancy my internal sight; by which
Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who stooping op'nd my left side, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up, and heal'd:
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspir'd

The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: on she came,
Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice; nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.
"'This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign!
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
Before me; Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted: for this cause he shall forego
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul."
'She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
The more desirable, or to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;
I follow'd her; she what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bow'r
I led her blushing like the morn: all Heav'n,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the Earth

Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the ev'ning star
On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.
'Thus I have told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire; these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,
Walks, and the melody of birds; but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
Against the charm of Beauty's powerful glance.
Or Nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain,
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
For well I understand in the prime end
Of Nature, her th' inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel;
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion giv'n
O'er other creatures; yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls

Loses discount'nanc't, and like Folly shows;
Authority and Reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and Nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac't.'
To whom the angel with contracted brow.
'Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so?
An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thyself;
Then value: oft-times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shows:
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou may'st love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated seem such dear delight
Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf't
To cattle and each beast; which would not be
To them made common and divulg'd, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The soul of Man, or passion in him move.
What higher in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true Love consists not; love refines

In reason, and is judicious, is the scale
By which to Heav'nly love thou may'st ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.'
To whom thus half abash't Adam repli'd:
'Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kinds,
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mixt with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects from the sense
Variously representing; yet still free
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'st me not, for Love thou say'st
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;
Love not the Heav'nly spirits, and how their love
Express they? by looks only, or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?'
To whom the angel with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue,
Answer'd. 'Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happy, and without Love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st,
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars;
Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure

As flesh to mix with flesh or soul with soul.
But I can now no more; the parting sun
Beyond the Earth's Green Cape and Verdant Isles
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy, and love, but first of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do aught, which else free will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons
The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware.
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the blest: stand fast; to stand or fall
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfet within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel.'
So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. 'Since to part,
Go heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.'
So parted they; the angel up to Heav'n
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan having compassed the earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist, by night into Paradise, and enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart. Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest that Enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone. Eve loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields. The Serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not till now: the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both. Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of Knowledge forbidden. The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she pleased with the taste, deliberates awhile whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her, and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit. The effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or angel guest
With Man, as with his friend, familiar us'd
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change

These notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
And disobedience: on the part of Heav'n
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment giv'n,
That brought into this world a world of woe,
Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery,
Death's harbinger: sad task, yet argument
Not less but more heroic than the wrath
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursu'd
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd,
Or Neptune's ire or Juno's, that so long
Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's son;
If answerable style I can obtain
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse:
Since first this subject for heroic song
Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;
Not sedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect
With long and tedious havoc, fabled knights,
In battles feign'd; the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Unsung; or to describe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,
Impreses quaint, caparisons and steeds;
Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
At joust and tournament; then marshall'd feast
Serv'd up in hall with sewers, and seneschals;
The skill of artifice or office mean,
Not that which justly gives heroic name
To person or to poem. Me of these
Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise

That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years damp my intended wing
Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.
The sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter
Twixt day and night; and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round:
When Satan who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On Man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compassing the Earth; cautious of day,
Since Uriel regent of the sun descri'd
His entrance, and forewarn'd the cherubim
That kept their watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,
The space of seven continu'd nights he rode
With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line
He circl'd, four times cross'd the car of night
From pole to pole, traversing each colure;
On the eighth return'd, and on the coast averse
From entrance or cherubic watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not, (though Sin, not Time, first wrought the change,)
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a fountain by the tree of Life;
In with the river sunk, and with it rose
Satan involved in rising mist; then sought
Where to lie hid: sea he had searcht and land
From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;
Downward as far antarctic; and in length
West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd
At Darien, thence to the land where flows

Ganges and Indus. Thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow search; and with inspection deep
Consider'd every creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
Him after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight: for in the wily snake
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native subtlety
Proceeding, which in other beasts observ'd
Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r,
Active within beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolv'd; but first from inward grief
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:
'O Earth! how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
More justly, seat worthier of gods, as built
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worse would build?
Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,
In thee concentring all their precious beams
Of sacred influence: as God in Heav'n
Is céntre, yet extends to all, so thou
Centring receiv'st from all those orbs; in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man.
With what delight could I have walk't thee round,
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves; but I in none of these
Find place or refuge; and the more I see

Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n
To dwell, unless by mastring Heav'ns Supreme;
Nor hope to be myself less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound;
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd,
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,
In woe then; that destruction wide may range:
To me shall be the glory sole among
The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd,
What he Almighty styl'd, six nights and days
Continu'd making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving, though perhaps
Not longer than since I in one night freed
From servitude inglorious well nigh half
Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers: he to be aveng'd,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd
More angels to create, if they at least
Are his created, or to spite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from so base original
With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils: what he decreed
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and Earth his seat,
Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!
Subjected to his service angel wings,
And flaming ministers to watch and tend
Their earthy charge: of these the vigilance

I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapour glide obscure, and pry
In every bush and brake, where hap may find
The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I who erst contended
With gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
Into a beast, and mixt with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of deity aspir'd;
But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? who aspires, must down as low
As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils;
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favourite
Of Heav'n, this Man of clay, son of despite,
Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.'
So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles;
Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb
Fearless unfear'd he slept. In at his mouth
The Devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd
With act intelligential; but his sleep
Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn.
Now when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe
From th' Earth's great altar send up silent praise

To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs:
Then commune how that day they best may ply
Their growing work: for much their work outgrew
The hands despatch of two gardning so wide.
And Eve first to her husband thus began.
'Adam, well may we labour still to dress
This garden, still to tend plant, herb and flow'r,
Our pleasant task enjoin'd, but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present.
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
The clasping ivy where to climb, while I
In yonder spring of roses intermixt
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon;
For while so near each other thus all day
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on? which intermits
Our day's work brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of supper comes unearn'd.'
To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.
'Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
Compare above all living creatures dear,
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd
How we might best fulfil the work which here
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,

And good works in her husband to promote.
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd
Labour, as to debar us when we need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow,
To brute deni'd, and are of Love the food,
Love not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksome toil, but to delight
He made us, and delight to Reason join'd.
The paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us: but if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield.
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befal thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious Foe
Envying our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need;
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worse; leave not the faithful side
That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.
The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.'
To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,

With sweet austere composure thus repli'd.
'Offspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earth's Lord,
That such an Enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting angel overheard
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of evening flow'rs.
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a Foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st not, being such,
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers
Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc't;
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast
Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?'
To whom with healing words Adam repli'd.
'Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
Th' attempt itself, intended by our Foe.
For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation: thou thyself with scorn
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found; misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The Enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;
Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light.
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn:
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels, nor think superfluous others' aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive

Access in every virtue, in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking o
Shame to be overcome or overreacht
Would utmost vigour raise, and rais'd unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy virtue tri'd!'
So spake domestic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Less attributed to her faith sincere,
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.
'If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit strait'nd by a Foe,
Subtle or violent, we not endu'd
Single with like defence, wherever met,
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin: only our Foe
Tempting, affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity: his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns
Foul on himself; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honour gain
From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,
Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.
And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd,
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfet by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combin'd;
Frail is our happiness, if this be so,
And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.'
To whom thus Adam fervently repli'd.
'O Woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them, his creating hand
Nothing imperfet or deficient left
Of all that he created, much less Man,

Secure from outward force; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Against his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will, for what obeys
Reason, is free, and Reason he made right,
But bid her well be ware, and still erect,
Lest by some fair appearing good surpris'd
She dictate false, and misinform the will
To do what God expressly hath forbid,
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since Reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me
Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience; th' other who can know?
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou think, trial unsought may find
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.'
So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd.
'With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd,
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,
May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,
The willinger I go, nor much expect
A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.'

Soft she withdrew, and like a wood-nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self
In gait surpass'd and goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,
But with such gardning tools as art yet rude,
Guiltless of fire had form'd, or angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona thus adorn'd,
Likest she seem'd; Pomona when she fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated, she to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose;
Such ambush hid among sweet flow'rs and shades
Waited, with hellish rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or send thee back
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.
For now, and since first break of dawn the Fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.
In bow'r and field he sought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendance or plantation for delight,
By fountain or by shady rivulet
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope

Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half spi'd, so thick the roses bushing round
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
Each flow'r of slender stalk, whose head though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or speckt with gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd, them she upstays
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flow'r,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-wov'n arborets and flow'rs
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son;
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
Much he the place admir'd, the person more.
As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her look sums all delight.
Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold
This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone: her Heav'nly form
Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture or least action over-aw'd

His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
That space the Evil One abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;
But the hot Hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd. Then soon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.
'Thoughts, whither have ye led me? with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported to forget
What hither brought us? hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy;
Save what is in destroying, other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles; behold alone
The woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,
Foe not informidable, exempt from wound,
I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and pain
Enfeebl'd me, to what I was in Heav'n.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods,
Not terrible, though terror be in love
And beauty, not approach't by stronger hate,
Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.'
So spake the Enemy of mankind, enclos'd
In serpent, inmate bad; and toward Eve
Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that tow'r'd

Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burnisht neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape,
And lovely, never since of serpent kind
Lovelier, not those that in Illyria changed
Hermione and Cadmus, or the god
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen,
He with Olympias, this with her who bore
Scipio the highth of Rome. With tract oblique
At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veers off, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail;
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye; she busied heard the sound
Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as us'd
To such disport before her through the field,
From every beast, more duteous at her call,
Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd.
He bolder now, uncall'd before her stood;
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck,
Fawning; and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

'Wonder not, sovran mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst, who art sole wonder, much less arm
Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd

Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
Where universally admir'd; but here
In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen
A goddess among gods, ador'd and serv'd
By angels numberless, thy daily train.'
So gloz'd the Tempter, and his proem tun'd;
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
Though at the voice much marvelling; at length
Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.
'What may this mean? language of Man pronounc't
By tongue of brute, and human sense exprest?
The first at least of these I thought deni'd
To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
Created mute to all articulate sound;
The latter I demur, for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions oft appears.
Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;
Redouble then this miracle, and say
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.'
To whom the guileful Tempter thus repli'd.
'Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,
Easy to me it is to tell thee all
What thou commandst, and right thou shouldst be obey'd.
I was at first as other beasts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food, nor ought but food discern'd
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roving the field, I [illegible]

A goodly tree far distant to behold
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense
Than smell of sweetest fennel or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at ev'n,
Unsuckt of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,
For high from ground the branches would require
Thy utmost reach or Adam's: round the tree
All other beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I spar'd not; for such pleasure till that hour
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of Reason in my inward powers, and speech
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Consider'd all things visible in Heav'n,
Or Earth, or middle, all things fair and good;
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's Heav'nly ray
United I beheld; no fair to thine
Equivalent or second, which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worship thee, of right declar'd
Sovran of creatures, universal Dame.'

So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and Eve

Yet more amaz'd unwary thus repli'd.
'Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd:
But say, where grows the tree, from hence how far?
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us, in such abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater store of fruit untoucht,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden nature of her birth.'
To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad.
'Empress, the way is ready, and not long,
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm; if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.'
'Lead then,' said Eve. He leading swiftly roll'd
In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Bright'ns his crest, as when a wandring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindl'd through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.
So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led Eve our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.
'Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,
The credit of whose virtue rests with thee,
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.
But of this tree we may not taste nor touch

God so commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
Law to ourselves, our Reason is our law.'
To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd.
'Indeed? hath God then said that of the fruit
Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,
Yet lords declar'd of all in Earth or air?'
To whom thus Eve yet sinless. 'Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat,
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
The garden, God hath said, "Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die."'
She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
The Tempter, but with show of zeal and love
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and, as to passion mov'd,
Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act
Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.
As when of old some orator renown'd
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause addrest,
Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right.
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown
The Tempter all impassion'd thus began.
'O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant!
Mother of science! now I feel thy power
Within me clear, not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.
Queen of this universe, do not believe
Those rigid threats of death; ye shall not die:
How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge: by the Threatener? look on me,
Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than Fate

Meant me, by ventring higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to Man, which to the beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounc't, whatever thing death be,
Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep you low and ignorant,
His worshippers; he knows that in the day
You eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd; and ye shall be as gods,
Knowing both good and evil as they know.
That ye shall be as gods, since I as Man,
Internal Man, is but proportion meet;
I of brute human, ye of human gods.
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on gods, death to be wisht,
Though threat'nd, which no worse than this can bring.
And what are gods that man may not become
As they, participating god-like food?
The gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds:
I question it, for this fair Earth I see,
Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: if they all things, who enclos'd
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree

Impart against his will if all be his?
Or is it envy, and can envy dwell
In Heav'nly breasts? These, these and many more
Causes import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.'
He ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too easy entrance won:
Fixt on the fruit she gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth;
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell
So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye; yet first
Pausing awhile, thus to herself she mus'd.
'Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admir'd;
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay,
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise:
Thy praise he also who forbids thy use
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste; but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the serpent? he hath eaten and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns

Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us deni'd
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?
For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy
The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then? rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?'
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty Serpent, and well might, for Eve
Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else
Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancied so, through expectation high
Of knowledge, nor was godhead from her thought.
Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,
And knew not eating death: satiate at length,
And hight'nd as with wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to herself she pleasingly began.
'O sovran, virtuous, precious of all trees
In Paradise! of operation blest
To sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without song, each morning, and due praise
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;
Till dieted by thee I

In knowledge, as the gods who all things know;
Though others envy what they cannot give;
For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide, not following thee I had remain'd
In ignorance; thou op'nst Wisdom's way,
And giv'st access, though secret she retire.
And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,
High and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies
About him. But to Adam in what sort
Shall I appear? Shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with me? or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power
Without co-partner? so to add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undesirable, sometime
Superior; for inferior who is free?
This may be well: but what if God have seen,
And death ensue? then I shall be no more,
And Adam wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him, all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life.'
So saying, from the tree her steps she turn'd,
But first low reverence done, as to the power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd
From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn

As reapers oft are wont their harvest-queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him; he the falt'ring measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That morn when first they parted; by the tree
Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit that downy smil'd,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
To him she hasted, in her face Excuse
Came prologue and apology to prompt,
Which with bland words at will she thus addrest.
'Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have misst, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy presence, agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untri'd I sought,
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:
This tree is not as we are told, a tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Op'ning the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them gods who taste;
And hath been tasted such: the serpent wise,
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
Endu'd with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration, and with me
Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
Th' effects to correspond, opener mine eyes,
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.

Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.
Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Lest thou not tasting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when Fate will not permit.'
 Thus Eve with count'nance blithe her story told;
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed:
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke.
 'O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defac't, deflow'rd, and now to death devote?
Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidd'n? some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die:
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The link of Nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.'

Re-comforted, and after thoughts disturb'd
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd.
'Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventrous Eve,
And peril great provok't, who thus hath dar'd
Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it under ban to touch.
But past who can recal, or done undo?
Not God omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not die; perhaps the fact
Is not so heinous now; foretasted fruit,
Profan'd first by the serpent, by him first
Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste;
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live as Man
Higher degree of life, inducement strong
To us, as likely tasting to attain
Proportional ascent, which cannot be
But to be gods, or angels demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy
Us his prime creatures, dignifi'd so high,
Set over all his works, which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us must fail,
Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose,
Not well conceiv'd of God, who though his power
Creation could repeat, yet would be loth
Us to abolish; lest the Adversary
Triumph, and say, "Fickle their state whom God
Most favours; who can please him long? me first
He ruin'd, now mankind; whom will he next?"
Matter of scorn, not to be given the Foe.
However, I with thee have fixt my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom; if death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel

The bond of Nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our state cannot be sever'd; we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.'
So Adam, and thus Eve to him repli'd.
'O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illustrious evidence, example high!
Engaging me to emulate, but short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain?
Adam! from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,
Rather than death or aught than death more dread
Shall separate us, linkt in love so dear,
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,
Whose virtue, for of good still good proceeds,
Direct, or by occasion hath presented
This happy trial of thy love, which else
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menac't would ensue
This my attempt, I would sustain alone
The worst, and not persuade thee; rather die
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy peace; chiefly assur'd
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful love unequall'd; but I feel
Far otherwise th' event; not death, but life
Augmented, op'nd eyes, new hopes, new joys,
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
Hath toucht my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds.'
So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
Had so ennobl'd, as of choice to incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death

In recompense, (for such compliance bad
Such recompense best merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;
Sky lowr'd, and muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe
Him with her lov'd society, that now
As with new wine intoxicated both
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings
Wherewith to scorn the Earth: but that false fruit
Far other operation first display'd,
Carnal desire inflaming; he on Eve
Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him
As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn:
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.
'Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of sapience no small part,
Since to each meaning savour we apply,
And palate call judicious; I the praise
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
But come, so well refresh't, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious fare:
For never did thy beauty since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, so in-

With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.'
So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbow'rd,
He led her nothing loth; flow'rs were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth, Earth's freshest softest lap.
There they their fill of love and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapour bland
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers
Made err, was now exhal'd; and grosser sleep
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
Encumber'd, now had left them, up they rose
As from unrest; and each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how op'nd, and their minds
How dark'nd; innocence, that as a veil
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour from about them, naked left
To guilty Shame; he cover'd, but his robe
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong,
Herculean Samson from the harlot-lap
Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak'd
Shorn of his strength; they destitute and bare
Of all their virtue. Silent, and in face
Confounded long they sat, as struck'n mute;
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash't,
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.
'O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught

False in our promised rising: since our eyes
Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil, good lost, and evil got:
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments, now soil'd and stain'd;
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? those Heav'nly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly, with their blaze
Insufferably bright. O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscur'd, where highest woods impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening! Cover me, ye pines,
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more!
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen:
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sew'd,
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Those middle parts, that this new comer, Shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.'
So counsell'd he: and both together went
Into the thickest wood, there soon they chose
The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade
High over-arch't, and echoing walks be-

There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loopholes cut through thickest shade. Those leaves
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe,
And with what skill they had, together sew'd,
To gird their waist; vain covering if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike
To that first naked glory! Such of late
Columbus found th' American, so girt
With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild,
Among the trees on iles and woody shores.
Thus fenc't, and as they thought, their shame in part
Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind,
They sat them down to weep; nor only tears
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
Began to rise; high passions, anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord; and shook sore
Their inward state of mind, calm region once
And full of peace, now tost and turbulent:
For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will
Heard not her lore; both in subjection now
To sensual Appetite, who from beneath
Usurping over sovran Reason claim'd
Superior sway; from thus distemper'd breast,
Adam, estrang'd in look and alter'd style,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.

'Would thou hadst hearkn'd to my words, and stay'd
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandring, this unhappy morn,
I know not whence possess'd thee; we had then
Remain'd still happy, not as now, despoil'd
Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.'

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve.
'What words have passed thy lips, Adam severe!

Of wandring, as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happ'nd thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd
Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake;
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why should he mean me ill, or seek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou the head
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger as thou saidst?
Too facile then thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm and fixt in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.'
To whom then first incenst Adam repli'd.
'Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, exprest
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,
Who might have liv'd and joy'd immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free-will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, secure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfet, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befal
Him who to worth in women

Lets her will rule ; restraint she will not brook,
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.'
 Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the guardian angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and re-ascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of Man. To make the way easier from Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then preparing for earth they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death. God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails; rejects the condolement of Eve; she persists and at length appeases him; then to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity by repentance and supplication.

MEANWHILE the heinous and despiteful act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
He in the serpent, had perverted Eve

Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in Heav'n; for what can 'scape the eye
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart
Omniscient? who in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of Man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd,
Complete to have discover'd and repulst
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.
For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd
The high injunction not to taste that fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they, not obeying,
Incurr'd, (what could they less?) the penalty,
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.
Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste
Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
For Man, for of his state by this they knew,
Much wond'ring how the subtle Fiend had stol'n
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven gate, displeas'd
All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages, yet mixt
With pity, violated not their bliss.
About the new arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befell: they towards the Throne Supreme
Accountable made haste to make appear
With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
And easily approv'd: when the Most High
Eternal Father from his secret cloud,
Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice.
'Assembl'd angels, and ye Powers return'd
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,
Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this Tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell.
I told ye then he should prevail and speed
On his bad errand: Man should be seduc't

And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His free will, to her own inclining left
In even scale. But fall'n he is; and now
What rests but that the mortal sentence pass
On his transgression, death denounc't that day?
Which he presumes already vain and void,
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee,
Vicegerent Son? to thee I have transferr'd
All judgment whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell.
Easy it might be seen that I intend
Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee
Man's Friend, his Mediator, his design'd
Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntary,
And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.'
So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded Deity; he full
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.
'Father eternal, thine is to decree,
Mine, both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will
Supreme; that thou in me thy Son belov'd
May'st ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou know'st,
Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,
When time shall be, for so I undertook
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On me deriv'd; yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee

Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
Conviction to the serpent none belongs.'
Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
Of high collateral glory: him Thrones, and Powers,
Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant
Accompanied to Heaven gate, from whence
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
Down he descended straight; the speed of gods
Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd.
Now was the sun in western cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in
The evening cool; when he from wrath more cool
Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both
To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest trees, both man and wife; till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.
'Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,
Where obvious duty erewhile appear'd unsought:
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.'
He came; and with him Eve, more loath, though first
To offend; discount'nanc't both, and discompos'd;
Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other; but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam falt'ring long, thus answer'd brief.
'I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself.' To whom

But still rejoic't; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?'
To whom thus Adam sore beset repli'd.
'O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge, either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint; but strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint;
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
This woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfet gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.'
To whom the sovran Presence thus repli'd.
'Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice, or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd
Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
Were such as under government well seem'd,
Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.'
So having said, he thus to Eve [illegible]

'Say, Woman, what is this which thou hast done?'
To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli'd.
'The serpent me beguil'd and I did eat.'
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To judgment he proceeded on th' accus'd
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation; justly then accurst
As vitiated in nature: more to know
Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew)
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last
To Satan first in sin his doom appli'd,
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.
'Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst
Above all cattle, each beast of the field;
Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed;
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.'
So spake this Oracle, then verifi'd
When Jesus son of Mary second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heav'n,
Prince of the air; then rising from his grave,
Spoil'd principalities and powers, triumpht
In open show, and with ascension bright
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itself of Satan long usurp't,
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;
Even he who now foretold his fatal bruise,
And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd.
'Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou shalt bring

Thine shall submit, he over thee shall rule.'
On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd.
'Because thou hast heark'nd to the voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree concerning which
I charg'd thee, saying: "Thou shalt not eat thereof;"
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid, and thou shalt eat th' herb of th' field,
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.'
So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent;
And th' instant stroke of death denounc't that day
Remov'd far off; then pitying how they stood
Before him naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume;
As when he wash'd his servants' feet so now
As Father of his family he clad
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
Nor he their outward only with the skins
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness,
Arraying cover'd from his Father's sight.
To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
Into his blissful bosom re-assum'd
In glory as of old, to him appeas'd,
All, though all-knowing, what had past with Man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.
Meanwhile ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on Earth,
Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death,
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through.

Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.
'O son, why sit we here each other viewing
Idly, while Satan our great author thrives
In other worlds, and happier seat provides
For us his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n
By his avengers, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this Deep; whatever draws me on,
Or sympathy, or some connatural force
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kind
By secretest conveyance. Thou my shade
Inseparable must with me along:
For Death from Sin no power can separate.
But lest the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impassable, impervious, let us try
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from Hell to that new world
Where Satan now prevails; a monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal host,
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new-felt attraction and instinct.'
Whom thus the meagre Shadow answer'd soon.
'Go whither fate and inclination strong
Leads thee, I shall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading, such a scent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The savour of Death from all things there that live:
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field,
Where armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd
With scent of living carcases design'd
For death, the following day, in bloody fight:
So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both from out Hell-gates into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark
Flew diverse; and with power (their power was great)
Hovering upon the waters; what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Tost up and down, together crowded drove
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.
As when two polar winds blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident smote, and fix't as firm
As Delos floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move,
And with Asphaltic slime; broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd; and the mole immense wrought on
Over the foaming Deep high archt, a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immovable of this now fenceless World,
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive down to Hell.
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa his Memnonian palace high

Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd,
And scourg'd with many a stroke th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock
Over the vext abyss, following the track
Of Satan, to the self-same place where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round World: with pins of adamant
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable; and now in little space
The confines met of empyrean Heav'n
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral ways
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now their way to Earth they had descri'd,
To Paradise first tending, when behold
Satan in likeness of an angel bright
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:
Disguis'd he came, but those his children dear
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
He after Eve seduc't, unminded slunk
Into the wood fast by, and changing shape
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act,
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrifi'd
He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
The present, fearing guilty what his wrath
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
By night, and listening where the hapless pair
Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom; which understood
Not instant, but of future time, with joy
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd;

Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop't
Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight
Of that stupendious bridge his joy increas'd.
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.
'O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own,
Thou art their author and prime architect:
For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,
My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,
That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks
Now also evidence, but straight I felt,
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee with this thy son,
Such fatal consequence unites us three:
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast achiev'd our liberty, confin'd
Within Hell gates till now, thou us impow'rd
To fortify thus far, and overlay
With this portentous bridge the dark abyss.
Thine now is all this World, thy virtue hath won
What thy hands builded not; thy wisdom gain'd
With odds what war hath lost, and fully aveng'd
Our foil in Heav'n; here thou shalt monarch reign,
There didst not; there let him still victor sway,
As battle hath adjudg'd, from this new World
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds,
His quadrature, from thy orbicular World;
Or try thee now more dang'rous to his throne.'
Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answer'd glad.
'Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,
High proof ye [illegible]

Of Satan (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of Heaven's almighty King)
Amply have merited of me, of all
Th' infernal empire, that so near Heav'ns door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine with this glorious work; and made one realm
Hell and this World, one realm, one continent
Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore while I
Descend through darkness, on your road with ease
To my associate powers, them to acquaint
With these successes, and with them rejoice,
You two this way, among these numerous orbs
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
There dwell and reign in bliss, thence on the earth
Dominion exercise and in the air,
Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declar'd,
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My substitutes I send ye, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might
Issuing from me; on your joint vigor now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joint power prevails, th' affairs of Hell
No detriment need fear, go and be strong.'
So saying he dismiss'd them, they with speed
Their course through thickest constellations held
Spreading their bane; the blasted stars lookt wan,
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
Then suffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down
The causey to Hell-gate; on either side
Disparted Chaos overbuilt exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
That scorn'd his indignation: through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
And all about found desolate; for those
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world; the rest were all
Far to the inland retir'd, about the walls

Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion called,
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd:
There kept their watch the legions, while the Gran
In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their emperor sent; so he
Departing gave command, and they observ'd.
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe
By Astracan over the snowy plains
Retires, or Bactrian Sophi from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat
To Taurus or Casbeen: so these the late
Heav'n-banisht host, left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark league, reduc't in careful watch
Round their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the search
Of foreign worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,
In show plebeian angel militant
Of lowest order, past; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
Ascended his high throne, which under state
Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end
Was plac't in regal lustre. Down a while
He sate, and round about him saw unseen:
At last as from a cloud his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter: all amaz'd
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd: loud was th' acclaim:
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,
Rais'd from their dark divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention won.
'Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,

I call ye and declare ye now, return'd
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accurst, the house of woe,
And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,
As lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded Deep
Of horrible confusion; over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc't to ride
Th' untractable abyss, plung'd in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
That jealous of their secrets fiercely oppos'd
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I found
The new-created World, which fame in Heav'n
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful
Of absolute perfection, therein Man
Plac't in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy; him by fraud I have seduc'd
From his Creator, and the more to increase
Your wonder, with an apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved Man and all his World,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape
Man I deceiv'd: that which to me belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;

A world who would not purchase with a bruise,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance: what remains, ye gods,
But up and enter now into full bliss?'
So having said, awhile he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause
To fill his ear, when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn; he wonder'd, but not long
Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more:
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain; a greater power
Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sinn'd,
According to his doom: he would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd
Alike, to serpents all as accessories
To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters head and tail,
Scorpion and Asp, and Amphisbæna dire,
Cerastes horn'd, Hydrus, and Ellops drear,
And Dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
Ophiusa): but still greatest he the midst,
Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
Engender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,
Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd
Above the rest still to retain; they all
Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout
Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array
Sublime with expectation when to see
In triumph issuing forth their

They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
Of ugly serpents; horror on them fell,
And horrid sympathy; for what they saw,
They felt themselves now changing; down their arms,
Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
Catcht by contagion; like in punishment,
As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood
A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fruit like that
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange
Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame;
Yet parcht with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks
That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd;
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chew'd bitter ashes, which th' offended taste
With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay'd,
Hunger and thirst constraining, drugg'd as oft,
With hatefullest disrelish writh'd their jaws
With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell
Into the same illusion, not as Man
Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they plagu'd
And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd;

This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To dash their pride, and joy for Man seduc't.
However some tradition they dispers'd
Among the heathen of their purchase got,
And fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they call'd
Ophion with Eurynome, the wide-
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.
Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair
Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in power before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse: to whom Sin thus began.
'Second of Satan sprung, all conquering Death,
What think'st thou of our empire now, though earn'd
With travail difficult, not better far
Than still at Hell's dark threshold to have sat watch,
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself half-starv'd?'
Whom thus the Sin-born monster answer'd soon.
'To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven;
There best, where most with ravine I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems
To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corps.'
To whom th' incestuous mother thus repli'd.
'Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs
Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl;
No homely morsels; and whatever thing
The sithe of Time mows down, devour unspar'd;
Till I in Man residing through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.'
This said, they both betook them several ways,
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later: which th' Almighty [illegible]

From his transcendant seat the saints among,
To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice.
'See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder World, which I
So fair and good created; and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
Folly to me; so doth the Prince of Hell
And his adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
To gratify my scornful enemies,
That laugh, as if transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither,
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
Which Man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure; till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst
With suckt and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last
Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
Then heav'n and Earth renew'd shall be made pure
To sanctity that shall receive no stain:
Till then the curse pronounc't on both precedes.'
He ended, and the heavenly audience loud
Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung: 'Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
Who can extenuate thee?' Next, to the Son,
'Destin'd Restorer of Mankind, by whom
New heav'n and Earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from Heav'n descend.' Such was their song,
While the Creator calling forth by name
His mighty angels gave them several charge,
As sorted best with present things. The Sun

Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter; from the south to bring
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc Moon
Her office they prescrib'd; to th' other five,
Their planetary motions and aspects
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
In synod unbenign; and taught the fixt
Their influence malignant when to show'r,
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous: to the Winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll
With terror through the dark aerial hall.
Some say he bid his angels turn askance
The poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
From the Sun's axle; they with labour push'd
Oblique the centric globe: some say the Sun
Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the sev'n
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain
By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn; to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime; else had the Spring
Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to those
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low Sun
To recompense his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known
Or east or west; which had forbid the snow
From cold Estotiland, and south as far
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit
The Sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turn'd
His course intended [illegible]

Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
These changes in the heav'ns, though slow, produc'd
Like change on sea and land; sideral blast,
Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,
Corrupt and pestilent: now from the north
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice
And snow and hail and stormy gust and flaw,
Boreas and Cæcias and Argestes loud
And Thrascias rend the woods, and seas upturn;
With adverse blast upturns them from the south
Notus, and Afer black with thundrous clouds
From Serraliona; thwart of these as fierce
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds
Eurus and Zephyr; with their lateral noise
Sirocco and Libecchio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy:
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving,
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
Glar'd on him passing: these were from without
The growing miseries, which Adam saw
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow abandon'd; but worse felt within,
And in a troubl'd sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburd'n sought with sad complaint.
'O miserable of happy! is this the end
Of this new glorious World, and me so late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
Of happiness; yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear

All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, "Increase and multiply,"
Now death to hear! for what can I increase
Or multiply, but curses on my head?
Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? "Ill fare our ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam;" but his thanks
Shall be the execration; so besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me as on their natural centre light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me Man? did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? as my will
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign, and render back
All I receiv'd, unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet to say truth, too late
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good
Then cavil the conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
"Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:"
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity begot.

God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,
Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return:
O welcome hour whenever! why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive?
Why am I mockt with death, and lengthn'd out
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! there I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of Man
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place who knows
But I shall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life
And sin? the body properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die: let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath also? be it; Man is not so,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?
Can he make deathless Death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held, as argument
Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
For anger's sake, finite to infinite

Satisfi'd never? that were to extend
His sentence beyond dust and Nature's law,
By which all causes else according still
To the reception of their matter act,
Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say
That Death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,
Bereaving sense, but endless misery
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and so last
To perpetuity; Ay me, that fear
Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceless head! both Death and I
Am found eternal, and incorporate both;
Nor I on my part single, in me all
Posterity stands curst. Fair patrimony
That I must leave ye, sons! O were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
So disinherited how would ye bless
Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind
For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me, what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,
Not to do only, but to will the same
With me? how can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him after all disputes
Forc't I absolve: all my evasions vain,
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
But to my own conviction: first and last
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou support
That burden heavier than the Earth to bear,
Than all the World much heavier, though divided
With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir'st
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable,
Beyond all past example and future,
To Satan only like both crime and

O Conscience, into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!'
Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still night, not now, as ere Man fell,
Wholesome and cool, and mild, but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror: on the ground
Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his creation; Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution, since denounc't
The day of his offence. 'Why comes not Death,'
Said he, 'with one thrice-acceptable stroke
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word?
Justice divine not hast'n to be just?
But Death comes not at call, Justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales and bow'rs,
With other echo late I taught your shades
To answer, and resound far other song!'
Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sate, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.
'Out of my sight, thou serpent! that name best
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyself as false
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and colour serpentine may show
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth; lest that too heav'nly form, pretended
To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee
I had persisted happy, had not thy pride
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
Though by the Devil himself, him overweening
To overreach, but with the serpent meeting

Fool'd and beguil'd; by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a shew
Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister; from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
To my just number found. O why did God,
Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as angels without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befal, innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through female snares,
And strait conjunction with this sex: for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already linkt and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound.'
He added not, and from her turn'd. But Eve,
Not so repulst, with tears that ceas'd not flowing
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
'Forsake me not thus, Adam; witness Heav'n
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily [illegible]

I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace; both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel Serpent: on me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befall'n;
On me already lost, me than thyself
More miserable; both have sinn'd, but thou
Against God only, I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
Me, me only just object of his ire.'
She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
Commiseration; soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress,
Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking,
His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aid;
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.
'Unwary, and too desirous, as before,
So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
The punishment all on thyself; alas,
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
His full wrath whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,

Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiv'n,
To me committed and by me expos'd.
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere; but strive
In offices of love, how we may light'n
Each other's burden in our share of woe;
Since this day's death denounc't, if aught I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac't evil,
A long day's dying to augment our pain,
And to our seed, (O hapless seed!) deriv'd.'
To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, repli'd.
'Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are ris'n,
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd
By Death at last; and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed world a woful race,
That after wretched life must be at last
Food for so foul a monster; in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception to prevent
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death
Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two
Be forc'd to satisfy his rav'nous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain

From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope,
Before the present object languishing
With like desire; which would be misery
And torment less than none of what we dread;
Then both ourselves and seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short,
Let us seek Death, or he not found, supply
With our own hands his office on ourselves;
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
That show no end but death, and have the power
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
Destruction with destruction to destroy?'
She ended here, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd,
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Labouring had rais'd; and thus to Eve repli'd.
'Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee something more sublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns;
But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounc't, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so
To be forestall'd; much more I fear lest death
So snatcht, will not exempt us from the pain
We were by doom to pay; rather such acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
To make death in us live. Then let us seek
Some safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise

The Serpent's head; piteous amends, unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe
Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd
Against us this deceit: to crush his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost,
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
Resolv'd, as thou proposest; so our foe
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and we
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope, and savours only
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
Without wrath or reviling: we expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, soon recompens't with joy,
Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse aslope
Glanc'd on the ground; with labour I must earn
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;
My labour will sustain me: and lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath unbesought provided, and his hands
Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd.
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us farther by what means to shun
Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow?
Which now the sky with various face begins
To show us in this mountain, while the winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
Our limbs benumb'd

Leave cold the night; how we his gather'd beams
Reflected, may with matter sere foment,
Or by collision of two bodies grind
The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds
Justling, or pusht with winds rude in their shock
Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n down
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
And sends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might supply the sun: such fire to use,
And what may else be remedy or cure
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
He will instruct us praying, and of grace
Beseeching him; so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home.
What better can we do, than to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
Before him reverent? and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem'd and most severe,
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shon?'
So spake our father penitent, nor Eve
Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of c parents now repenting, and intercedes for them. God accept but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise : sends with a band of cherubim to dispossess them; but first to re Adam future things. Michael's coming down. Adam shows certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach, goes meet him; the angel denounces their departure. Eve's lame Adam pleads, but submits. The angel leads him up to a hi sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

THUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood
Praying, for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had remov'd
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead; that sighs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory: yet their port
Not of mean suitors, nor important less
Seem'd their petition, than when th' ancient pair
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha to restore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To Heav'n their prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd

With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began.
'See, Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in Man, these sighs
And prayers, which in this golden censer, mixt
With incense, I thy Priest before thee bring;
Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which his own hand manuring all the trees
Of Paradise could have produc't, ere fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
To supplication, hear his sighs though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his Advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me
Good or not good ingraft; my merit those
Shall perfet, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace toward Mankind, let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
Made one with me as I with thee am one.'
To whom the Father, without cloud, serene.
'All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy request was my decree:
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to Nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements that know
No gross, no inharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best

Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd, with happiness
And immortality: that fondly lost,
This other serv'd but to eternize woe,
Till I provided death; so death becomes
His final remedy, and after life
Tri'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Wak't in the renovation of the just,
Resigns him up with heav'n and Earth renew'd.
But let us call to synod all the blest
Through Heav'ns wide bounds; from them I will not hide
My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant angels late they saw,
And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.'
He ended; and the Son gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch'd: he blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more
To sound at general doom. Th' angelic blast
Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bowrs
Of amarantine shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life, where'er they sate
In fellowships of joy, the Sons of Light
Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
And took their seats; till from his throne supreme,
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sovran will.
'O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both good and evil, since his taste
Of that defended fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got;
Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known
Good by itself, and evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
My motions in him; longer than they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Lest therefore

Reach also of the tree of Life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.
'Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,
Take to thee from among the cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant possession some new trouble raise:
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair,
From hallow'd ground th' unholy; and denounce
To them and to their progeny from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
For I behold them softn'd and with tears
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
To Adam what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee enlighten, intermix
My cov'nant in the woman's seed renew'd;
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the east side of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame
Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the tree of Life:
Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
With whose stol'n fruit Man once more to delude.'
He ceas'd: and th' archangelic Power prepar'd
For swift descent, with him the cohort bright
Of watchful cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus; all their shape
Spangl'd with eyes more numerous than those

Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,
To re-salute the world with sacred light
Leucothea wak'd; and with fresh dews embalm'd
The Earth, when Adam and first matron Eve
Had ended now their orisons, and found
Strength added from above, new hope to spring
Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet linkt;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.
'Eve, easily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends;
But that from us aught should ascend to Heav'n
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer,
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I sought
By prayer th' offended Deity to appease,
Kneel'd, and before him humbl'd all my heart,
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise, that thy Seed shall bruise our Foe;
Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me, that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, Mother of all Mankind,
Mother of all things living; since by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for Man.'
To whom thus Eve, with sad demeanour meek.
'Ill worthy I such title should belong
To me transgressor, who for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy snare; to me reproach
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I who first brought Death on all, am grac't
The source of life

Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf'st,
Far other name deserving. But the field
To labour calls us, now with sweat impos'd,
Though after sleepless night; for see the Morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling; let us forth,
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content.'
So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve; but Fate
Subscrib'd not. Nature first gave signs, imprest
On bird, beast, air; air suddenly eclips'd
After short blush of morn; nigh in her sight
The bird of Jove, stoopt from his aëry tour,
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;
Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight.
Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus spake.
'O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shews
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penalty, because from death releast
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows? or, more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return and be no more.
Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight, pursu'd in th' air and o'er the ground
One way the self-same hour? why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning light
More orient in yon western cloud that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,

He err'd not; for by this the Heav'nly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Against the Syrian king, who to surprise
One man, assassin-like had levied war,
War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch
In their bright stand there left his powers, to seize
Possession of the garden; he alone,
To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way;
Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake.
'Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determine, or impose
New laws to be observ'd; for I descry
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the Heav'nly host, and by his gait
None of the meanest, some great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above, such majesty
Invests him coming; yet not terrible,
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
As Raphael, that I should much confide;
But solemn and sublime; whom not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.'
He ended; and th' archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as Man
Clad to meet Man; over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow'd
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof;

In manhood where youth ended; by his side
As in a glistering zodiac hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his state
Inclin'd not; but his coming thus declar'd.
'Adam, Heav'ns high behest no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and Death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many days
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd,
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter soil.'
He added not, for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.
'O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand,
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye names;
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly nuptial bower, by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part? and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure

And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?'
Whom thus the angel interrupted mild.
'Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus overfond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.'
Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words adress'd.
'Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the highest, for of such shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring;
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes; all places else
Inhospitable appear and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries:
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent
With worship, place by place, where he voutsaf't
Presence divine, and to my sons relate;
"On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood visible, among these pines his voice

I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd:"
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet smelling gums and fruits and flow'rs:
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.'
To whom thus Michael with regard benign.
'Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth;
Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:
All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradise or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee their great progenitor.
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is as here, and will be found alike
Present, and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine.
Which that thou mayst believe, and be confirm'd
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
To show thee what shall come in future days,
To thee and to thy offspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal grace contending

With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow; equally inur'd
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This hill; let Eve (for I have drencht her eyes)
Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st;
As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd.'
To whom thus Adam gratefully repli'd.
'Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou leadst me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,
However chast'ning, to the evil turn
My obvious breast, arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,
If so I may attain.' So both ascend
In the visions of God: it was a hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The hemisphere of Earth in clearest ken
Stretcht out to the amplest reach of prospect lay.
Not higher that hill nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cause the Tempter set
Our second Adam in the wilderness,
To show him all earth's kingdoms and their glory.
His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destin'd walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarcand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings; and thence
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,
Down to the golden Chersonese; or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Hispahan; or where the Russian Ksar
In Mosco; or the Sultan in Bizance,
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
The empire of Negus to his utmost port

Ercoco, and the less maritime kings
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount
The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez, and Sus,
Morocco and Algiers, and Tremisen;
Or Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico the seat of Montezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa; and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado: but to nobler sights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd
Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer sight
Had bred; then purg'd with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see;
And from the well of Life three drops instill'd.
So deep the power of these ingredients pierc'd,
E'en to the inmost seat of mental sight,
That Adam now enforc't to close his eyes
Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranc't:
But him the gentle angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

'Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd
Th' excepted tree, nor with the snake conspir'd,
Nor sinn'd thy sin; yet from that sin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.'

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves
New reapt; the other part sheepwalks and folds;
Ith' midst an altar as the landmark stood
Rustic, of grassy sord; thither anon
A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf

Uncull'd, as came to hand; a shepherd next
More meek came with the firstlings of his flock
Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.
His off'ring soon propitious fire from Heav'n
Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steam;
The other's not, for his was not sincere;
Whereat he inly rag'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a stone
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effus'd.
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
Dismay'd, and thus in haste to th' angel cri'd.
'O teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?'
T' whom Michael thus, he also mov'd, repli'd.
'These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins; th' unjust the just hath slain,
For envy that his brother's offering found
From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be aveng'd, and th' other's faith approv'd
Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore.' To which our sire.
'Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
But have I now seen Death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!'
To whom thus Michael. 'Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man: but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at th' entrance than within.
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more
In meats and drinks, which on the

Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know
What misery th' inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,
A lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd; all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invok't
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.
'O miserable mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!
Better end here unborn. Why is life giv'n,
To be thus wrested from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismist in peace. Can thus
Th' image of God in Man created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debas't

Retaining still divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Maker's image sake exempt?'
'Their Maker's image,' answer'd Michael, 'then
Forsook them, when themselves they vilifi'd
To serve ungovern'd Appetite, and took
His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
Therefore so abject is their punishment,
Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own;
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac't
While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules
To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they
God's image did not reverence in themselves.'
'I yield it just,' said Adam, 'and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?'
'There is,' said Michael, 'if thou well observe
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluckt, for death mature:
This is old age; but then thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy senses then
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego
To what thou hast; and for the air of youth
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy spirits down; and last consume
The balm of life.' To whom our ancestor.
'Henceforth I fly not Death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit

Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rendring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution.' Michael repli'd.
'Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st,
Live well; how long or short permit to Heav'n:
And now prepare thee for another sight.'
He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue; by some were herds
Of cattle grazing; others whence the sound
Of instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of harp and organ; and who mov'd
Their stops and chords was seen; his volant touch
Instinct, through all proportions low and high
Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who at the forge
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass
Had melted, (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth; or whether washt by stream
From underground;) the liquid ore he drain'd
Into fit moulds prepar'd: from which he form'd,
First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or grav'n in metal. After these,
But on the hither side, a different sort
From the high neighbouring hills, which was their seat,
Down to the plain descended: by their guise
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain
Long had not walkt, when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress; to the harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:
The men though grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes
Rove without rein; till in the amorous net

And now of love they treat, till th' ev'ning star
Love's harbinger appear'd; then all in heat
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invok't:
With feast and music all the tents resound.
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flow'rs,
And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart
Of Adam, soon inclin'd to admit delight,
The bent of Nature; which he thus express'd.
'True opener of mine eyes, prime angel blest,
Much better seems this vision, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past;
Those were of hate, and death, or pain much worse,
Here Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.'
To whom thus Michael. 'Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end,
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother; studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare,
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence; to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye;
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titl'd them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair atheists

(Ere long to swim at large) and laugh; for which
The world ere long a world of tears must weep.'
To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft.
'O pity and shame, that they who to live well
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
But still I see the tenor of Man's woe
Hold on the same, from Woman to begin.'
'From Man's effeminate slackness it begins,'
Said th' angel, 'who should better hold his place,
By wisdom, and superior gifts receiv'd.
But now prepare thee for another scene.'
He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men with lofty gates and towrs,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatning war,
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise;
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle rang'd,
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustring stood:
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies
With carcases and arms, th' ensanguin'd field
Deserted. Others to a city strong
Lay siege, encampt; by battery, scale, and mine,
Assaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and jav'lin, stones and sulphurous fire;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the scepter'd heralds call
To council in the city gates: anon
Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mixt,
Assemble, and harangues are heard; but soon

In factious opposition; till at last
Of middle age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,
And judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded and had seiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence
Unseen amid the throng: so violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and, to his guide
Lamenting, turn'd full sad: 'O what are these,
Death's ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand-fold the sin of him who slew
His brother; for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?
But who was that just man, whom had not Heav'n
Rescu'd, had in his righteousness been lost?'
To whom thus Michael. 'These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st;
Where good with bad were matcht, who of themselves
Abhor to join; and by imprudence mixt,
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.
Such were these giants, men of high renown;
For in those days might only shall be admir'd,
And valour and heroic virtue call'd;
To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be styl'd great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods;
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be achiev'd, renown on Earth;
And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st
The only righteous in

And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With foes for daring single to be just,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his saints: him the Most High
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death; to show thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.'
He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd.
The brazen throat of war had ceast to roar;
And all was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance,
Marrying or prostituting, as befel,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allur'd them; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend sire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declar'd,
And testifi'd against their ways; he oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison under judgments imminent:
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his tents far off.
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and highth,
Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door
Contriv'd; and of provisions laid in large
For man and beast: when lo a wonder strange!
Of every beast and bird, and insect small,
Came sevens, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
Their order; last the sire and his three sons,
With their four wives; and God made fast the door.
Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black wings

From under Heav'n; the hills to their supply
Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist
Sent up amain; and now the thick'nd sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain
Impetuous, and continu'd till the earth
No more was seen; the floating vessel swum
Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd; sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore; and in their palaces
Where luxury late reign'd, sea monsters whelp'd
And stabl'd; of Mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum embark't.
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation; thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear'd
By th' angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
Though comfortless; as when a father mourns
His children, all in view destroy'd at once;
And scarce to th' angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.
'O visions ill foreseen! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot
Enough to bear; those now, that were dispens't
The burd'n of many ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me ere their being,
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befal
Him or his children; evil he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And he the future evils shall no less
In apprehension than in substance feel
Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
Man is not whom

Famine and anguish will at last consume,
Wand'ring that wat'ry desert. I had hope,
When violence was ceas't, and war on Earth,
All would have then gone well, peace would have crown'd
With length of happy days the race of Man;
But I was far deceiv'd; for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
How comes it thus? unfold, celestial guide;
And whether here the race of Man will end'
To whom thus Michael. 'Those whom last thou saw'st
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void;
Who having spilt much blood, and done much waste
Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, and lust; till wantonness and pride
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war
Shall with their freedom lost all virtue lose
And fear of God; from whom their piety feign'd
In sharp contest of battle found no aid
Against invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth shall bear
More than enough, that temperance may be tri'd.
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,
Justice and temperance, truth and faith forgot;
One man except, the only son of light
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurement, custom, and a world
Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe

On their impenitence; and shall return
Of them derided, but of God observ'd
The one just man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldst,
To save himself and household from amidst
A world devote to universal wrack.
No sooner he with them of man and beast
Select for life shall in the ark be lodg'd,
And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts
Of heav'n set open on the earth shall pour
Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep
Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
Above the highest hills: then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift
Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,
And there take root an iland salt and bare,
The haunt of seals and orcs, and seamews' clang:
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further shall ensue, behold.'
He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,
Driven by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry
Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear sun on his wide watry glass
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
As after thirst; which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
With soft foot towards the deep; who now had stopt
His sluices, as the heav'n his windows shut.
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground
Fast on the top of some high mountain fixt.
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;
With [illegible]

Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies;
And after him, the surer messenger,
A dove sent forth once and again to spy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive leaf he brings, pacific sign:
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient sire descends with all his train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
Betok'ning peace from God, and cov'nant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad
Greatly rejoic'd; and thus his joy broke forth.
'O thou who future things canst represent
As present, Heav'nly instructor, I revive
At this last sight, assur'd that Man shall live
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice
For one man found so perfet and so just,
That God voutsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in heav'n,
Distended as the brow of God appeas'd?
Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind
The fluid skirts of that same watry cloud,
Lest it again dissolve and show'r the earth?'
To whom th' archangel. 'Dextrously thou aim'st;
So willingly doth God remit his ire;
Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd,
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way; yet those remov'd,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,
[illegible] not to blot out mankind.

And makes a covenant never to destroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
With man therein or beast; but when he brings
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple colour'd bow, whereon to look
And call to mind his cov'nant: day and night,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,
Both heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell.'

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall. His incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and re-comforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael: wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed, so here the archangel paus'd,
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes.
'Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;
And Man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense:
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains

With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace by families and tribes
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of Nature from the earth;
Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game)
With war and hostile snare such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous:
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styl'd
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,
Or from Heav'n claiming second sovranty;
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
Of brick, and of that stuff they cast to build
A city and tower, whose top may reach to Heav'n;
And get themselves a name, lest far disperst
In foreign lands their memory be lost,
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
Obstruct Heav'n towrs; and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spirit to rase

Quite out their native language, and instead
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders; each to other calls
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mockt they storm: great laughter was in Heav'n
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.
Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeas'd.
'O execrable son, so to aspire
Above his brethren, to himself assuming
Authority usurpt, from God not giv'n!
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but Man over men
He made not lord; such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this usurper his encroachment proud
Stays not on Man; to God his tower intends
Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to sustain
Himself and his rash army, where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of breath, if not of bread.'
To whom thus Michael. 'Justly thou abhorr'st
That son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in Man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits
Within himself unworthy powers to reign

Over free reason, God in judgment just
Subjects him from without to violent lords;
Who oft as undeservedly inthrall
His outward freedom. Tyranny must be,
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annext,
Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward lost: witness th' irreverent son
Of him who built the ark, who for the shame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
"Servant of servants," on his vicious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways;
And one peculiar nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd;
A nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
Bred up in idol-worship. O that men
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the patriarch liv'd who scap'd the Flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone
For gods! Yet him God the Most High voutsafes
To call by vision from his father's house,
His kindred and false gods, into a land
Which he will shew him; and from him will raise
A mighty nation, and upon him shower
His benediction so, that in his seed
All nations shall be blest; he straight obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes:
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil

Ur of Chaldea, passing now the ford
To Haran; after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents
Pitcht about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land;
From Hamath northward to the desert south,
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd)
From Hermon east to the great western sea;
Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold
In prospect, as I point them; on the shore
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the Earth
Shall in his seed be blessed; by that Seed
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise
The Serpent's head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest,
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grandchild leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown:
The grandchild, with twelve sons increast, departs
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
Into the sea: to sojourn in that land
He comes invited by a younger son
In time of dearth, a son whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that realm
Of Pharaoh; there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation; and now grown
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests

Inhospitably, and kills their infant males:
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim
His people from enthralment, they return
With glory and spoil back to their promis'd land.
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compell'd, by signs and judgments dire;
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;
Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill,
With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;
His cattle must of rot and murrain die;
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss,
And all his people; thunder mixt with hail,
Hail mixt with fire must rend th' Egyptian sky,
And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;
Last with one midnight stroke all the first born
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tam'd at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice
More hard'nd after thaw; till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea
Swallows him with his host; but them lets pass
As on dry land between two crystal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided, till his rescu'd gain their shore:
Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,
Though present in his angel, who shall go
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,
(By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,)
To guide them in their journey, and remove

All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his host
And craze their chariot-wheels; when by command
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;
On their embattl'd ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war: the race elect,
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance
Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,
Lest entering on the Canaanite alarm'd,
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude; for life
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness, there they shall found
Their government, and their great senate choose
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd:
God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets' sound
Ordain them laws; part such as appertain
To civil justice, part religious rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadows, of that destin'd Seed to bruise
The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful; they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease: he grants what they besought,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without mediator, whose high office now
Moses in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,

Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites
Establisht, such delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will, that he voutsafes
Among them to set up his tabernacle,
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell:
By his prescript a sanctuary is fram'd
Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
The records of his cov'nant; over these
A mercy-seat of gold between the wings
Of two bright cherubim; before him burn
Seven lamps as in a zodiac representing
The heavenly fires; over the tent a cloud
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
Save when they journey; and at length they come,
Conducted by his angel to the land
Promis'd to Abraham and his seed: the rest
Were long to tell, how many battles fought,
How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won,
Or how the sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, "Sun, in Gibeon stand,
And thou Moon, in the vale of Ajalon,"
Till Israel overcome: so call the third
From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.'
Here Adam interpos'd. 'O sent from Heav'n,
Enlight'ner of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveal'd; those chiefly which concern
Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd
Erewhile perplext with thoughts what would become
Of me and all Mankind: but now I see
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest;
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to those
Among whom God will [illegible]

So many and so various laws are giv'n;
So many laws argue so many sins
Among them; how can God with such reside?'
To whom thus Michael. 'Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was law given them to evince
Their natural pravity, by stirring up
Sin against law to fight; that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Justification towards God, and peace
Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.
So law appears imperfect, and but giv'n
With purpose to resign them in full time
Up to a better cov'nant, disciplin'd
From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,
From imposition of strict laws, to free
Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear
To filial, works of law to works of faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
Highly belov'd, being but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joshua whom the Gentiles Jesus call,
His name and office bearing who shall quell
The adversary Serpent, and bring back
Through the world's wilderness long wander'd man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they in their earthly Canaan plac't,
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies;

By judges first, then under kings; of whom
The second, both for piety renown'd
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
All prophecy, that of the royal stock
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
A son, the Woman's Seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations; and to kings foretold, of kings
The last, for of his reign shall be no end.
But first a long succession must ensue;
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,
The clouded ark of God till then in tents
Wandring, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.
Such follow him as shall be register'd,
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll,
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults,
Heapt to the popular sum, will so incense
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
Their city, his temple, and his holy ark
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The space of seventy years, then brings them back,
Remembring mercy, and his cov'nant sworn
To David, stablisht as the days of Heav'n.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God
They first re-edify, and for a while
In mean estate live moderate, till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
But first among the priests dissension springs,
Men who attend the altar, and should most
Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings
Upon the temple itself; at last they seize

Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed king Messiah might be born
Barr'd of his right: yet at his birth a star,
Unseen before in Heav'n, proclaims him come,
And guides the eastern sages, who enquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold;
His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.
A virgin is his mother, but his sire
The Power of the Most High; he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With Earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.'
He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breath'd.
'O prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my steadiest thoughts have searcht in vain,
Why our great Expectation should be call'd
The Seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, hail,
High in the love of Heav'n! yet from my loins
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God most High: so God with man unites.
Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain: say where and when
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victor's heel?'
To whom thus Michael. 'Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
Disabl'd not to give thee thy death's wound:
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works

But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and suffering death,
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs, which out of thine will grow:
So only can high justice rest appaid.
The law of God exact he shall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the flesh
To a reproachful life and cursed death;
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits
To save them, not their own though legal works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
Seiz'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd;
A shameful and accurst, nail'd to the cross
By his own nation, slain for bringing life:
But to the cross he nails thy enemies,
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with him there crucifi'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,
But soon revives; Death over him no power
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light;
The ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,
His death for Man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works: this God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou should'st have di'd,
In sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms,
And fix far deeper in his head their stin-

Or theirs whom he redeems, a death-like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on Earth than certain times to appear
To his disciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd,
And his salvation; them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befal,
For death, like that which the Redeemer died.
All nations they shall teach; for from that day
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
Salvation shall be preacht, but to the sons
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
So in his seed all nations shall be blest.
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
The Serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and resume
His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick and dead;
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in Heav'n or Earth; for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days.'
So spake th' archangel Michael, then paus'd,
As at the World's great period; and our sire
Replete with joy and wonder thus repli'd.
'O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,

Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring;
To God more glory, more good will to men
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our Deliverer up to Heav'n
Must re-ascend, what will betide the few,
His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? who then shall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deal
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?'
'Be sure they will,' said th' angel; 'but from Heav'n
He to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His Spirit within them, and the law of faith
Working through love upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth; and also arm
With spiritual armour, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death, against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompens't
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors: for the Spirit
Pour'd first on his apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves
Who all

To their own vile advantages shall turn
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint;
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places and titles, and with these to join
Secular power; though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promised alike and giv'n
To all believers: and from that pretence,
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force
On every conscience; laws which none shall find
Left them enroll'd, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind
His consort Liberty? what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand,
Their own faith not another's: for on Earth
Who against faith and conscience can be heard
Infallible? yet many will presume:
Whence heavy persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere
Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfied; Truth shall retire
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found. So shall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign.
Under her own weight groaning till the day
Appear of respiration to the just,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid,
The Woman's Seed, obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Last in the clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted world, then raise

From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
New heav'ns, new Earth, ages of endless date,
Founded in righteousness and peace and love
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.'
He ended; and thus Adam last repli'd.
'How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,
Till time stand fixt? beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory,
And to the faithful Death the gate of Life:
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.'
To whom thus also th' angel last repli'd:
'This having learnt, thou hast attain'd the sum
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heav'n, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love;
By name to come call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest: [illegible]

To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of speculation, for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see, the guards,
By me encampt on yonder hill, expect
Their motion; at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd,
Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd
To meek submission: thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard;
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her Seed to come
(For by the Woman's Seed) on all mankind;
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous, though sad
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end.'
He ended, and they both descend the hill:
Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
Lay sleeping ran before; but found her wak't:
And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.
'Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st I know;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on,
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banisht hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am voutsaft,
By me the promis'd Seed shall all restore.'

So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' archangel stood; and from the other hill
To their fixt station, all in bright array
The cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as ev'ning mist
Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc't,
The brandisht sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat
In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They hand in hand with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK I.

I WHO erewhile the happy garden sung,
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully tri'd
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls't,
And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness.
Thou Spirit who ledst this glorious Eremite
Into the desert, his victorious field
Against the spiritual Foe, and brought'st him thence
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song else mute,
And bear through highth or depth of nature's bounds
With prosperous wing full summ'd to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age;
Worthy t' have not remain'd so long unsung.
Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cri'd
Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptiz'd: to his great baptism flock'd
With awe the regions round; and with them came
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd
To the flood Jordan; came as then obscure,

Descri'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
To him his heavenly office; nor was long
His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd
Heaven open'd, and in likeness of a dove
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.
That heard the Adversary, who roving still
About the world, at that assembly fam'd
Would not be last; and with the voice divine
Nigh thunder-struck, th' exalted man, to whom
Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd
With wonder; then with envy fraught and rage
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To council summons all his mighty peers,
Within thick clouds and dark tenfold involv'd,
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst
With looks agast and sad, he thus bespake.
'O ancient Powers of Air and this wide world,
(For much more willingly I mention Air,
This our old conquest, than remember Hell,
Our hated habitation;) well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This universe we have possest, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth,
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve
Lost Paradise deceiv'd by me; though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the Seed of Eve
Upon my head. Long the decrees of Heav'n
Delay; for longest time to him is short;
And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compast, wherein we
Must bide the stroke of that long threatn'd wound,
At least if so we can, and by the head
Broken, be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being
In this f[illegible]

For this ill news I bring, the Woman's Seed
Destin'd to this, is late of Woman born:
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause;
But his growth now to youth's full flowr, displaying
All virtue, grace and wisdom to achieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their king; all come,
And he himself among them was baptiz'd;
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony of Heaven, that who he is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw
The prophet do him reverence; on him rising
Out of the water, Heav'n above the clouds
Unfold her crystal doors, thence on his head
A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant;
And out of Heav'n the sovran Voice I heard,
"This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd."
His mother then is mortal, but his Sire,
He who obtains the monarchy of Heav'n;
And what will he not do to advance his Son?
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep;
Who this is we must learn, for man he seems
In all his lineaments; though in his face
The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But must with something sudden be oppos'd;
Not force, but well-couch't fraud, well woven snares,
Ere in the head of nations he appear
Their king, their leader, and supreme on Earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook

And ruin Adam, and the exploit perform'd
Successfully: a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosperous once
Induces best to hope of like success.'
He ended; and his words impression left
Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,
Distracted and surpris'd with deep dismay
At these sad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprise
To him their great Dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
In Adam's overthrow; and led their march
From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.
So to the coast of Jordan he directs
His easy steps; girded with snaky wiles,
Where he might likeliest find this new declar'd,
This man of men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
To end his reign on earth so long enjoy'd;
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
The purpos'd counsel pre-ordain'd and fixt
Of the Most High, who in full frequence bright
Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.
'Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,
Thou and all angels conversant on earth
With man or men's affairs, how I begin
To verify that solemn message late,
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
In Galilee, that she should bear a son
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;
Then told'st her doubting how these things could be
To her a virgin, that on her should come

O'ershadow her: this man, born and now upgrown,
To shew him worthy of his birth divine
And high prediction, henceforth I expose
To Satan; let him tempt and now assay
His utmost subtilty, because he boasts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his apostasy: he might have learnt
Less overweening, since he fail'd in Job,
Whose constant perseverance overcame
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now shall know I can produce a man
Of female seed, far abler to resist
All his solicitations, and at length
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,
Winning by conquest what the first man lost
By fallacy surpris'd. But first I mean
To exercise him in the wilderness;
There, he shall first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,
By humiliation and strong sufferance:
His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
That all the angels and ethereal powers,
They now, and men hereafter may discern,
From what consummate virtue I have chose
This perfect man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men.'

So spake the eternal Father; and all Heaven
Admiring stood a space, then into hymns
Burst forth, and in celestial measures mov'd,
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

'Victory and triumph to the Son of God
Now entring his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial virtue, though untri'd,

Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell,
And devilish machinations come to nought!'
So they in Heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd.
Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,
Musing, and much revolving in his breast
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his Godlike office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone; the Spirit leading
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
With solitude; till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He entred now the bordering desert wild,
And, with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditations thus pursu'd.
'O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awak'nd in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel myself, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compar'd.
When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things: therefore above my years
The law of God I read, and found it sweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To such perfection, that ere yet my age
Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast
I went into the Temple, there to hear
The teachers of our law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge or their own;
And was admir'd by all; yet this not all
To which

Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts; one while
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke;
Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the earth,
Brute violence and proud tyrannic pow'r,
Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd:
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear;
At least to try, and teach the erring soul
Not wilfully misdoing, but unware
Misled; the stubborn only to subdue.
These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoic'd,
And said to me apart, "High are thy thoughts,
O Son; but nourish them and let them soar
To what highth sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high;
By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.
For know, thou art no son of mortal man,
Though men esteem thee low of parentage,
Thy father is the Eternal King, who rules
All Heaven and Earth, angels and sons of men;
A messenger from God foretold thy birth
Conceiv'd in me a virgin; he foretold
Thou shouldst be great and sit on David's throne,
And of thy kingdom there shall be no end.
At thy nativity a glorious quire
Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung
To shepherds watching at their folds by night
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see him, and to thee they came;
Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,
For in the inn was left no better room:
A star, not seen before, in Heaven appearing
Guided the wise men thither from the East,
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold;
By whose bright course led on they found the place;

By which they knew thee king of Israel born.
Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd
By vision, found thee in the Temple, and spake
Before the altar and the vested priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood."
This having heard, straight I again revolv'd
The law and prophets, searching what was writ
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard assay even to the death,
Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain,
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sin's
Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet, neither thus disheart'nd nor dismay'd,
The time prefixt I waited, when behold
The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
Before Messiah and his way prepare.
I as all others to his baptism came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
Me him (for it was shewn him so from Heaven)
Me him whose harbinger he was; and first
Refus'd on me his baptism to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won:
But as I rose out of the laving stream,
Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit descended on me like a dove,
And last the sum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes
The authority which I deriv'd from Heaven.
And now by some strong motion I am led
Into this wilderness, to what intent

I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.'
So spake our Morning-Star then in his rise,
And looking round on every side beheld
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come
Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend
Such solitude before choicest society.
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon on shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient oak,
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt
Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd; his walk
The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm;
The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,
Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day when winds blow keen
To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
He saw approach; who first with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utt'red spake.
'Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
So far from path or road of men, who pass
In troop or caravan? for single none
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropp'd not here
His carcass, pin'd with hunger and with droughth.
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
Our new baptizing prophet at the ford

Of God: I saw and heard, for we sometimes
Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth
To town or village nigh (nighest is far)
Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear
What happ'ns new; fame also finds us out.'
To whom the Son of God. 'Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.'
'By miracle he may,' repli'd the swain;
'What other way I see not, for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
More than the camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much misery and hardship born:
But if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread;
So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.'
He ended; and the Son of God repli'd.
'Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not written,
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st,)
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God; who fed
Our fathers here with manna; in the mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank;
And forty days Elijah without food,
Wandred this barren waste, the same I now:
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?'
Whom thus answer'd th' Arch-Fiend, now undisguis'd.
''Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,
Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt
Kept not my happy station, but was driv'n
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep;
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous prison I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of Earth,
Or range in th' air; nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes

I came among the sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;
And when to all his angels he propos'd
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies
To his destruction, as I had in charge;
For what he bids I do: though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be belov'd of God, I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense.
What can be then less in me than desire
To see thee, and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wisdom, and behold thy Godlike deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why should I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence; by them
I lost not what I lost; rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Co-partner in these regions of the world,
If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and woe.
At first it may be; but long since with woe.
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were Man adjoin'd:
This wounds me most (what can it less?) that Man,

To whom our Saviour sternly thus repli'd.
'Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav'n of Heavens: thou com'st indeed
As a poor miserable captive thrall
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the prime in splendour, now depos'd,
Ejected, empti'd, gaz'd, unpitied, shunn'd,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn
To all the host of Heaven: the happy place
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable;
So never more in Hell than when in Heaven.
But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King.
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him
With all inflictions? but his patience won.
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles
By thee are giv'n, and what confest more true
Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers? what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood;
And not well understood as good not known.
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct,
To fly or follow what concern'd him most,
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
For God hath justly giv'n the nations up
To thy delusions; justly, since they fell

Idolatrous: but when his purpose is
Among them to declare his Providence
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
But from him or his angels president
In every province, who themselves disdaining
T' approach thy temples, give thee in command
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say
To thy adorers? Thou with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning parasite obey'st;
Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceast,
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos or elsewhere;
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
God hath now sent his living Oracle
Into the world, to teach his final will,
And sends his Spirit of truth henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know.'
So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
Dissembl'd, and this answer smooth return'd.
'Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
But misery hath wrested from me. Where
Easily canst thou find one miserable,
And not enforc'd ofttimes to part from truth,
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art plac't above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can and must submiss endure
Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discourst, pleasing to th' ear,
And tunable as silvan pipe or song;
What wonder then if I delight to hear

Her dictates from thy mouth? Most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come, (since no man comes,)
And talk at least, though I despair to attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
To tread his sacred courts, and minister
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing; and vouchsaf'd his voice
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inspir'd: disdain not such access to me.'
 To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.
'Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st
Permission from above; thou canst not more.'
 He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd
Into thin air diffus'd: for now began
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were crouch't;
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

BOOK II.

MEANWHILE the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,
And on that high authority had believ'd,
And with him talkt, and with him lodg'd; I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others though in Holy Writ not nam'd;
Now missing him their joy so lately found,
So lately found, and so abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And, as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the mount, and missing long;
And the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come.
Therefore as those young prophets then with care
Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these
Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho
The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Peræa; but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek
Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,
Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,

Their unexpected loss and plaints out brea
'Alas, from what high hope to what rela
Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our eyes behel
Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our fathers; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and tru
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,
The kingdom shall to Israel be restor'd;
Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of Israel,
Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the kings of the earth how they oppre
Thy chosen; to what highth their pow'r unju
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee; arise and vindicate
Thy glory; free thy people from their yoke.
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,
By his great Prophet pointed at and shown
In public, and with him we have convers'd;
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his Providence; he will not fail
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him h
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy, return.'
Thus they out of their plaints new hope resu
To find whom at the first they found unsought:
But to his mother Mary, when she saw
Others return'd from baptism, not her son,
Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none;
Within her breast though calm, her breast thoug
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
Some troubl'd thoughts, which she in sighs thu
'O what avails me

To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute,
"Hail highly favour'd, among women blest!"
While I to sorrows am no less advanc't
And fears as eminent, above the lot
Of other women, by the birth I bore;
In such a season born when scarce a shed
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
From the bleak air; a stable was our warmth,
A manger his; yet soon enforc't to fly
Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years; his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any king; but now
Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice,
I look't for some great change; to honour? no;
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in Israel, and to a sign
Spoken against, that through my very soul
A sword shall pierce; this is my favour'd lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? some great intent
Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose himself, but went about
His Father's business; what he meant I mus'd,
Since understand; much more his absence now
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things

Thus Mary pondering oft, and oft to mi
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her salutation heard, with though
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her Son tracing the desert wild,
Sole but with holiest meditations fed,
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on Earth, and mission higl
For Satan with sly preface to return
Had left him vacant, and with speed was goi
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council sate;
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank he thus began:
'Princes, Heaven's ancient Sons, ethereal T
Demonian Spirits now, from the element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneat
So may we hold our place and these mild seat
Without new trouble; such an enemy
Is ris'n to invade us, who no less
Threat'ns than our expulsion down to Hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequence was empower'd,
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him; but
Far other labour to be undergone
Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men;
Though Adam by his wife's allurement fell,
However to this Man inferior far,
(If he be Man by mother's side at least,)
With more than human gifts from Heaven ador
Perfections absolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence
Of my success with [illegible]

Rather to be in readiness, with hand
Or counsel to assist; lest I who erst
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.'
So spake the old Serpent doubting; and from all
With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid
At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissolutest Spirit that fell,
The sensuallest, and after Asmodai
The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advis'd.
'Set women in his eye and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the fairest found:
Many are in each region passing fair
As the noon sky; more like to goddesses
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangl'd in amorous nets.
Such object hath the power to soft'n and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolutest breast,
As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
And made him bow to the gods of his wives.'
To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd.
'Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thyself; because of old
Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, admiring
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
Before the Flood thou with thy lusty crew,
False titl'd sons of God, roaming the Earth
Cast wanton eyes on the [illegible]

Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,
In wood or grove by mossy fountain side,
In valley or green meadow to way-lay
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more
Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
Satyr, or Faun, or Silvan? But these haunts
Delight not all; among the sons of men,
How many have with a smile made small account
Of Beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent!
Remember that Pellean conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the East
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
How he surnam'd of Africa dismiss'd
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid.
For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state;
Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:
But he whom we attempt is wiser far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on the accomplishment
Of greatest things. What woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
Of fond desire? Or should she confident,
As sitting queen ador'd on Beauty's throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
To enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell;
How would one look from his majestic brow
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout

Or turn to reverent awe! for Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abasht.
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy; with such as have more shew
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,
Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wreck'd;
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond;
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness;
The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.'
He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
Of spirits likest to himself in guile
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cause were to unfold some active scene
Of various persons each to know his part;
Then to the desert takes with these his flight;
Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
After forty days fasting had remain'd,
Now hung'ring first, and to himself thus said.
'Where will this end? four times ten days I have pass'd
Wandring this woody maze, and human food
Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that fast
To virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I suffer here; if Nature need not,
Or God support Nature without repast
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares
Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
Can satisfy that need some other way,
Though hunger still remain: so it remain
Without this body's wasting, I content me,

Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
Me hungring more to do my Father's will.'
It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreshment sweet:
Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn,
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought:
He saw the prophet also how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper; then how awak't
He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days:
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
Thus wore out night; and now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry
The Morn's approach, and greet her with his song;
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd;
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote none he saw,
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud;
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
To rest at noon, and entr'd soon the shade
High-rooft, and walks beneath, and alleys brown
That open'd in the midst a woody scene;
Nature's own work it seem'd (Na[illegible]

And to a superstitious eye the haunt
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs; he view'd it round,
When suddenly a man before him stood,
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city, or court, or palace bred,
And with fair speech these words to him address'd:
'With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide
Of all things destitute, and well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this wilderness;
The fugitive bond-woman with her son,
Out-cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing angel; all the race
Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
Rain'd from Heaven manna; and that prophet bold,
Native of Thebez, wandring here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.
Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deserted here indeed.'
To whom thus Jesus: 'What conclud'st thou hence?
They all had need; I as thou seest have none.'
'How hast thou hunger then?' Satan repli'd.
'Tell me, if food were now before thee set,
Would'st thou not eat?' 'Thereafter as I like
The giver,' answer'd Jesus. 'Why should that
Cause thy refusal?' said the subtle Fiend.
'Hast thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all creatures by just right to thee
Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,
But tender all their power? Nor mention I
Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first
To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;
Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who
Would scruple that, with want oppress? behold
Nature asham'd, or better to express,
[illegible] hunger hath purvey'd

From all the elements her choicest store,
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
With honour: only deign to sit and eat.'
He spake no dream; for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
In ample space under the broadest shade
A table richly spread, in regal mode,
With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish, from sea or shore,
Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
Alas, how simple, to these cates compar'd,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!
And at a stately side-board by the wine
That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more
Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
Of fairy damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings or charming pipes, and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.
Such was the splendour; and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renewed.
'What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidd'n; no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure;
Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,

But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit down and eat.'
To whom thus Jesus temperately repli'd:
'Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my pow'r that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of angels ministrant
Array'd in glory on my cup to attend:
Why should'st thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.'
To whom thus answer'd Satan malcontent:
'That I have also pow'r to give thou seest;
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why should'st thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect:
Of these things others quickly will dispose
Whose pains have earn'd the far-fet spoil.' With that
Both table and provision vanish'd quite,
With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard:
Only the importune Tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his temptation pursu'd:
'By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible besides,

And all thy heart is set on high designs,
High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyself
Bred up in poverty and straits at home;
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:
Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?
What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
Longer than thou can'st feed them on thy cost?
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms;
What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne,
(Thy throne) but gold that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me:
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While Virtue, Valour, Wisdom, sit in want.'
To whom thus Jesus patiently replied:
'Yet wealth, without these three, is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witness those antient empires of the Earth,
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:
But men endu'd with these have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat
So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the heathen, (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of memorial,) canst thou not remember
Quintus, Fabricus, Curius, Regulus?
For I esteem th

Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer'd from the hand of kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more apt
To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms? yet not for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he, who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains;
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, andknowing worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning, can be no sincere delight.
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,

BOOK III.

So spake the Son of God; and Satan stood
A while as mute, confounded what to say,
What to reply, confuted, and convinc't
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,
With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts:
'I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do:
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,
Thy counsel would be as the oracle
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old,
Infallible: or wert thou sought to deeds
That might require th' array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
In battle, though against thy few in arms.
These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide?
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage wilderness? Wherefore deprive
All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That sole excites to high attempts the flame
Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,

All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and powers all but the highest?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son
Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd
The Pontic king and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd
With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.'
To whom our Saviour calmly thus repli'd.
'Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmixt?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise?
They praise and they admire they know not what;
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all his angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises: thus he did to Job,
When to extend his fame through Heaven and Earth,

He ask'd thee, "Hast thou seen my servant Job?'
Famous he was in Heaven, on Earth less known;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worshipt with temple, priest, and sacrifice?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd,
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance: I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs with saintly patience borne,
Made famous in a land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient Job?
Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught suffer'd; if young African for fame
His wasted country freed from Punic rage;
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least

Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
Who sent me; and thereby witness whence I am.'
To whom the Tempter murmuring thus repli'd.
'Think not so slight of glory; therein least
Resembling thy great Father; he seeks glory,
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven
By all his angels glorifi'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift
Glory he requires, and glory he receives
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew or Greek,
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
From us his foes pronounc't glory he exacts.'
To whom our Saviour fervently repli'd.
'And reason; since his word all things produc'd,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to show forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul
Freely; of whom what could he less expect
Than glory and benediction, that is thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
From them who could return him nothing else,
And, not returning that would likeliest render
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
Hard recompense, unsuitable return
For so much good, so much beneficence.
But why should Man seek glory, who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
Who for so many benefits receiv'd
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd;
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
That which to God alone of right belongs:

That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance.'
So spake the Son of God; and here again
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin: for he himself
Insatiable of glory had lost all:
Yet of another plea bethought him soon.
'Of glory as thou wilt,' said he, 'so deem;
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy father David's throne,
By mother's side thy father: though thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
Easily from possession won with arms:
Judea now and all the Promis'd Land,
Reduc't a province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd
With temperate sway; oft have they violated
The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?
So did not Maccabeus: he indeed
Retir'd into the desert, but with arms:
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
Tho' priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,
With Modin and her suburbs once content.
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty; zeal and duty are not slow,
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait:
They themselves rather are occasion best;
Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free
Thy country from her heathen servitude.
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign:
The happier reign the sooner it begins:

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.
'All things are best fulfill'd in their due time;
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:
If of my reign prophetic writ hath told
That it shall never end, so when begin
The Father in his purpose hath decreed;
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be tri'd in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults,
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? Who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
Well hath obey'd; just trial ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee, when I begin
My everlasting kingdom? Why art thou
Solicitous? What moves thy inquisition?
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?'
To whom the Tempter inly rackt repli'd.
'Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace: what worse?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst: worst is my port,
My harbour and my ultimate repose,
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime, whatever; for itself condemn'd,
And will alike be punish'd, whether thou
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly could I fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,

Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell)
A shelter and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
If I then to the worst that can be haste,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
Happiest both to thyself and all the world,
That thou who worthiest art should'st be their king?
Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd
Of the enterprise so hazardous and high;
No wonder; for though in thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found,
Or human nature can receive, consider,
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,
And once a-year Jerusalem, few days'
Short sojourn; and what thence could'st thou observe?
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
Best school of best experience, quickest insight
In all things that to greatest actions lead.
The wisest, unexperienc't, will be ever
Timorous and loath, with novice modesty,
(As he who seeking asses found a kingdom,)
Irresolute, unhardy, unadventrous:
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
The monarchies of the Earth, their pomp and state;
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts
And regal mysteries; that thou may'st know
How best their opposition to withstand.'
With that (such power was given him then) he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high.
It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain outstretch't in circuit wide,
Lay pleasant: from his side two rivers flow'd.

Fair champain with less rivers intervein'd,
Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea;
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
Huge cities and high towr'd, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest monarchs; and so large
The prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desert, fountainless and dry.
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.
'Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Forest and field and flood, temples and towers
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes and the Caspian lake; thence on
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,
And inaccessible the Arabian drouth:
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
There Babylon the wonder of all tongues,
As antient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy father David's house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis,
His city there thou seest, and Bactra there;
Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,
And Hecatompylos her hunderd gates;
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
The drink of none but kings; of later fame,
Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,
Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold.
All these the Parthian, now some ages past,

By great Arsaces led, who founded first
That empire, under his dominion holds
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great power; for now the Parthian king
In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arm
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and win
He look't, and saw what numbers numberless
The city gates outpour'd, light-arm'd troops
In coats of mail and military pride;
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound;
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;
From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
Of Susiana to Balsara's hav'n.
He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown,
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots, or elephants endorst with towers
Of archers, nor of labouring pioneers
A multitude with spades and axes arm'd

Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
And waggons fraught with utensils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Besieg'd Albracca, as romances tell;
The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win
The fairest of her sex Angelica
His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemane.
Such and so numerous was their chivalry:
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

'That thou mayst know I seek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way secure
On no slight grounds thy safety; hear and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither and shew
All this fair sight: thy kingdom though foretold
By prophet or by angel, unless thou
Endeavour, as thy father David did,
Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means;
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or Jew; how couldst thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,
Between two such enclosing enemies,
Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own; the Parthian first
By my advice, as nearer and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country and captive lead away her kings,
Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus bound,
Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task
To render thee the Parthian at dispose,
Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league:

By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly re-install thee
In David's royal seat, his true successor,
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes,
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve
In Habor, and among the Medes dispers't:
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost
Thus long from Israel, serving as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,
This offer sets before thee to deliver.
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear.'
To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.
'Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
And fragile arms, much instrument of war,
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues,
Plausible to the world, to me worth naught.
Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else
Will unpredict and fail me of the throne:
My time, I told thee, (and that time for thee
Were better farthest off) is not yet come:
When that comes think not thou to find me slack
On my part aught endeavouring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
Luggage of war there shown me, argument
Of human weakness rather than of strength.
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes
I must deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway
To just extent over all Israel's sons;
But whence to thee this zeal? Where was it then
For Israel, or for David, or his throne

When thou stood'st up his Tempter to the pride
Of numbring Israel, which cost the lives
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
By three days' pestilence? such was thy zeal
To Israel then, the same that now to me.
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship calves, the deities
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
And all the idolatries of heathen round,
Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their forefathers; but so di'd
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,
And God with idols in their worship join'd.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who freed, as to their antient patrimony,
Unhumbl'd, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong would follow; and to their Gods, perhaps,
Of Bethel and of Dan? No; let them serve
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
Remembring Abraham, by some wondrous call
May bring them back repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste;
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the Promis'd Land their fathers pass'd:
To his due time and providence I leave them.'
 So spake Israel's true King, and to the Fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

BOOK IV.

PERPLEX'D and troubl'd at his bad success
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That sleek't his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve;
This far his over-match, who self-deceiv'd
And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man who had been matchless held
In cunning, over-reach't where least he thought,
To salve his credit, and for very spite
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash't, the assault renew,
Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long but in breadth not wide,
Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north

To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
That screen'd the fruits of the earth and seats of men
From cold Septentrion blasts; thence in the midst
Divided by a river, of whose banks
On each side an imperial city stood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd,
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves, presented to his eyes,
Above the highth of mountains interpos'd:
By what strange parallax or optic skill
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass
Of telescope, were curious to inquire:
And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.
'The city which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the Earth,
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enricht
Of nations; there the Capitol thou seest,
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable; and there mount Palatine
The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
Turrets and terraces, and glittering spires:
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of gods, (so well I have dispos'd
My aery microscope) thou may'st behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in;
Prætors, pro-consuls to their provinces
Hasting or on return, in robes of state;
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,

Or embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits, on the Appian road,
Or on the Emilian; some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle; and, more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;
From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these;
From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
Dusk faces with white silken turbants wreath'd;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west:
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay,
To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain,
In ample territory, wealth and power,
Civility of manners, arts, and arms,
And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer
Before the Parthian. These two thrones except,
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;
These having shown thee, I have shown thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This emperor hath no son, and now is old,
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd
To Capreæ, an island small but strong,
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy;
Committing to a wicked favourite
All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,
Hated of all, and hating; with what ease
Endu'd with regal virtues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne
Now made a sty, and in his place ascending,
A victor people free from servile yoke!
And with my help thou may'st; to me the power
Is given, and by that right I

Aim therefore at no less than all the world;
Aim at the highest: without the highest attain'd,
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long
On David's throne, be prophesi'd what will.'
To whom the Son of God unmov'd repli'd.
'Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
On citron tables or Atlantic stone,
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read)
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
Crystal, and myrrhine cups emboss'd with gems
And studs of pearl: to me should'st tell, who thirst
And hunger still: then embassies thou show'st
From nations far and nigh: what honour that?
But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries? Then proceed'st to talk
Of the emperor, how easily subdu'd,
How gloriously: I shall, thou say'st, expel
A brutish monster; what if I withal
Expel a Devil who first made him such?
Let his tormenter conscience find him out;
For him I was not sent: nor yet to free
That people victor once, now vile and base,
Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
Frugal and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the nations under yoke,
Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
Then cruel, by their sports to blood inur'd
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd;
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,

What wise and valiant man would seek to free
These, thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd?
Or could of inward slaves make outward free?
Know therefore, when my season comes to sit
On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
Spreading and overshadowing all the Earth;
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All monarchies besides throughout the world;
And of my kingdom there shall be no end:
Means there shall be to this; but what the means
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.'
To whom the Tempter impudent repli'd.
'I see all offers made by me how slight
Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st:
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than still to contradict:
On the other side know also thou, that I
On what I offer set as high esteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for naught;
All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give,
For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worship me as thy superior Lord,
Easily done, and hold them all of me;
For what can less so great a gift deserve?'
Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain.
'I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less;
Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter
The abominable terms, impious condition:
But I endure the time, till which expir'd
Thou hast permission on me. It is written,
The first of all commandments, "Thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;"
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
To worship thee accurst? now more accurst

And more blasphemous; which expect to rue.
The kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n?
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp't,
Other donation none thou canst produce.
If given, by whom but by the King of kings,
God over all supreme? If giv'n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the Giver now
Repaid! But gratitude in thee is lost
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
As offer them to me the Son of God?
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worship thee as God?
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st
That Evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.'
To whom the Fiend, with fear abasht, repli'd.
'Be not so sore offended, Son of God,
(Though sons of God both angels are and men)
If I to try whether in higher sort
Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
What both from men and angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth,
Nations beside from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok't, and world beneath;
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me most fatal, me it most concerns;
The trial hath indamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more esteem;
Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd
Than to a worldly crown; addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
As by that early action may be judg'd,
When slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st
Alone into the temple, there wast found

On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
Teaching, not taught. The childhood shews the man,
As morning shews the day: be famous then
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend.
All knowledge is not couch't in Moses' law,
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Nature's light;
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st;
Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinc't.
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by southwest, behold;
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil;
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbl'd notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream: within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or

Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his, who gave them breath, but higher sung
Blind Melesigenes thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or Iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,
High actions and high passions best describing:
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democraty,
Shook the Arsenal and fulmin'd over Greece
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne:
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From Heaven descended to the low-roof't house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issu'd forth
Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.'
To whom our Saviour sagely thus repli'd.
'Think not but that I know these things, or think
I know them not; not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all profess'd

The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits;
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life;
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
The Stoic last in philosophic pride,
By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain, or torment, death and life,
Which when he lists, he leaves; or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas, what can they teach, and not mislead!
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how Man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none;
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not; or by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
An empty cloud. However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep verst in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With

As in our native language can I find
That solace? All our law and story strew'd
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon
That pleas'd so well our victors' ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of their deities, and their own,
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
Remove their swelling epithets thick laid
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
Where God is praised aright, and godlike men,
The Holiest of Holies, and his saints;
Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee;
Unless where moral virtue is express't
By light of Nature not in all quite lost.
Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
The top of eloquence, statists indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem;
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government,
In their majestic unaffected style
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
These only with our Law best form a king.'
So spake the Son of God; but Satan, now
Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow repli'd.
'Since neither wealth nor honour, arms, nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor aught

By me propos'd in life contemplative
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
What dost thou in this world? The wilderness
For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,
And thither will return thee; yet remember
What I foretel thee, soon thou shalt have cause
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,
When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heaven,
Or Heav'n write aught of Fate, by what the stars
Voluminous, or single characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate
Attend thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death.
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom
Real or allegoric, I discern not;
Nor when; eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefix'd
Directs me in the starry rubric set.'
So saying he took (for still he knew his power
Not yet expir'd) and to the wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As day-light sunk, and brought in lowring Night,
Her shadowy offspring; unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day.
Our Saviour meek, and with untroubl'd mind
After his aëry jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever; under some concourse of shades
Whose branching arms thick intertwin'd might shield
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head:

But shelter'd slept in vain: for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb'd his sleep; and either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mix't, water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vext wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
Unshaken; nor yet staid the terror there:
Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.
Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray;
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
But now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheer'd the face of Earth, and dri'd the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds
Who all things now beheld more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
Was absent, after all his mischief done,
The Prince of Darkness; glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came;
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,

Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage
And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape;
And in a careless mood thus to him said.
'Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a dismal night: I heard the wrack
As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them
As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven,
Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable,
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
To man's less universe, and soon are gone;
Yet as being ofttimes noxious where they light
On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,
Like turbulences in the affairs of men,
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
They oft foresignify and threaten ill:
This tempest at this desert most was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfect season offer'd with my aid
To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of Fate, pursue thy way
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightliest done,
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold:

Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies
May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign.'
So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus.
'Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm
Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me none;
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
And threat'ning nigh: what they can do as signs
Betok'ning or ill boding, I contemn
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
Ambitious spirit, and wouldst be thought my God;
And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrify
Me to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd,
And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.'
To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage repli'd:
'Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born;
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt;
Of the Messiah I had heard foretold
By all the prophets; of thy birth at length,
Announc't by Gabriel with the first I knew,
And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,
On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.
From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all
Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from Heav'n
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God below'd.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of God; which bears no single sense.

The Son of God I also am, or was;
And if I was, I am; relation stands;
All men are sons of God; yet thee I thought
In some respect far higher so declar'd.
Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;
Where by all best conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reason then, if I beforehand seek
To understand my adversary, who
And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;
By parle or composition, truce or league
To win him, or win from him what I can.
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
Proof against all temptation as a rock
Of adamant, and as a centre, firm;
To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,
Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,
Another method I must now begin.'
So saying he caught him up, and without wing
Of hippogrif bore through the air sublime,
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain;
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The holy city, lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious Temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:
There on the highest pinnacle he set
The Son of God; and added thus in scorn.
'There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
Will ask thee skill; I to thy Father's house
Have brought thee, and highest plac't: highest is best:
Now show thy progeny; if not to stand,

Cast thyself down; safely if Son of God:
For it is written, "He will give command
Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands
They shall up lift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone."'
To whom thus Jesus: 'Also it is written
"Tempt not the Lord thy God."' He said, and stood.
But Satan smitten with amazement fell.
As when Earth's son, Antæus (to compare
Small things with greatest) in Irassa strove
With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose,
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttl'd at length in th' air, expir'd and fell;
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride,
Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall.
And as that Theban monster, that propos'd
Her riddle, and him who solv'd it not devour'd,
That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spite
Cast herself headlong from th' Ismenian steep;
So struck with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Joyless triumphals of his hop't success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell: and straight a fiery globe
Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy vans receiv'd him soft
From his uneasy station, and upbore,
As on a floating couch through the blithe air;
Then in a flow'ry valley set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spread
A table of celestial food, divine,
Ambrosial, fruits fetch'd from the Tree of Life,
And from the Fount of Life ambrosial drink,
That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd

What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
Or thirst; and as he fed, angelic quires
Sung heavenly anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.
'True Image of the Father, whether thron'd
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n, enshrin'd
In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,
Wandring the wilderness; whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with godlike force endu'd
Against th' Attempter of thy Father's throne,
And Thief of Paradise! him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heav'n cast
With all his army; now thou hast aveng'd
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke;
For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,
A Saviour art come down to reinstall,
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of Tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal Serpent, shalt not long
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star
Or lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n, trod down
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,

Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
Lest he command them down into the deep,
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind.'

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung Victor, and from heavenly feast refresh't,
Brought on his way with joy; he unobserv'd
Home to his mother's house private return'd.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

THE ARGUMENT.

SAMSON made captive, blind, and now in the prison of Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh somewhat retired, there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistins as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean time is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or shew his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who now came the second time with great threatenings to fetch him: the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Ebrew comes in haste confusedly at first and afterwards more distinctly relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistins, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM

WHICH IS CALLED

TRAGEDY.

Τραγῳδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας δι' ἐλέου καὶ φόβου περαίνουσα τὴν τῶν τοιούτων παθημάτων κάθαρσιν. Aristotle, Poet. vi.

Tragœdia est imitatio actionis gravis per misericordiam et metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions; that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion; for so in physic things of melancholy hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33; and Paræus commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca the philosopher is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the

to write a tragedy, which he entitled 'Christ Suffering This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoe at this day with other common interludes; happening throug the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadnes and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, whic by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought i without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. An though antient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martia calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth afte the antient manner, much different from what among u passes for best, thus much beforehand may be epistled; tha Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, no antient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason the antients and Italians are rather followed, as of muc more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in th Chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic or rather Apolelymenon. without regard had to Strophe Antistrophe or Epode, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the Chorus that sung not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; o being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allœostropha. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to antient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.
MANOAH, *the Father of Samson.*
DALILA, *his Wife.*
HARAPHA *of Gath.*
Public Officer.
Messenger.
Chorus of Danites.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

SAMSON.

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon their sea idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease;
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present

O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents, all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an off'ring burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His god-like presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength
Put to the labour of a beast, debas't
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke;
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength, without a double share
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldly, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace; I must not quarrel with the will

Of highes dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,
They creep, yet see; I dark in light, expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created beam, and thou great Word,
'Let there be light,' and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
So obvious and so easy to be quench't?
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will through every pore?

As in the land of darkness, yet in light
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but (O yet more miserable!)
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave.
Buried, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs;
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet steering this way;
Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

CHORUS.

Chorus. This, this is he; softly awhile,
Let us not break in upon him;
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
With languish't head unpropt,
As one past hope, abandon'd,
And by himself given over;
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'er-worn and soil'd;
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renown'd,
Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could withstand;
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid;
Ran on embattl'd armies clad in iron,
And weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
Adamantean proof;

But safest he who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot advanc't,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel;
Or grovelling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine,
In Ramath-lechi famous to this day:
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore
The gates of Azza, post and massy bar,
Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n.
Which shall I first bewail,
Thy bondage or lost sight,
Prison within prison
Inseparably dark?
Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)
The dungeon of thyself; thy soul
(Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)
Imprison'd now indeed,
In real darkness of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light
To incorporate with gloomy night;
For inward light, alas!
Puts forth no visual beam.
O mirror of our fickle state,
Since man on earth unparallel'd!
The rarer thy example stands,
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
For him I reckon not in high estate
Whom long descent of birth
Or the muses of fortune raises:

But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have subdu'd the Earth,
Universally crown'd with highest praises.

Samson. I hear the sound of words, their sense the air
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

Chorus. He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
The glory late of Israel, now the grief;
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown,
From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,
To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy sores; apt words have power to swage
The tumours of a troubl'd mind,
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

Samson. Your coming, friends, revives me; for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their superscription, (of the most
I would be understood): in prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have enclos'd me round;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness; for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head?
Who like a foolish pilot have shipwreck't
My vessel trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,
Fool! have divulg'd the secret gift of God
To a deceitful woman: tell me, friends,
Am I not sung, and proverb'd for a fool
In every street? do they not say, how well
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
Immeasurable strength they might behold
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
This with the other should, at least, have pair'd;
These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse

Chorus. Tax not divine disposal; wisest men
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides:
Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou should'st wed Philistian women rather
Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

Samson. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
Me, not my parents that I sought to wed
The daughter of an infidel: they knew not
That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
The marriage on: that by occasion hence
I might begin Israel's deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving false, the next I took to wife,
(O that I never had! fond wish too late.)
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
That specious monster, my accomplisht snare.
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end; still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer
She was not the prime cause, but I myself;
Who vanquisht with a peal of words (O weakness!)
Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

Chorus. In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:
Yet Israel still serves with all his sons.

Samson. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
Who seeing those great acts which God had done
Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd
Deliverance offer'd: I on th' other side

Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds;
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer;
But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers
Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd;
Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
To set upon them, what advantag'd best;
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
The harass of their land, beset me round;
I willingly on some conditions came
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey,
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads
Toucht with the flame: on their whole host I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,
And lorded over them whom they now serve:
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
As their deliverer; if he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

Chorus. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
Their great deliverer contemn'd,
The matchless Gideon in pursuit
Of Madian and her vanquisht kings:
And how ingrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear

Defended Israel from the Ammonite,
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
In that sore battle when so many di'd,
Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

Samson. Of such examples add me to the roll;
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

Chorus. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all:
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself.
Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
As to his own edicts, found contradicting,
Then give the reins to wandring thought,
Regardless of his glory's diminution;
Till, by their own perplexities involv'd,
They ravel more, still less resolv'd,
But never find self-satisfying solution.
As if they would confine th' Interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself;
And hath full right to exempt
Whom so it pleases him by choice
From national obstriction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt;
For with his own laws he can best dispense.
He would not else who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of the enemy just cause,
To set his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,

Unclean, unchaste.

Down Reason then, at least vain reasonings down;
Though Reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.
But see, here comes thy reverend sire
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoa: advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

Samson. Ay me, another inward grief awak't,
With mention of that name renews th' assault.

MANOA.

Manoa. Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,
Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
My son now captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
Came lagging after; say if he be here.

Chorus. As signal now in low dejected state,
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

Manoa. O miserable change! is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renown'd,
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,
None offering fight; who single combatant
Duell'd their armies rankt in proud array,
Himself an army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust
In mortal strength! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain! nay what thing good
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a father in my stead?
O wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?

Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest prayers, then giv'n with solemn hand
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?
For this did the angel twice descend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select, and sacred; glorious for a while,
The miracle of men: then in an hour
Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy foes' derision, captive, poor, and blind
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?
Alas, methinks whom God hath chosen once
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall,
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

Samson. Appoint not heavenly disposition, father;
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
But justly; I myself have brought them on,
Sole author I, sole cause: if aught seem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
The mystery of God given me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.
This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,
But warn'd by oft experience: did not she
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her highth
Of nuptial love profest, carrying it straight
To them who had corrupted her, my spies,
And rivals? In this other was there found
More faith? who also in her prime of love,
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd
Her spurious first-born, Treason against me.
Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and sighs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital secret, in what part my strength
Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might know:

Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She purpos'd to betray me; and (which was worse
Than undissembl'd hate) with what contempt
She sought to make me traitor to myself:
Yet the fourth time, when mustring all her wiles,
With blandisht parlies, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
To storm me over-watcht, and wearied out,
At times when men seek most repose and rest.
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart;
Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd,
Might easily have shook off all her snares:
But foul effeminacy held me yok't
Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
To honour and religion! servile mind,
Rewarded well with servile punishment!
The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
As was my former servitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominous, infamous,
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
That saw not how degenerately I serv'd.

Manoa. I cannot praise thy marriage-choices, son,
Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
Find some occasion to infest our foes.
I state not that; this I am sure; our foes
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy power; true; and thou bear'st
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying

This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud
To Dagon, as their god who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson, bound and blind, into their hands,
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnifi'd, and God,
Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,
Disglorifi'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
By th' idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

Samson. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high
Among the heathen round; to God have brought
Dishonour, obloquy, and op't the mouths
Of idolists, and atheists; have brought scandal
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before
To waver, or fall off and join with idols;
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
This only hope relieves me, that the strife
With me hath end; all the contest is now
'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd
But will arise and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words
I as a prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name
Against all competition, nor will long
Endure it doubtful, whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not in the meanwhile, here forgot,
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight,
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfi'd their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries worse than death, inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

Samson. Spare that proposal, father, spare the trouble
Of that solicitation; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool, set on his front? But I
God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully; a sin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn,
To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

Manoa. Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, son:
Repent the sin, but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;
Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself: perhaps

Who ever more approves and more accepts
(Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due;
Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd,
For self-offence, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offer'd means; who knows
But God hath set before us to return thee
Home to thy country and his sacred house?
Where thou may'st bring thy off'rings, to avert
His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd.

Samson. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it? when in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,
Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The sons of Anak; famous now and blaz'd,
Fearless of danger, like a petty god
I walk'd about admir'd of all, and dreaded
On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell
Of fair, fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Soft'nd with pleasure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Shav'n, and disarm'd among my enemies.

Chorus. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou could'st repress; nor did the dancing ruby,
Sparkling out-pour'd, the flavour, or the smell,
Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,
[illegible] crystalline stream.

Samson. Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure
With touch ethereal of Heav'ns fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirst, and refresht: nor envi'd them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chorus. O madness! to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Samson. But what avail'd this temperance, not complete
Against another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquish't? by which means,
Now blind, disheart'nd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful? wherein serve
My nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd?
But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pitied object; these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clustring down,
Vain monument of strength; till length of years
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure.
Here rather let me drudge, and earn my bread,
Till vermin, or the draff of servile food
Consume me, and oft-invocated death
Hast'n the welcome end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift
Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn.
But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay

Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;
And I persuade me so; why else this strength
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
His might continues in thee not for naught,
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

Samson. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkness, nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, Nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself,
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Manoa. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
From anguish of the mind and humours black
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Must not omit a father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance,
By ransom or how else: meanwhile be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends, admit.

Samson. O! that torment should not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and sores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast, and reins;
But must secret passage find
To th' inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense,
Though void of corporal sense.
My griefs not only pain me
As a lingring disease,
But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less than wounds immedicable

Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.
Thoughts my tormentors, arm'd with deadly stings,
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts;
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation which no cooling herb
Or med'cinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure:
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of Heav'ns desertion.
I was his nursling once and choice delight,
His destin'd from the womb,
Promis'd by Heavenly message twice descending.
Under his special eye
Abstemious I grew up and thrived amain;
He led me on to mightiest deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm
Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies:
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provok't,
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition; speedy death,
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chorus. Many are the sayings of the wise,
In antient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much

Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above;
Secret refreshings that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.
God of our fathers, what is man!
That thou towards him with hand so various,
(Or might I say contrarious?)
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
Not evenly, as thou rul'st
The angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wand'ring loose about,
Grow up and perish, as the summer-fly;
Heads without name, no more remember'd;
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To some great work, thy glory,
And people's safety, which in part they effect:
Yet towards these thus dignifi'd, thou oft
Amidst their highth of noon,
Changest thy countenance and thy hand, with no regard
Of highest favours past
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.
Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismission,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high;
Unseemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd;
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,

If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases, and deform'd,
In crude old age;
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffring
The punishment of dissolute days; in fine,
Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeckt, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play;
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem;
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila, thy wife.

Samson. My wife! my traitress! let her not come ne

Chorus. Yet on she moves, now stands, and eyes thee
About t' have spoke; but now with head declin'd
Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
And words addrest seem into tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her silken veil:
But now again she makes address to speak.

Dalila. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
May expiate, (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw,)
My penance hath not slack'n'd, though my pardon
No way assur'd. But conjugal affection,
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on, desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If aught in my ability may serve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

Samson. Out, out, hyæna! these are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray;
Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her change;
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men, full oft beguil'd,
With goodness principl'd not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Entangl'd with a pois'nous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
As I by thee, to ages an example.

Dalila. Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour
To lessen or extenuate mine offence,

But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
By itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them; both common female faults:
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is for naught,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
To what I did thou show'd'st me first the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not.
Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
Let weakness then with weakness come to parle,
So near related, or the same of kind;
Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me, than in thyself was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,
Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me
As her at Timna; sought by all means, therefore,
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest;
No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
Thy key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody, and hold:
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home [illegible]

Here I should still enjoy thee day and night,
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love.
These reasons in love's law have pass'd for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not austere
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Samson. How cunningly the sorceress displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!
That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
I led the way; bitter reproach, but true;
I to myself was false ere thou to me.
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
Confess it feign'd: weakness is thy excuse,
And I believe it, weakness to resist
Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or man will gain thee no remission.
But love constrain'd thee: call it furious rage
To satisfy thy lust: love seeks to have love;
My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way
To raise in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

Dalila. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea

Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
Which might have aw'd the best-resolv'd of men,
The constantest, to have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
That wrought with me: thou know'st the magistrates
And princes of my country came in person,
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion; press'd how just it was,
How honourable, how glorious, to entrap
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the gods
It would be to ensnare an irreligious
Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I
To oppose against such powerful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield, with grave authority
Took full possession of me and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining.

Sams. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end,
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy.
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation chose thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well; unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but overpower'd
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet

Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profest?
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection, but my own;
Thou mine, not theirs: if aught against my life
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations;
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men conspiring to uphold their state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
For which our country is a name so dear;
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee,
To please thy gods thou didst it; gods unable
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, gods cannot be;
Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd.
These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear!

Dalila. In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

Samson. For want of words, no doubt, or lack of breath,
Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

Dalila. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best.
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson;
Afford me place to show what recompense
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
Misguided; only what remains past cure
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
To afflict thyself in vain; though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
Where other senses want not their delights,
At home in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which

I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
With me, where my redoubl'd love and care,
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age,
With all things grateful cheer'd, and so suppli'd,
That what by me thou hast lost thou least shall miss.

Samson. No, no; of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;
Nor think me so unwary, or accurst
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains,
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have power, their force is null'd;
So much of adder's wisdom I have learnt
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me,
Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me;
How would'st thou use me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in most things as a child
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult,
When I must live uxorious to thy will,
In perfet thraldom! how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the lords
To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile!
This jail I count the house of liberty
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

Dalila. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

Samson. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee, go with that;
Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make th[illegible]

Among illustrious women, faithful wives:
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

Dalila. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers, than winds and seas; yet winds to seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal tempest, never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus myself, and suing
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc't?
To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
Fame if not double-fac't is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.
My name perhaps among the circumcis'd
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
To all posterity may stand defam'd,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduc't.
But in my country where I most desire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath
I shall be nam'd among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded; who to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock-bands; my tomb
With odours visited, and annual flowers.
Not less renown'd than in mount Ephraim
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd.
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
The public marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety

At this whoever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chorus. She's gone; a manifest serpent by her sting
Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Samson. So let her go; God sent her to debase me,
And aggravate my folly who committed
To such a viper his most sacred trust
Of secresy, my safety, and my life.

Chorus. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possest, nor can be easily
Repuls't, without much inward passion felt,
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Samson. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock-treachery endangering life.

Chorus. It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
(Which way soever men refer it)
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
Or seven, though one should musing sit.
If any of these or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy paranymph, worthless to thee compar'd,
Successor in thy bed;
Nor both so loosely disalli'd
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavish't on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish't, judgment scant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice, but oftest to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of self-love mixt,

Of constancy no root infix't,
That either they love nothing, or not long?
Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Intestine, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him awry, enslav'd
With dotage, and his sense deprav'd
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
What pilot so expert but needs must wreck
Imbark'd with such a steersmate at the helm?
Favour'd of Heav'n! who finds
One virtuous, rarely found,
That in domestic good combines:
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
But virtue which breaks through all opposition,
And all temptation can remove,
Most shines, and most is acceptable above.
Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe;
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour:
So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not sway'd
By female usurpation, or dismay'd.
But had we best retire? I see a storm.

Samson. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

Chorus. But this another kind of tempest brings.

Samson. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

Chorus. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward; I know him by his stride,

Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
I less conjecture than when first I saw
The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Samson. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

Chorus. His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

HARAPHA.

Haraphа. I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,
As these perhaps; yet wish it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath;
Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
As Og, or Anak and the Emims old
That Kiriathaim held; thou know'st me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,
Incredible to me; in this displeas'd,
That I was never present on the place
Of those encounters, where we might have tri'd
Each other's force in camp or listed field;
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report.

Samson. Thy way to know were not to see but taste.

Haraphа. Dost thou already single me? I thought
Gyves and the mill had tamed thee. O that fortune
Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd
To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw;
I should have forc'd thee soon wish other arms,
Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown:
So had the glory of prowess been recover'd
To Palestine, won by a Philistine
From the unforeskinn'd race, of whom thou bear'st
The highest name for valiant acts; that honour,
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,

Samson. Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do
What then thou would'st; thou seest it in thy hand.

Harapha. To combat with a blind man I disdain;
And thou hast need much washing to be toucht.

Samson. Such usage as your honourable lords
Afford me assassinated and betray'd;
Who durst not with their whole united powers
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber-ambushes
Close-banded durst attack me; no, not sleeping,
Till they had hir'd a woman, with their gold
Breaking her marriage-faith, to circumvent me.
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place enclos'd, where sight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,
Vant-brace and greves, and gauntlet; add thy spear,
A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield;
I only with an oak'n staff will meet thee,
And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
That in a little time while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath, to boast
Again in safety what thou would'st have done
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

Harapha. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,
Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
Their ornament and safety, had not spells,
And black enchantments, some magician's art,
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from Heaven
Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,
Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
Of chaf't wild boars, or ruffl'd porcupines.

Samson. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;
... God who gave me

At my nativity this strength, diffus'd
No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
Go to his temple, invocate his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
Which I to be the power of Israel's God
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test;
Offering to combat thee his champion bold,
With th' utmost of his godhead seconded:
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
Soon feel, whose god is strongest, thine or mine.

Harapha. Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be;
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and delivered up
Into thy enemies' hand; permitted them
To put out both thine eyes; and fetter'd send thee
Into the common prison, there to grind
Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,
As good for nothing else, no better service,
With those thy boist'rous locks; no worthy match
For valour to assail, nor by the sword
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,
But by the barber's razor best subdu'd.

Samson. All these indignities, for such they are
From thine, these evils I deserve, and more;
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Justly; yet despair not of his final pardon
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant:
In confidence whereof I once again
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whose god is God,
Thine, or whom I with Israel's

Har. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
He will accept thee to defend his cause,
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber!

Samson. Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove me these?

Harapha. Is not thy nation subject to our lords?
Their magistrates confest it, when they took thee
As a league-breaker and deliver'd bound
Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed
Notorious murder on those thirty men
At Ascalon, who never did thee harm;
Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,
To others did no violence nor spoil.

Samson. Among the daughters of the Philistines
I chose a wife, which argu'd me no foe;
And in your city held my nuptial feast:
But your ill-meaning politician lords,
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty spies,
Who threat'ning cruel death constrain'd the bride
To wring from me, and tell to them my secret,
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,
I us'd hostility, and took their spoil
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My nation was subjected to your lords.
It was the force of conquest; force with force
Is well ejected, when the conquer'd can.
But I a private person, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
Single rebellion and did hostile acts.
I was no private but a person rais'd
With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n
[illegible] if their servile minds

Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
But to their masters gave me up for naught,
Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.
I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,
And had perform'd it if my known offence
Had not disabl'd me, not all your force:
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

Harapha. With thee a man condemn'd, a slave enroll'd,
Due by the law to capital punishment?
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

Samson. Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
Come nearer; part not hence so slight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

Harapha. O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

Samson. No man withholds thee; nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van;
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

Harapha. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

Samson. Go, baffl'd coward, lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast;
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

Harapha. By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries, in irons loaden on thee.

Chorus. His giantship is gone somewhat crest-fall'n,
Stalking with less unconsci'nable strides,
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

Samson. I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size, Goliah chief

Chorus. He will directly to the lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

Samson. He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the offer or not;
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence;
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chorus. Oh how comely it is and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long opprest!
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour truth;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd;
Their armouries and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd

But patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endu'd
Above the sons of men! but sight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with those
Whom patience finally must crown.
This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind;
For I descry this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,
Comes on amain, speed in his look.
By his habit I discern him now
A public officer, and now at hand.
His message will be short and voluble.

OFFICER.

Officer. Ebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.

Chorus. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

Officer. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say;
This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
And now some public proof thereof require
To honour this great feast, and great assembly;
Rise therefore with all speed, and come along,
Where I will see thee heart'nd and fresh clad,
To appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

Samson. Thou know'st I am an Ebrew, therefore tell the
Our law forbids at their religious rites

Officer. This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

Samson. Have they not sword-players, and ev'ry sort
Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
Jugglers, and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
But they must pick me out, with shackles tir'd,
And over-labour'd at their public mill,
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal, to distress me more,
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'st; I will not come.

Officer. Regard thyself; this will offend them highly.

Samson. Myself? my conscience and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debas'd
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To show them feats, and play before their god,
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

Officer. My message was impos'd on me with speed,
Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

Samson. So take it with what speed thy message needs.

Officer. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Samson. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chorus. Consider, Samson; matters now are strain'd
Up to the highth, whether to hold or break:
He's gone; and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message, more imperious,
More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

Samson. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair,
After my great transgression? so requite

By prostituting holy things to idols;
A Nazarite in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon?
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, profane?

Chor. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines,
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

Samson. Not in their idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful, to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power.

Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not

Sams. Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? The Philistian lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, venturing to displease
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
Present in temples at idolatrous rites
For some important cause, thou needed'st not doubt.

Chor. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

Samson. Be of good courage; I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chorus. In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.

Officer. Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,
Our captive, at the public mill

And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

Samson. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.
Masters' commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection;
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
(So mutable are all the ways of men;)
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

Officer. I praise thy resolution, doff these links:
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

Samson. Brethren, farewell; your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight
Of me, as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them
I know not. Lords are lordliest in their wine;
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fir'd
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd;
No less the people on their holy-days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:
Happ'n what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself;
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chorus. Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide,
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name

Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire; that spirit that first rusht on thee
In the camp of Dan
Be efficacious in thee now at need.
For never was from Heaven imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.
But wherefore comes old Manoa in such haste
With youthful steps? much livelier than ere while
He seems; supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

MANOA.

Manoa. Peace with you, brethren; my inducement hither
Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the lords now parted hence,
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came; the city rings,
And numbers thither flock; I had no will,
Lest I should see him forc't to things unseemly.
But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

Chorus. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee; say, reverend sire, we thirst to hear.

Manoa. I have attempted one by one the lords
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and father's tears,
To accept of ransom for my son their pris'ner.
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his priests;
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim

They easily would set to sale; a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc't
Their foe to misery beneath their fears;
The rest was magnanimity to remit,
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.
What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

Chorus. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them
Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

Manoa. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left.
No, I am fixt not to part hence without him.
For his redemption, all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

Chorus. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,
Thou for thy son are bent to lay out all;
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

Manoa. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, ennobl'd
With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
And I persuade me, God had not permitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair
Garrison'd round about him like a camp
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him further yet in some great service;
Not to sit idle with so great a gift
Useless, and thence ridiculous, about him.

And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

Chorus. Thy hopes are not ill-founded nor seem vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
Conceiv'd agreeable to a father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.

Manoa. I know your friendly minds and—O what noise
Mercy of Heav'n, what hideous noise was that!
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

Chorus. Noise call you it, or universal groan
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise;
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

Manoa. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise:
Oh! it continues; they have slain my son.

Chorus. Thy son is rather slaying them; that outcry
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

Manoa. Some dismal accident it needs must be;
What shall we do, stay here or run and see?

Chorus. Best keep together here, lest running thither
We unawares run into danger's mouth.
This evil on the Philistines is fall'n;
From whom could else a general cry be heard?
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here;
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if his eye-sight (for to Israel's God
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

Manoa. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

Chorus. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible,
For his people of old; what hinders now?

Manoa. He can I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet Hope would fain subscribe, and tempts Belief.

Chorus. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An Ebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

Messenger. O whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?
For dire imagination still pursues me.
But providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first, reverend Manoa, and to these
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horror,
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Manoa. The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Messenger. It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

Manoa. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Messenger. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n;
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Manoa. Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest,
The desolation of a hostile city.

Mess. Feed on that first; there may in grief be surfeit.

Manoa. Relate by whom.

Messenger. By Samson.

Manoa. That still lessens
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Messenger. Ah! Manoa, I refrain too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Lest evil tidings, with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear, should pierce too deep.

[illegible] is torture: speak them out.

Messenger. Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dea

Manoa. The worst indeed; O all my hopes defeated
To free him hence! but Death who sets all free
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd,
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
How died he? death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell thou say'st; by whom fell he?
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

Messenger. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Manoa. Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.

Messenger. By his own hands.

Manoa. Self-violence? what cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself,
Among his foes?

Messenger. Inevitable cause,
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd:
The edifice, where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

Manoa. O lastly over-strong against thyself!
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.

Messenger. Occasions drew me early to this city;
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high street: little I had dispatch't,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded

Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was op'n, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot before him and behind,
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him
Which without help of eye, might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
All with incredible, stupendious force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested,
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
As over-tir'd, to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy pillars
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspicious led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
And eyes fast fix't he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd.
At last with head erect thus cri'd aloud.
'Hitherto, lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,

Not without wonder or delight beheld.
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater;
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.'
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd;
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars,
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson with these immixt, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

Chorus. O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel; and now li'st victorious
Among thy slain self-kill'd;
Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
Than all thy life had slain before.

1 *Semichor.* While their hearts were jocund and sublii
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,
Chaunting their idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells
In Silo his bright sanctuary:
Among them he a spirit of phrenzy sent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urg'd them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer;

They only set on sport and play
Unweetingly importun'd
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves to invite;
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
And with blindness internal struck.

2 *Semichorus.* But he, though blind of sight,
Despis'd and thought extinguish't quite,
With inward eyes illuminated
His fiery virtue rous'd
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an ev'ning dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roosts,
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
So virtue giv'n for lost,
Dèprest, and overthrown, as seem'd,
Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods embost,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay erewhile a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd;
And, though her body die, her fame survives,
A secular bird, ages of lives.

Manoa. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor,
Through all Philistian bounds; to Israel
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them

Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame;
And which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soak't in his enemies' blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train
Home to his father's house: there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts enroll'd
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high:
The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chorus. All is best, though we oft doubt,
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns;
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist

His uncontrollable intent;
His servants he with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismist,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Paradise Lost.

Book VII.

l. 1. *Urania.* Tasso begins his Jerusalem with a similar invocation.

l. 7. *old;*—meaning renowned from old time. (Cf. Bks. i. 420, ii. 593.) Newton, referring to Bk. i. 516, supposes that 'cold' was Milton's word.

l. 8. Prov. viii. 24, 25, 30. The phrase of Wisdom 'rejoicing' before God is in the Vulgate 'ludens,' 'playing,' and so Milton gives the passage in his Tetrachordon. Cf. Bacon (Advancement of Learning i.) 'as if, according to the innocent play of children, the Divine Majesty took delight to hide his works to the intent to have them found out.'

l. 17. Horace (Odes, iv. 11. 26) alludes to the fate of Bellerophon, who fell from his unreined steed Pegasus, when attempting to fly to Heaven. *The Aleian field* = the field of wandering. (Iliad vi. 201.)

l. 20. *forlorn;*—utterly lost (A.S. *forleoran*, Dutch *verloren*).

l. 23. *rapt above the pole;*—possibly with a reference to 2 Cor. xii. 2. The phrase occurs in Sylvester's Du Bartas, where (p. 526) are also the lines—

> 'I am Urania, then aloud said she,
> Who human kind above the poles transport.'

l. 29. *visit'st my slumbers;*—as Dante was visited by Beatrice 'in sogno' (Purgatorio, xxx. 133).

l. 31. Horace, Satires, i. 10. 73.

l. 33. Cf. Aeneid, vi. 258; Horace, Odes, iii. 1. 1–4.

l. 34. Alluding to the fate of Orpheus. Cf. Lycidas 61.

l. 35. *bad ears;*—cf. the 'auritas quercus' of Horace (Odes, i. 12. 11).

l. 38. *fail not thou* [*him*] *who thee implores;*—a similar ellipse occurs in Virgil, Eclogues, ii. 23.

l. 50. Milton coins *consorted* since 'consort' is a neuter verb. (Keightley.)

l. 72. *interpreter;*—So Mercury is 'interpres divûm' (Aeneid, iv. 378).

l. 88. *yields or fills.* Keightley would read 'and' for 'or'; 'for where is the opposition between yielding and filling? and what is the meaning of yielding all space?' But the meaning is rather that the air yields (to other bodies) *or* itself fills all space.

l. 94. *absolv'd;*—finished (absolutus).

l. 100. Cf. Virgil, Eclogues, viii. 69, and vi. 86. Keightley prefers a comma after each 'voice' and a third after 'hears.'

l. 103. *unapparent*;—invisible. (Genesis i. 2.)

l. 112. Iliad, xii. 176. Cf. Bk. vi. 297, and 1 Cor. xiii. 1.

l. 116. *infer*;—prove, a similar use to that of 'argue' in iv. 830. So in Shakespeare, 2 Henry IV. v. 5:

'This doth infer the zeal I had to see him.'

l. 121. Eccles. vii. 29; Deut. xxix. 29. Horace, Odes, iii. 29. 29; Aeneid, vi. 267.

l. 122. 1 Tim. i. 17.

l. 123. Eccles. iii. 11.

l. 126. Keightley quotes Sir William Davenant's poem of Gondibert (1651), ii. 8. 22:

'For though books serve as diet for the mind,
If knowledge, early got, self-value breeds,
By false digestion it is turn'd to wind,
And what should nourish on the eater feeds.'

l. 135. Judas is said (Acts i. 25) to have gone 'to his own place.'

l. 142. *us dispossest*;—in imitation of the ablative absolute.

l. 143. *fraud*;—crime (fraus), as in Horace (Odes, i. 28. 31).

l. 144. Job. vii. 10; Psalm ciii. 16.

l. 145. Jude 6.

l. 154. 'Milton seems to favour the opinion of some divines, that God's creation was instantaneous, but the effects of it were made visible and appeared in six days, in condescension to the capacities of angels, and is so narrated by Moses, in condescension to the capacities of men.' (Newton.)

l. 162. *inhabit lax*;—dwell at large, a classical expression. 'Habitare laxe voluit.' Cicero, Pro Domo Suâ 44.

l. 165. Luke i. 35.

l. 170. *myself retire*;—i. e. 'though I freely withdraw myself.'

l. 182. Luke ii. 14. These three ascriptions of 'Glory' praise the goodness, power, and wisdom of God. (Keightley.) Cf. Hooker (Ecclesiastical Polity, v. 56): 'The Father as Goodness, the Son as Wisdom, the Holy Ghost as Power, do all concur in every particular outwardly issuing from that one only glorious Deity which they all are.' Bacon (Advancement of Learning, ii) does not follow this order, assigning to the Three Persons the 'special attributes' of Power, Wisdom, and Love.

l. 197. *pour'd* is equivalent to 'fusi'; 'et fusa juventus' (Aeneid, i. 214, vii. 812).

l. 205. Psalm xxiv. 7.

l. 206. Contrast the opening of the gates of Hell (ii. 880).

l. 214. *And surging*. Newton corrected 'And' to 'In.' Keightley approves, but keeps 'And' in his text.

l. 216. 'If we can imagine any thought or expression worthy of the Deity, we find it here.' (Landor.) Cf. Mark iv. 39.

l. 224. *fervid wheels*;—an expression translated from Horace (Odes, i. 1. 4).

l. 235. *brooding*. Neither 'moved' nor 'brooded' is an exact translation of the Hebrew of Gen. i. 2. In Deut. xxii. 6 the same word is rendered 'fluttereth' (properly, 'flieth about'). Ancient Jewish commentators supposed that the 'spirit of God' here mentioned was a strong wind, for in the Old Testament the Spirit of God is never represented under a material form (as it must be if it move or brood), and the removal of the waters from the earth after the Flood was effected by a strong wind.' (Keightley.)

l. 239. Keightley thus interprets this difficult passage. By the 'rest' (l. 240) he understands what remained after the dregs had been purged out and separated, and he takes 'founded' and 'conglobed' to be participles qualifying it. 'The rest after having been melted, fused, or run (i. 708) and conglobed, or formed into two spheres (a hollow one for heaven, a solid one for earth), similar substances having combined for the purpose, he disparted or separated the spheres, putting each into its several or separate place. He then spun out the air between them, and hung in the exact centre the Earth, which was self-balanced, because, from its globular form and equal distance from each point of the external sphere, it could not incline or move in any one direction more than another.'

l. 241. Ovid, Metamorphoses, i. 12.

l. 244 Milton does not describe the creation of Light, but only says that it now sprung from the Deep. Cf. iii. 716.

l. 245. Keightley points out the discrepancy between the account here, in which Light is said to journey through the interior of the great globe of the World, and that given in iii. 11, where World cannot be synonymous with Earth.

l. 250. *by the hemisphere;*—because the portion of space between the spheres of earth and heaven formed two hemispheres, of which (with respect to the earth) one must be in darkness while the other was in light. (Keightley.)

l. 256. Job xxxviii. 4, 7.

l. 264. In the cosmogony of Genesis, the firmament is the *solid* heaven, with a large body of waters on its upper surface. But Milton, by taking Gen. i. 1 as the work of the first day and not a summary of the whole creation, was obliged to adopt to some extent the opinion that the firmament was the air, and that the waters *above* it were the clouds suspended *in* it. (Keightley.)

expanse;—The word translated 'firmament' (Gen. i. 6) means 'expansion.' (Newton.) 'Esto expansum inter aquas' is the translation of Tremellius and Junius.

l. 268. Psalm xxiv. 2, civ. 3, cxxxvi. 6, cxlviii. 4.

l. 269. As the earth is spoken of in Scripture as 'on the waters,' Milton (forgetting that he had made the earth globular) adopts this view. He then supposes the outer orb of the world to rest on a body of water, the waters above the firmament, and this body he seems to regard as the crystalline sphere of the Ptolemaic astronomy. He would appear to place it above the planets and the fixed stars (iii. 482). Altogether, his ideas seem inextricably confused. (Keightley.)

l. 272. Cf. ii. 895.

l. 285. Ovid, Metamorphoses, i. 344.

l. 290. Psalm civ. 7.

l. 299. *torrent;*—rushing (as 'current' = 'running' in line 67, and 'serpe = 'creeping' in line 302).

l. 306. *perpetual;*—unbroken. So 'sulcos perpetuos ducere' (Cato, Re Rusticâ 33).

l. 321. Bentley corrected 'smelling' of the early editions (inadverten printed in the text) to 'swelling.' (Georgics, iv. 121.)

Corny;—bearing corn. Keightley remarks that in Gen. xli. 22, t word 'stalk' should be translated 'reed.' In Lisse's Du Bartas it is said the rain that 'it drown'd the corny ranks.'

l. 323. *hair;*—by a natural metaphor for the foliage, as 'coma' in Lat (Horace, Odes, i. 21. 5; iv. 7. 2.)

implicit;—entangled (implico).

l. 327. Cf. L'Allegro 78.

l. 329. Like Calypso's bower. (Odyssey, v. 13.)

l. 335. Milton here follows the received (but incorrect) translation Gen. ii. 5, which should be 'And no plant of the field was as yet in t earth.' (Keightley.) The translation of Tremellius and Junius (used Milton for the references in his Christian Doctrine) has 'omnemque herba agri, quae nondum fuisset oritura.'

l. 358. Cf. Spenser, Hymn to Heavenly Beauty 53

'All sow'd with glistering stars, more thick than grass.'

l. 359. Keightley notes the discrepancy between this narrative and th in Bk. iii. 716.

l. 366. Venus is mentioned last for emphasis, a classic and Scripture usag Galileo's telescope had shewn that Venus has phases like the moo (Keightley.)

l. 372. Cf. Psalm xix. 5, and Faery Queene, I. v. 2.

l. 373. Cf. Carew's lines:

'The yellow planets, and the gray
Dawn shall attend thee on thy way.'

l. 375. Job xxxviii. 31. The picture by Guido, representing the chariot the Sun, with Aurora flying before it, and seven nymphs (who may be i tended for the Pleiades) dancing around it, is supposed to have suggest these lines.

l. 382. Milton has here, and at xii. 86, anglicised the Ovidian adjecti 'dividuus'; and in Areopagitica, he writes: 'So that a man may say, h religion is no more within himself, but is become a dividual movable.'

l. 388. The 'creeping things' here named are of the sea (Psalm civ. 25 Those of the earth are mentioned at line 452. The Hebrew word includ all kinds of fish.

l. 402. *scull;*—school or shoal (A.S. *sceole*). '"Scull of herrings" is st used in Norfolk.' (Todd.)

l. 409 *On smooth* (water).

l. 410. *bended dolphins;*—cf. 'tergo delphina recurvo.' Ovid, Fasti, i 113. By dolphins here are meant porpoises. The modern dolphin another kind of fish. (Keightley.)

l. 420. *fledge*;—cf. iii. 627.

l. 421. *summ'd*;—a term of falconry, applied to a hawk when his feathers have grown to their full strength. Keightley remarks that the verb is never used actively, of the birds themselves, as here. *pens*='wing feathers' (pinnae).

l. 422. *despised*;—Milton (it has been suggested) may have mistaken the meaning of 'despectare' (to 'look down upon,' not to 'despise') in the passage he had in view, Aeneid, i. 396.

l. 424. Job xxxix. 27, 28. *eyries*=nests. An 'eyry' is a collection of eggs, an egg-ery. (Latham.)

l. 426. Jeremiah viii. 7.

l. 429. *mutual*;—because the bird flying at the point of the V after a while falls back, another taking his place.

l. 434. Aeneid, vii. 34; Georgics, iii. 243.

l. 435. For passages in which Milton dwells on the song of the nightingale, see Il Penseroso 61; Sonnet i.; Comus 234; Paradise Lost, iii. 38, iv. 602, 648, 771, v. 40, viii. 518.

l. 437. 'The birds never looked so beautiful since they left Paradise.' (Landor.)

l. 439. *mantling*;—a term in falconry: 'when the hawk stretcheth one of her wings after her leg, and so the other.' (Gentleman's Recreation, quoted by Nares.)

l. 440. *her state*. The allusion may be to a barge of state. Cf. Donne (Progress of the Soul, xxiv.) speaking of a swan:

> 'It moved with state, as if to look upon
> Low things it scorned.'

Herrick has 'swan-like state'

l. 443. *crested cock*;—cf. 'cristatus ales' of Ovid (Fasti, i. 455) and

> 'singing clearer than the crested bird
> That claps his wings at dawn.' (Tennyson.)

clarion;—cf. Shakespeare (Hamlet i. 1).

> 'The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn.'

l. 454. *teem*;—pour forth (Saxon *tyman*). Cf. Rosse's speech,

> 'Each minute teems a new one.'
> (Macbeth, iv. 3.)

l. 457. *lair*; layer, bed (Germ. *lager*).

wonns;—dwells (A. S. *wunian*). Cf. Fairfax's Tasso xvi. 67.

> 'A thousand devils in Limbo deep that wonne.'

l. 462. *at once*;—cf. Wordsworth:

> 'There are forty feeding like one.'

broad herds is a literal translation from Iliad, xi. 679. Virgil has 'longum agmen' (Aeneid, i. 186).

l. 467. *libbard*;—leopard. This form is used by Spenser (Faery Queene, I. vi. 25; II. iii. 28).

l. 471. Job xl. 15. *Behemoth* here is the elephant; in Job it is the hippopotamus of the Nile.

l. 476. *limber*;—(connected with 'limp') pliant. It is applied to an oar in a passage quoted in Latham's edition of Johnson's Dictionary.

l. 477. *deckt* is a verb. They decked their smallest (i. e. very small) bodies exact (i. e. exactly) with various hues.

l. 478. Cf. 'In pride of May the fields are gay.'
(Old Song, Percy Society Collection, vol. xiii.)

l. 482. *minims;*—very small things (minima).

serpent;—a more general word than the following 'snaky,' embracing all *creeping* things.

l. 484. *added;*—active for passive; as in ix. 515, where a ship is said to 'steer' and 'shift her sail.'

l. 485. Horace, Satires, i. 1. 35; Virgil, Georgics, iv. 83.

l. 487. *just equality.* Milton had expanded this hint in his Ready Way.

l. 490. The working bees are *males*, The drone here meant is the queen-bee.

l. 496. Virgil gives a mane to serpents (Aeneid ii. 206).

l. 505. Ovid, Metamorphoses, i. 76, &c.

l. 535. Cf. 2 Esdras iii. 6: 'And thou leddest him into Paradise, which thy right hand had planted.'

l. 548. Plato represents the Creator as surveying his work and delighting in it, because it resembles the pattern he had worked from.

l. 563. *station.* The 'station' of a planet is a term of art, when the planet appears neither to go backwards nor forwards, but to keep the same place in its orbit.

l. 565. Psalm xxiv. 7.

l. 577. Ovid, Metamorphoses, i. 168.

l. 579. See on line 619.

l. 581. Cf. Sylvester
'Powder'd with stars streaming with glorious light.'

l. 585. Isaiah vi. 1.

l. 596. 'Laudate eum hydraulis et organo.' (Translation of Tremellius and Junius). Vide note on line 335.

l. 597. *frets* are the divisions by which the strings of a guitar or violin are lengthened or shortened at will. Cf. (Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1)
'I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering.'

l. 598. *temper'd;*—modulated. So in Spenser, Shepherd's Calendar, June:
'Birds of every kind
To the water's fall their tunes attemper right.'

l. 599. Rev. viii. 3, 4.

l. 605. *giant;*—with an allusion to the Titanic contest. The word is used to express the fierce malevolence attributed to such beings. So in Isabella's speech (Measure for Measure, ii. 3) this quality is taken for granted, as if implied in the word itself.

l. 619. *hyaline* (like 'galaxy' in line 579) is followed immediately by its translation. See note to line 269.

l. 624. *nether;*—the ocean that went round her, according to ancient cosmology, as opposed to 'hyaline.' (Keightley.)

l. 628. Psalm viii. 6–8.

l. 631. Georgics, ii. 458.

Book VIII.

l. 1. At this place in the first edition there was the single line

'To whom thus Adam gratefully replied.'

In the second edition (when the poem was in twelve books, the seventh and tenth being divided) this line was changed into the four that now begin Bk. viii.

l. 2. Cf. Iliad, ii. 41. Dante (Purgatorio, ii. 113) hears his friend Casella's voice

'Of which the sweetness still within me sounds.'

l. 3. *stood*;—i. e. continued (like Ital. *stava*). (Richardson.)

l. 15. Cf. 'this goodly frame, the earth' (Hamlet, ii. 2). Psalm viii. 3.

l. 19. Psalm cxlvii. 4. *numbered* may refer to this text, but is more probably='numerous,' as at vii. 621.

l. 23. *punctual*;—i. e. no bigger than a point (punctum). Cf. Comus 5.

l. 61. *pomp*;—train (πομπή). See note on L'Allegro 127.

l. 70. *this to attain*. The clause is ambiguous. 'This' may refer either to the knowledge previously spoken of, or to that of the point in dispute between the followers of Ptolemy and those of Copernicus.

l. 76. Cf. Bacon (Advancement of Learning, ii): 'As for the vertical point (of natural philosophy) *opus quod operatur Deus a principio usque ad finem* (Eccles. iii. 11) we know not whether man's inquiry can attain unto it.' In the Vulgate (here quoted) the words immediately preceding are 'mundum tradidit disputationi eorum.'

l. 77. Cf. the passage from Bacon, quoted in note to vii. 8. Landor objects: 'I cannot well entertain this notion of the Creator's risible faculties. Milton here carries his anthropomorphism much farther than the poem (which needed a good deal of it) required.'

l. 83. Among the exploded theories of astronomy mentioned by Bacon in his De Augmentis Scientiarum (iii. 4), is that of the motion of the heavenly bodies in perfect circles. To explain their apparent irregularities, and preserve the hypothesis of a circular motion, the astronomers invented eccentrics and epicycles. 'The epicycle, according to Clavius, is a small orb immersed in the deferent orb in which the planet is borne. For the body of the planet is fixed in the epicycle, while the centre of the epicycle is continually carried along according to the motion of the eccentric or deferent orb.' (Keightley.) Cf. also the passage in the Advancement of Learning, ii: 'The same phenomena in astronomy are satisfied by the received astronomy of the diurnal motion and the proper motion of the planets with their eccentrics and epicycles, and likewise by the theory of Copernicus; and the calculations are indifferently agreeable to both.'

l. 122. The angel now expounds the Copernican, as Adam had set forth the Ptolemaic system.

l. 130. *Three different motions*;—(1) diurnal, (2) annual, (3) that of libration, by which the earth's axis is always parallel to itself. If the earth have not (1) the heaven must revolve around her; if she have not (2) the sun must journey annually round the ecliptic; and if she have not (3) that motion must be ascribed to the primum mobile, 'that swift nocturnal

l. 145. All this is erroneous physics. Astronomers, with the aid of the most powerful telescopes, have not been able to discover any traces of either water or atmosphere in the moon. (Keightley.)

l. 148. *other suns;*—Jupiter and Saturn are meant.

l. 150. *male and female* means 'original and reflected' light. Pliny (Natural History, ii. 100) mentions the tradition that the sun is a masculine star, drying all things; on the contrary, the moon is a soft and feminine star, dissolving humours, and so the balance of Nature is preserved, some of the stars binding the elements, and others loosing them.

l. 155. *contribute;*—with the accent on the first syllable, as in May's Edward III. (1635):

'Their several shares of woe
Must contribute to Philip's overthrow.'

l. 157. *this habitable;*—the earth (*οἰκουμένη*); adjective for substantive—a frequent use in Milton. Cf. vi. 78: 'this terrene.'

l. 158. *obvious;*—exposed to; as in Aeneid, x. 694. Cf. note on x. 106.

l. 162. *flaming;*—applying to the road an epithet meant of the sun. Cf. the 'pale course' of the moon in i. 786.

l. 164. The metaphor is from a top, as in Aeneid, vii. 378.

l. 165. *inoffensive;*—meeting no obstacle. Tacitus uses 'inoffensus' for 'uninterrupted': 'inoffensus cursus honorum.' (Historiarum, i. 48.)

l. 183. Cf. Samson Agonistes 300–306.

l. 193. Shadowed from a verse in Homer (Odyssey, iv. 392), much admired and recommended by Socrates. (Bentley.)

l. 211. Odyssey, iv. 594–598; Virgil, Eclogues, v. 45–48.

l. 212. *pleasantest to thirst.* Hume says that there is one kind of palm (the Egyptian) which was called *ἄδιψος*, from its juicy fruit.

l. 216. Psalm cxix. 103.

l. 218. Psalm xlv. 3 (Prayer-book version).

l. 225. Rev. xxii. 9.

l. 238. Cf. Sonnet xv. 11, 12.

l. 242. Aeneid, vi. 557. Ariosto has represented Astolfo as hearing from within the gates of Hell the noise of

'Plaint and howl, and everlasting wail.'
(Orlando Furioso, xxxiv. 4.)

l. 258. *gaz'd;*—cf. v. 272; Paradise Regained, i. 414. Elsewhere Milton has 'gazed on' (Paradise Lost, xi. 845) or 'upon' (Comus 54).

l. 269. The first edition has '*as* lively vigour led.'

l. 281. Acts xvii. 28.

l. 287. Odyssey, xiii. 79.

l. 292. Iliad, ii. 16, 20.

l. 295. The idea of thus seeing in a dream what was really taking place seems to have been suggested by the dream of Aeacus in Ovid (Metamorphoses, vii. 634). So Dante (Purgatorio, ix.) dreams that he is carried up by an eagle, and on awaking, finds that he had in reality been carried up part of the mountain of Purgatory during his sleep.

l. 302. In Sylvester's Du Bartas, there is the line

'Tis not a dance, but rather a smooth gliding.'

l. 320. Bentley's objection that 'dress' should be used here (as in Gen. ii. 15) because the common earth was 'tilled' after the Fall (Gen. iii. 23), is answered by the fact that the same Hebrew word is used in both places. The Septuagint translation is ἐργάζεσθαι, and the Vulgate 'operari'; that of Junius, 'ad colendum.'

l. 335. Cf. x. 779.

l. 337. *purpose*:—conversation (propos). (Keightley.) Cf. Much Ado about Nothing, iii. 1, 'listen our purpose,' and Spenser (Faery Queene, IV. vi. 45),

'And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this and that.'

l. 353. 'Adam had the wisdom given him to know all creatures and to name them according to their properties.' Cf. Bacon's words (Advancement of Learning, i.): 'The pure knowledge of nature and universality, by the light whereof man did give names unto other creatures in Paradise, according to their properties.' 'The two summary parts of knowledge,' Bacon elsewhere asserts are 'the view of creatures, and the imposition of names.'

l. 356. Acts xxvi. 19.

l. 379. Gen. xviii. 30.

l. 387. The stretched (intense) musical string cannot make harmony with one that is slack (remiss).

l. 407. Horace, Odes, i. 12. 18.

l. 413. Rom. xi. 33.

l. 414. *of things*;—like the 'pulcherrime rerum' of Ovid (Metamorphoses, viii. 49). (Keightley.)

l. 421. *absolute*;—'omnibus numeris absolutus' is here literally translated. Perfection and completeness in all parts is meant. Ben Jonson has used the same expression in the inscription of his poem on Venetian Digby. Landor stigmatizes it as 'a pedantic, quibbling Latinism, which our language has never admitted.' Yet 'absolute Marina' is found in Pericles iv. Prologue, and Ben Jonson has it frequently.

l. 422. *His single imperfection*;—the imperfection of him when single.

l. 453. Dan. x. 17.

l. 460. Numb. xxiv. 4. The commentators on this text regard the 'eyes' as those of the mind.

l. 466. *cordial*;—nearest the heart, because some divines held the rib to have been taken from the left side.

l. 478. Cf Sonnet xviii, last line.

l. 488. Parallels to this beautiful line are found in Troilus and Cressida (iv. 4),

'The lustre in your eye, Heaven in your cheek;'

and in Antony and Cleopatra (i. 3),

'Eternity was in our lips and eyes.'

The very phrase 'Heaven is in your eyes' occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher (Philaster, iii. 1). Keightley quotes from Chaucer,

'And Paradise was formed in her eyen.'

l. 489. Keightley quotes

'Illam quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia movet,
Comp[illegible] furtim subsequitur[illegible] Decor.'

l. 494. *Nor enviest;*—unlike the Greek gods, who envied man's happiness

l. 498. 'Adhaerebit uxori suae' is the rendering of the Vulgate and o Junius.

l. 500. *divinely;*—from heaven (Lat. *divinitus*).

l. 502. *conscience;*—consciousness (conscientia) so used in our translatio of Heb. x. 2.

l. 503. Helena says (Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1),

'We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.'

l. 511. Cant. vi. 10.

l. 519. Cf. 'Vesper adest, juvenes, consurgite, Vesper Olympo
Expectata diu, vix tandem lumina tollit.'
(Catullus, lxii.)

Cf. also Spenser (Epithal. 285):

'Long though it be, at last I see it gloome
And the bright evening-star with golden creast
Arise out of the East.'

And Ben Jonson, in his Hue and Cry after Cupid (a nuptial mask), has a son with the burden

'Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star.'

The appearance of the evening-star was the signal for lighting the torches t conduct the bride to her new home. (Cf. xi. 589.) Milton (Doctrine o Divorce, i. 3) speaks feelingly of the evil consequences of marriage whe 'sober men, from inexperience, haste too eagerly to light the nuptial torch.'

l. 537. Cf. Samson Agonistes 1025 et seq.

l. 547. *absolute;*—perfect, as in l. 421.

l. 556. *occasionally;*—supplementally. But God had from the first in tended to create Eve. Cf. line 444.

l. 568. Ephes. v. 28, 29; 1 Pet. iii. 7.

l. 576. *adorn;*—an adjective made from a participle, like the Italian *adorn* (from *adornato*). Spenser uses it as a substantive (Faery Queene, III xii. 20):

'Without adorne of gold or silver bright.'

l. 578. *art seen;*—'art' (videris) as in Sonnet iv. 3, and Bk. ix. 508, 546 So 'to be known' is used for 'to be' (iv. 836).

l. 583. *divulg'd;*—made common. See note on Arcades 6.

l. 589. Cf. 'Nature is fine in love' (Hamlet, iv. 5). Spenser, in hi Hymn to Love, writes:

'Such is the power of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid baseness doth expel,
And the refined mind doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer form.'

King Arthur (in Tennyson's Guinevere)

'knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,

l. 591. *scale*;—ladder, as in v. 509.
l. 598. *genial bed*;—the 'lectus genialis' of Horace (Epistles, i. 1. 87).
l. 601. *decencies*;—comely acts. 'Decent' is always used in Milton's poems in its primary sense of 'comely,' 'befitting.' Il Penseroso 36, and Paradise Lost, iii. 644.
l. 608. *foiled*;—defeated, as in ii. 330.
l. 610. The reverse of the hackneyed 'video meliora' of Medea (Ovid, Metamorphoses, vii. 20).
l. 632. *Hesperian*;—i. e. in the west.
to depart;—cf. v. 376.
l. 634. 1 John v. 3.
l. 635. *passion*;—i. e. his affection for Eve.
l. 636. *else*;—i. e. if not so swayed.
l. 637. Aeneid, xii. 59.
l. 645. *since to part*;—since you are about to depart. 'Part' is used for 'depart' in Comus 56, and Samson Agonistes 1447.
l. 652. Iliad, i. 531–533.

Book IX.

l. 2. Exod. xxxiii. 11.
l. 11. Cf. xi. 627.
l. 12. Cf. x. 249.
l. 14. In allusion to the subjects of the Iliad, Odyssey, and Aeneid. Neptune persecuted Ulysses, and Juno Aeneas.
l. 21. Cf. vii. 1.
l. 26. In Milton's extant MSS. are many sketches for dramatic poems on Scripture subjects. In his youth he had proposed to write an epic on the theme of King Arthur. Aubrey asserts that Paradise Lost was begun about two years before the Restoration.
l. 33. *races and games* are described in Iliad xxiii. and Aeneid v.; *tilting* by the Italian poets and by Spenser.
l. 35. *Impreses*;—(Ital. *impresa*) the devices and emblems on the shield; sometimes so enigmatical that they were 'not to be understood,' as Sir Henry Wotton remarks of the impreses of a tournament at court. They usually conveyed an allusion to the name, nature, or fortune of the wearer.
l. 36. *Bases*;—the mantle, hanging from the middle to the knees or lower, worn by knights on horseback. Radegund compels the captive Artegal to put on an apron and petticoat instead of cuirass and bases (Faery Queene, V. v. 20).
l. 37. The 'marshal' set the guests in order of rank; the *sewer* placed the dishes on the table, his office being to 'sew,' 'assay,' or taste. (Another derivation of 'sewer' is from 'asseoir,' to set down). The *seneschal* appears to have been the senior servant, the major-domo.
l. 39. *the skill*;—i. e. the result of it, like the 'hand of Eve,' l. 438.
l. 44. Cf. the passage in Reason of Church Government, Bk. ii: 'If to the instinct of nature, and the imboldening of art, aught may be trusted; and that there be nothing adverse in our climate, or the fate of this age, it haply [illegible] and inclination, to present the

of a theme, 'to be left so written to after-times, as they should not willingl let it die.'

l. 56. *maugre*;—in spite of (malgré), frequent in Spenser, occurring some times in Shakespeare (Lear, v. 3).

l. 58. Job i. 7.

l. 63. The meaning is, for the space of an entire week he compassed th earth, three days from east to west, going round with night, or parallel t the equinoctial line, and four days at right angles to it, from north to south The *colures* are two great circles, of which the one called the solstitial colur passes through the poles of the ecliptic and the equinoctial; the other named the equinoctial colure, is a meridian drawn through the equinoxes By *traversing*, then, is meant 'going along.' Cf. l. 434. (Keightley. Newton takes *traverse* in its usual sense of 'crossing.' 'As Satan wa moving from pole to pole at the same time that the car of night was moving from east to west, if he would keep in the shade of night as he desired, he could not move in a straight line, but must move obliquely, and thereby cross the two colures.'

l. 77. Leaving the garden on the east (iv. 861), he turned northwards to the Euxine Sea and Palus Moeotis, and then went up along the river Ob. He then went probably down to the other side of the globe, as far south as the Line, and, as we are to suppose, back to the Orontes in Syria, whence he went westwards to the Isthmus of Darien, and so round by India and back to Eden. (Keightley.)

l. 80. Job xxxvii. 10.

l. 82. *orb* for 'world' (orbis terrarum). So used by the Clown in Twelfth Night, iii. 1.

l. 86. Landor censures these lines as 'some of the dullest in Milton.' He somewhat captiously objects: 'Who could suspect the serpent? or know anything about his wit and subtilty? He had been created but a few days; "diabolic" power had taken as yet no such direction; and the serpent was so obscure a brute, that Satan himself scarcely knew where to find him. And why had the snake so bad a character? He was "not nocent yet;" "fearless, unfeared he slept." These are the contradictions of a dreamer; but how fresh and vigorous Milton arises the next moment!'

l. 89. *imp*;—from *impan*, to graft: 'whereon to graft deceit.' In Shakespeare the word, as an appellation, never bears a bad sense. Its primary meaning is 'child,' 'scion' (which latter word is properly a *cutting* from a tree).

l. 99. Cf. v. 574.

l. 121. *siege*;—seat (siège), as in the 'siege of justice' (Measure for Measure, iv. 2). The 'siege' of a town is the 'sitting down' before it.

l. 130. *him destroyed*. This version of the ablative absolute occurs also in vii. 142; Samson Agonistes 463. But in general Milton observes the usual English form of taking the nominative for the case absolute.

l. 146. *if they at least*;—Cf. v. 859.

l. 156. Psalm civ. 4.

l. 157. Psalm xci. 11.

l. 166. Cf. Comus 468.

l. 170. *obnoxious*;—exposed to, 'obnoxius fortunae.' (Tacitus, Histo-

l. 176. *son of despite*;—as the wicked are termed 'sons of Belial'; valiant men, 'sons of courage'; wild beasts, 'sons of pride.' (Deut. xiii. 13; 2 Sam. ii. 7; Job xli. 34.)

l. 178. So Prometheus (Aeschylus, Prometheus Vinctus 970) holds it right 'to scorn the scornful.'

l. 187. Iliad, xvii. 210.

l. 218. The original meaning of 'spring' (whence 'sprig') was 'shoot,' 'rod.' It was then used chiefly, if not solely, by the poets for 'coppice,' 'grove,' or 'wood.' (Keightley.)

l. 240. In the song in Merchant of Venice (iii. 2) Fancy (i. e. Love) is said to be 'by gazing fed.'

l. 245. *wilderness*;—for 'wildness,' as

> 'For such a warped slip of wilderness
> Ne'er issu'd from his blood.' (Measure for Measure, iii. 1).

l. 249. Cf. Paradise Regained, i. 302.

l. 278. *Just then.* Eve is speaking of the visit of the angel, a week back.

l. 291. *entire*;—the '*integer* vitae scelerisque purus' of Horace (Odes. i. 22. 1).

l. 312. Here the ordinary form is used for the case absolute. See line 130, note.

l. 320. *less*;—i. e. too little, a Latinism. Spenser also has this use of the comparative, e. g. 'thy weaker novice' (Faery Queene, I. Introduction).

l. 328. *affront*;—meet face to face (affronter).

l. 353. *erect*;—on her feet: the Italian 'all' erta' (i.e. all' eretta), alert. The metaphor is military. (Keightley.)

l. 387. *Oread or Dryad*;—nymph of the mountain or of the grove.

l. 390. Cf. Faery Queene, I. vi. 16.

l. 392. *Guiltless of fire.* Fire was unknown on earth before the Fall, according to Milton (cf. v. 396, and x. 1070). We have here a hint of the Puritan feeling that art sprang from the corruption of human nature—a notion put forward still more forcibly in Paradise Regained, iv, where the highest sanction is claimed for it. It is true that we hear of palaces in heaven (Paradise Lost, i. 732), but we are immediately informed of the fate of their architect. But he is careful to vindicate the celestial origin of music.

l. 395. The classic poets make the gods pass from youth to age,

> 'sed cruda deo viridisque senectus.' (Aeneid, vi. 304.)

l. 396. *virgin of* is a French and Italian idiom. (Keightley.)

l. 398. *Delia's self*;—i. e. Diana, from her birthplace Delos.

l. 402. *And all things*;—i. e. and (to have) all things, &c.

l. 404. Cf. Iliad, xvii. 497; Aeneid, x. 501.

l. 410. Here and at l. 420, Keightley believes that Milton dictated 'and' for the 'or' of the received text.

l. 426. Bentley proposed to read 'blushing' for the 'bushing' of the early editions.

l. 431. Cf. iv. 269.

l. 437. *arborets*;—a word used by Spenser (Faery Queene, II. vi. 12). 'Arboretum' is a form of 'arbustum,' a shrubbery.

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at his festival. (Bentley.) Pliny, however, names the gardens of Adonis with those of the Hesperides and Alcinous. Spenser (Faery Queene, III. vi.) describes them,

'as the first seminary
Of all things that are born to live and die
According to their kinds.'

l. 450. *tedded* grass is grass just mown and spread for drying (A.S. *getead*, prepared). Latham adduces the Prov. Germ. *zetten* as a kindred word.

l. 453. Cf. Faery Queene, II. vi. 24.

l. 462. A similar repetition to that of *fierceness* and *fierce* occurs in Aeneid, i. 669.

l. 468. *in mid Heav'n*;—perhaps with allusion to Job i. 6, ii. 1.

l. 471. See note on i. 528.

l. 473. Cf. Arcades 68.

l. 496. *indented*. Metaphor from the teeth of a saw, applied by Shakespeare (As You Like It, iv. 3) to the movement of a snake.

l. 505. *chang'd*;—transformed; i. e. 'the forms that changed Cadmus and Hermione.' (Newton.) Todd would place a comma after 'chang'd,' and understands that word as = 'underwent a change.'

l. 506. Keightley was the first to remark that 'Hermione' should be 'Harmonia.'

l. 507. Olympias was the mother of Alexander the Great. Cf note on Nativity 203. Dryden has the same allusion in the second stanza of Alexander's Feast.

l. 510. Scipio Africanus is here meant. Cf. the 'top of eloquence,' Paradise Regained, iv. 354.

l. 522. Cf. Ovid, Metamorphoses, xiv. 45, 46.

l. 549. Cf. Paradise Regained, iv. 4, 5; Comus 161. The invitation in line 732 may be compared with that of Comus to the Lady, 'Be wise, and taste' (l. 813).

l. 563. *speakable*;—not 'may be spoken,' but 'able to speak.' Horace thus uses 'illachrymabilis' as passive (Odes, iv. 9. 26), and as active (Odes, ii. 14. 6). 'Since the time of Milton, there has been a decided tendency to diminish the number of words with a Saxon root and a French termination.' (Marsh.)

l. 581. Serpents were supposed to delight in fennel (Pliny, Natural History, xix. 56), and to suck the teats of ewes and goats.

l. 612. *Universal dame*;—Lady of the universe ('dame' from Lat. 'domina').

l. 613. *spirited*;—inspired, possessed (Ital. *spiritare*). Cf. iii. 717.

l. 631. Cf. Georgics, ii. 153.

l. 634. This account is bad physics. The ignis fatuus, which is of very rare appearance, is supposed to be produced by a luminous insect. (Keightley.) But Newton, in his Optics, remarks that 'vapours arising from putrified waters are usually called *ignes fatui*.' More modern authorities hold that 'the appearance is produced by the decomposition of animal or vegetable matter, or by the evolution of gases which spontaneously ignite in the atmosphere.'

l. 640. Cf. L'Allegro 104, and the gambols of Puck (Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1).

l. 643. *fraud*;—cf. vii. 143, note.

l. 644. *tree Of prohibition* is a Hebraism for 'prohibited tree,' as is 'daughter of his voice' at line 653.

l. 653. *the rest*;— as for the rest, a usual idiom in Greek and Latin (e. g. 'caetera Graius,' Aeneid, iii. 594.)

l. 654. Rom. ii. 14.

l. 668. *fluctuates*:—moves to and fro.

l. 672. *since mute*;—i. e. as has never since been heard, excluding even the debates of the Long Parliament. (Keightley.)

l. 675. *Sometimes in highth began*;—like Cicero in his first oration against Catiline.

l. 702. *your fear itself*;—i. e. your belief in God's justice removes the fear of death, since death implies that He is unjust.

l. 714. *put on gods*;—a reminiscence of the Scriptural 'put on incorruption' (2 Cor. xv. 53).

l. 729. *can envy dwell*;—cf. Aeneid, i. 11.

l. 732. *humane*;—i. e. human. The differing sense attached to each form is of modern use.

l. 736. Cf. Iliad, ii. 41.

l. 742. *inclinable*:—inclining, like 'oceano dissociabili' (Horace, Odes, i. 3. 22).

l. 771. *author*;—adviser. 'Mihique ut absim, vehementer auctor est (Cicero ad Atticum, xv. 5).

l. 790. Eve thus falls into the very temptation by which Satan himself fell, by aspiring to be like God in knowledge, as he had aspired to be like Him in power. (Cf. Bacon, Advancement of Learning, ii. comment on Isaiah xiv. 14.)

l. 792. *eating death*;—a Grecism imitated from Virgil, 'sensit medios delapsus in hostes,' for 'se delapsum esse.' (Aeneid, ii. 377.)

l. 793. *boon*;—gay, as in 'boon-companion.' (From Lat. *bonus*.)

l. 795. *precious*;—positive for superlative, as in Iliad, v. 381; Aeneid, iv. 576. Keightley remarks that it is also a Hebraism. Landor admires the 'wonderful skill with which Eve, after the Fall, is represented as deceitful and audacious; as ceasing to fear, and almost as ceasing to reverence, the Creator; and shuddering not at extinction itself, till she thinks of "Adam wedded to another Eve."'

l. 800. *Not without song*;—cf. the 'non sine floribus' of Horace (Odes, ii. 13. 2).

l. 811. Psalm xciv. 7; Job xxii. 12–14.

l. 815. *safe*;—i. e. as regards any danger *from* him. The word is thus used in Shakespeare by Miranda (Tempest, iii. 1), and by Henry IV Richard II, v. 3) when threatening Aumerle.

l. 823. The Knight in Chaucer (Wife of Bath's Tale) is required, on pain of death, to tell what is that which women most desire. His answer, and the right one, is, 'Wommen desiren to have soveraynte.'

l. 829. *I extinct*;—nominative absolute. See note on l. 130.

l. 832. Newton remarks that this passage is stronger and more pathetic than the declaration of Lydia (Horace, Odes, iii. 9. 24).

l. 835. Idolatry is made the first result of eating the forbidden fruit.

l. 838. Andromache is thus described as amusing herself, and awaiting th return of Hector, not knowing that he had been slain. (Iliad, xxii. 440.)

l. 847. *divine of;*—foreboding. Cf. 'praesaga mali mens' (Aeneid, 843), and Horace, Odes, iii. 27. 10.

l. 851. Cf. Virgil, Eclogues, ii. 51; Georgics, iv. 415.

l. 853. The original editions have 'to,' which Newton and Todd altere to 'too.' I have printed 'excuse' with a capital, as I believe that a pe sonification is intended. *Prologue* and *apology* are connected in Romeo an Juliet, i. 4.

l. 888. The words in this line are so arranged as to necessitate an effectiv pause after 'Adam.'

l. 890. Aeneid, ii. 120; xii. 951.

l. 892. So Cymoent, in Spenser, hearing of the misfortunes of her so flings away the garlands she had been making. (Faery Queene, III. iv. 30.

l. 893. It is noteworthy that the roses had already faded.

l. 901. *devote;*—the 'devota morti' of Horace (Odes, iv. 14. 18).

l. 908. A reminiscence of the speech of Admetus to Alcestis (Euripide Alcestis 278).

l. 923. *coveting to eye;*—to eye with desire, covetously.

l. 947. Cf. Deut. xxxii. 27.

l. 953. *certain;*—for 'resolved' ('certus eundi,' Aeneid, iv. 554).

l. 980. *oblige* here means to render obnoxious to guilt or punishment, a in Horace, Odes, ii. 8. 5.

l. 989. *to the winds;*—a quasi-proverbial expression. (Horace, Ode i. 26. 1–3.)

l. 998. Milton follows St. Paul, 'Adam was not deceived.' (1 Tim. ii. 14.

l. 1019. *savour;*—applied in Latin to the understanding as well as to th palate, as in Cicero, 'nec enim sequitur, ut cui cor sapiat, ei non sapia palatum.' (De Finibus, ii. 8.)

l. 1052. *unrest;*—want of rest, unhappiness. The word is so used b Shakespeare (Romeo and Juliet, i. 5).

l. 1057. Shame covered them with his robe, but in so doing discovered t them their nakedness. 'Clothed with shame' occurs in Psalm cix. 29 Cf. Samson Agonistes 841.

l. 1068. *worm* is used as equivalent to 'serpent' in Macbeth, iii. 4.

l. 1086. Cf. Arcades 89, and Faery Queene, I. i. 7.

l. 1088. Cf. Rev. vi. 16, 17.

l. 1101. This description of the fig-tree is taken from Gerard's Herball (1633). It accurately applies to the banian tree, with this exception, tha the leaves of the banian are the smallest of the forest kind. Milton was le into the error by the name; the Portuguese calling the banian the fig-tree from the resemblance of its fruit.

l. 1111. *Amazonian targe;*—a light semicircular shield (πέλτη).

l. 1140. Refer to line 335.

l. 1144. Iliad, i. 552, xiv. 83.

l. 1166. A reminiscence of the speech of Alcestis, telling her husband that she might have lived, but preferred death for his sake. (Euripides, Alces tis 282, &c.)

it by the following 'her.' But besides that such a transition is not unusual (as Newton observes), there may be here also that generalisation and reference to times long after the Fall, which are observable in other passages.

Book X.

l. 9. Ephes. vi. 13.

l. 16. *manifold*;—divines having reckoned many sins as included in that of Adam, who, offending in one point, was guilty of all.

l. 23. Shakespeare has this idea of the angels weeping at the folly of man, in a well-known passage in Measure for Measure (ii. 2).

l. 37. *sincerest*;—most perfect. Cf. ix. 320; Paradise Regained, ii. 480.

l. 40. Cf. iii. 86-96.

l. 45. *moment*;—see vi. 239, note.

l. 51. Eccles. viii. 11.

l. 56. John v. 22.

l. 59. Psalm lxxxv. 10.

l. 66. Heb. i. 3.

l. 68. John iv. 34. Cf. Aeneid. i. 76.

l. 74. Cf. iii. 236.

l. 76. *Of right*;—i. e. 'As I have undertaken to bear the whole penalty, have a right to make their share of it as light as I please' their doom being *derived* (diverted from its old channel, *rivus*) on me. (Keightley.)

l. 84. The meaning of this line is obscure when taken in connexion with ine 164. Keightley understands it 'the serpent's part in the matter is so lain as to require no proof.'

l. 106. *obvious*;—coming to meet (Lat. *obvius*). Cf. viii. 504, xi. 374, nd Aeneid, iii. 499.

l. 145. An expostulation perhaps suggested by Gen. xxx. 2; 2 Kings v. 7.

l. 151. Cf. viii. 568, 570.

l. 155. *part and person*;—terms borrowed from the stage: 'persona' in its nse of 'character,' 'part in a play.' Cicero uses both the words in this sense i his oration Pro Muraenâ. So Milton: 'If it were an honour to that rson which he (Caesar) maintained.' (History of England, ii.)

l. 157. *in few*;—i. e. words, a common Greek and Latin ellipse. So in Henry IV. i. 1:

> 'In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire,' &c.

l. 169. As man did not know the serpent to have been the instrument of tan, and as the knowledge was not necessary then, the sentence was pronnced in such terms as, to man's apprehension, applied only to the serpent.

l. 184. Allusions are made in this passage to the following texts:—Luke 18; Eph. ii. 2; Col. ii. 15; Ps. lxviii. 18; Eph. iv. 8; and Rom. xvi. 20.

l. 214. Phil. ii. 7.

l. 215. John xiii. 5.

l. 218. Because some commentators thought that the beasts shed their ats for the purpose.

l. 219. Rom. v. 10.

l. 222. Isaiah lxi. 10.

l. 230. *counterview*;—from Fr. *contrevue* (We have '*country*-dance' from

l. 246. *sympathy.* Sir Kenelm Digby professed to cure wounds by syn pathy, i. e. by the treatment either of the sword that had inflicted them, anything whereon the blood from the patient had fallen. Several of Digby works on physical subjects were published between 1644 and 1655.

l. 249. *my shade;*—perhaps with allusion to the classical 'umbra,' uninvited guest. (Horace, Satires, ii. 8. 22.)

l. 260. *intercourse;*—from frequent passage backward and forward.

l. 261. *transmigration;*—for quitting Hell altogether for Earth.

l. 273. Lucan has a description of the ravenous birds that followed t Roman camp, and scented the battle of Pharsalia (vii. 831), which m have suggested the simile. Todd quotes from Beaumont and Fletcher (Be gar's Bush):

> "Tis said of vultures
> They scent a field fought; and do smell the carcases
> By many hundred miles.'

l. 279. *Feature;*—i. e. form, the two words are often coupled in Shal speare; 'feature' (from Ital. *fattura*), 'what is made,' thus almost synonym with 'creature.'

l. 280. *murky;*—dark (A. S. *mirc*). 'Mirk' is a north-country word darkness. Cf. 'Hell is murky' (Macbeth, v. 1).

l. 281. *sagacious;*—quick of scent. 'Sagire enim, sentire acute est; quo sagaces dicti canes.' (Cicero, de Divinatione, i. 4.) Keightley observes t 'quarry' is incorrectly used here, for it means the part of the deer gi to the hounds (curée), and the chase is not yet begun. The word however, generally used for prey, and Richardson derives it from L *quaerere*, through Fr. *quérir*.

l. 289. Pliny (Nat. Hist. iv. 16) says that the sea one day's sail fr Thule is frozen, and is called Cronian.

l. 291. *imagin'd way;*—the north-east passage to the East by the north Europe and Asia.

l. 292. *Petsora;*—Petchora, a river in the north-east of Russia, fall into the Arctic Ocean.

l. 294. *mace;*—(from 'massa,' a club) was part of a knight's eq ment. Chaucer (Knight's Tale) having enumerated many weapons kinds of armour worn by different knights at the Athenian tourney, concl with 'an axe, and eke a mace of steel.' Todd says 'the word was used sceptre in our old poetry,' and takes that sense of it here. (In Julius Cae iv. 3, the weapon rather than the sceptre seems intended, from the epi 'murderous' applied to Slumber.)

l. 296. *Delos;*—one of the Cyclades. The legend ran that Delos a floating island till Zeus fastened it with adamantine chains to the bot of the sea, that Leto might find it a secure asylum wherein she might b forth Apollo and Artemis.

l. 297. *Gorgonian rigour;*—like that produced by the Gorgon, who tu to stone all that looked on her.

l. 304. Cf. Matt. vii. 13; Aeneid, vi. 126.

l. 305. *inoffensive;*—without obstruction, as in viii. 164.

l. 311. *indignant waves;*—cf. Virgil, Aeneid, viii. 728; Georgics, ii. 162.

l. 313. *Pontifical;*—in its primary sense, 'bridge-making.'

l. 320. *in little space;*—i. e. with no great interval, reckoning the bridge to Hell, while the stairs (iii. 510) connected the World with Heaven. (Keightley.)

l. 323. Keightley remarks that properly there were but two roads to Heaven and Hell; but Milton seems to reckon the way down to the Earth as a third.

l. 328. The Centaur and the Scorpion were six and seven signs in advance of the sun in Aries.

l. 329. *His zenith;*—upwards, to the outside of the World.

l. 345. *with joy and tidings;*—i. e. with joyful tidings. Cf. Aeneid, i. 636.

l. 368. *our liberty, confin'd;*—i. e. the liberty of us, confined. Instances of a similar construction are found in iv. 129, viii. 423, and ix. 908.

l. 381. Cf. ii. 1048. On nearer view Heaven is found to be square. (Rev. xxi. 16.)

l. 383. *Prince of Darkness;*—epithet of Satan in Spenser (Faery Queene, III. viii. 8) and Shakespeare (All's Well that Ends Well, iv. 5; King Lear, iii. 4), founded on Ephes. vi. 12.

l. 409. *detriment;*—with allusion to the formula by which the consuls were invested with dictatorial power, 'ne quid respublica detrimenta capiat.'

l. 412. Newton remarks that Milton in adapting to his own use Ovid's journey of Envy to Athens (Metamorphoses, ii. 793) has altered Ovid's flowers, herbs, people, and cities blasted by her presence, to stars, planets, and worlds. Marino and Tasso describe much the same effects from the passage of Jealousy and Alecto. The latter, as she moves, withers the fields and pales the sun. (Gierusalemme Liberata, ix. 1.)

l. 413. When the aspect of the planets was malign, persons and things were said to be planet-struck. This is here said of the planets themselves. Cf. 'Some planet strike me down!' (Titus Andronicus, ii. 5), and 'no planet strikes' (Hamlet, i. 1).

l. 415. *causey;*—causeway, from Fr. *chaussée*, and this from Lat. *calceata*, i. e. 'via calce strata,' a road made firm with stones or lime (Fr. *chaux*).

l. 416. *exclaim'd;*—cf. Psalm xlii. 7.

l. 426. *paragon'd;*—likened, from Fr. *paragonner*, to be equal, like. It is so used by Shakespeare (Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5; Othello, ii. 1).

l. 427. *the grand;*—the grandees, as Tasso uses 'I grandi' (Gierusalemme Liberata, i. 20).

l. 430. Aeneid, ix. 40.

l. 431. The Russians had been extending their dominion eastward, and had advanced as far as Astrakhan. They consequently had frequent conflicts with the nomadic tribes (of Tartar or Turkish race) of the extensive eastern plains. Persia (in which was included Khorassan, the ancient Bactria) was at this time ruled by the Suffavee family, and hence the word Sophi was used in Europe, like Shah, now to signify the Persian monarch. During the sixteenth century there was a continual war between the Persians and the Ottoman Turks, who were masters of Asia Minor and Syria. *Tauris*, or Tebreez, was the capital of the early Suffavee monarchs, as Erdebil to the east of it had been the original seat of their family. Casveen lies south-east

last monarch, named Aladule, had been defeated and slain by the Turkish Emperor, Selim I; and the region *beyond* it was the country between it and Tebreez and Casveen. (Keightley.)

l. 438. *reduc'd;*—brought back. Always in this sense in Shakespeare. (Henry V. v. ii.; Richard III. ii. 2, and v. 4).

l. 441. Cf. Odyssey, vii. 39; Aeneid, i. 439.

l. 445. *state;*—cf. note on Arcades 81.

l. 457. *Divan;*—supreme council of the Turks. Satan is called 'Sultan' in i. 348. Keightley remarks that it is properly the raised seat that runs round the wall at the upper end of rooms in the East.

l. 458. So Caesar, before addressing his soldiers (Lucan, Pharsalia, i. 297):

'Tumultum
Composuit vultu, dextrâque silentia jussit.'

l. 460. This line occurs in v. 601, 772, 840. Newton remarks that its repetition depends all along on the first use of it, and gives a force and beauty to it, which it would not have without the repetition.

l. 477. *unoriginal;*—without beginning.

l. 478. Satan here lies to his followers. See ii. 1008.

l. 484. *exile;*—here accented on last syllable. Shakespeare accentuates the word both as here and in the modern way.

l. 513. *supplanted;*—tripped up (supplanto). Like *reluctant* (struggling), which occurs soon after, it is a gymnastic term.

l. 514. The transformation of Cadmus (Ovid, Metamorphoses, iv. 575) and that of Cavalcanti in Dante (Inferno xxv) were Milton's originals here.

l. 523. *complicated;*—i. e. intertwined.

l. 525. *Hydrus* is the water-snake. *Elops* is reckoned among the serpents by Pliny. *Dipsas* was so named from the unquenchable thirst (δίψα) that was occasioned by its bite.

l. 527. *Bedropt;*—cf. Ovid, Metamorphoses, iv. 618, 619.

l. 528. *Ophiusa;*—abounding in serpents. Several islands were so called. The one here meant is probably the smaller Pityusa, off the south coast of Spain.

l. 529. Rev. xii. 9.

l. 546. Hosea iv. 7. *Exploding;*—condemning, used in the classical sense of hissing an actor from the stage.

l. 560. *Megæra;*—one of the Furies. Their hair was serpents.

l. 561. Josephus and Mandeville give this tradition of the apples of Sodom, which was rejected by Sandys and Maundrell. 'This fruit, when ripe, if it be pressed, explodes, leaving in the hand only the shreds of the rind and a few fibres. It is not peculiar to the Dead Sea neighbourhood, being found in Nubia, Arabia, and Persia.' (Kitto's Bible Lands, quoted by Keightley.)

l. 565. *gust;*—taste, pleasure, from Ital. *gusto*, which Dryden uses in its original form.

l. 569. Georgics, ii. 247.

l. 572. i. e. Whom they triumphed (over) for having once failed.

l. 573. Keightley takes 'hiss' as a verb, and 'long' and 'ceaseless' as adverbs.

l. 575. An idea suggested by Ariosto (Orlando Furioso, xliii. 98), where Manto and her companions are changed into serpents every seventh day.

l. 581. *wide-encroaching;*—a translation of Eurynome, applied to Eve.
l. 586. Rom. vi. 6.
l. 590. Rev. vi. 8.
l. 599. *ravin;*—prey.
l. 616. Cf. Shakespeare's lines on 'Cæsar's spirit, raging for revenge' (Julius Cæsar, iii. 1). Landor, commenting on this passage, regrets 'that most of the worst verses, and much of the foulest language, are put into the mouth of the Almighty.'
l. 633. 1 Sam. xxv. 29.
l. 643. Rev. xv. 3, xvi. 7.
l. 645. *extenuate;*—lessen. Cf. 'spes nostra extenuatur, et evanescit' (Cicero, Ad Atticum, iii. 13. 1).
l. 647. *the ages;*—the Millennium. Cf. xii. 549. The new heaven and earth are to *rise* (2 Pet. iii. 12, 13) or to *descend* (Rev. xxi. 2).
l. 655. *Decrepit;*—like Spenser's Winter,

'Faint with cold and weak with eld.'
(Faery Queene, VII. vii. 31.)

l. 656. *blanc;*—a variation of the usual epithet, pale. Cf. 'candida luna' (Aeneid, vii. 8) and the 'bianca luna' of the Italian poets.
l. 659. If a planet were distant from another by a sixth part of the twelve signs, i. e. by sixty degrees, their aspect was called *sextile;* if they were parted by a fourth, *square;* and if by one half, *opposite;* which last is said to be of noxious efficacy, because the planets so opposed were believed to strive to overcome one another, and their antagonism was deemed of evil omen to those born under the weaker star. Keightley observes that *conjunction* (i. e. when two planets were in the same sign and degree) was regarded as an indifferent aspect; the aspects of *trine* and *sextile* being benign, and *quartile* (or square) and *opposition* malign.
l. 668. On the supposition that the equator, before the Fall, coincided with the ecliptic, it became necessary to assume that one or the other circle had altered its position. If the Ptolemaic system were true, the ecliptic must have been moved; if the Copernican, the equator. (Keightley.)
l. 670. *sun's axle;*—axis of the ecliptic.
l. 673. A poetical mode of saying that the axis of the ecliptic was inclined to that of the equator. As the vertical angles were the same, the sun went as far from the equator on the north as on the south. (Keightley.)
l. 674. *Atlantic sisters;*—the seven daughters of Atlas, the Pleiades; seven stars in the constellation Taurus.
Spartan twins;—Gemini, i. e. Castor and Pollux, sons of Leda, wife of Tyndareus, king of Sparta.
l. 686. *Estotiland;*—the modern Greenland. Keightley observes that no *country* is named Magellan.
l. 687. *Thyestean;*—i. e. made for, not by, Thyestes. Cf. Horace, Ars Poetica, 91. 'Thyéstean' is for 'Thyestéan,' as 'Chalybean' is for 'Chalybéan' in Samson Agonistes 133.
l. 696. *Norumbega;*—a province of North America, 'coinciding with the present New England and part of New York.'
Samoieda;—a north-eastern province of Russia.
l. 698. *flaw;*—blast of wind (flatus). Cf. 'winter's flaw' (Hamlet, v. 1), and

'Like a red morn that ever yet betoken'd
Gust and foul flaws to herdsmen and to herds.'
(Venus and Adonis.)

l. 699. *Boreas;*—the north wind.

Cæcias;—(Καικίας) the north-east wind.

l. 700. *Thrascias;*—the wind blowing from Thrace, north-north west.

l. 702. *Notus;*—the south wind.

Afer;—the south-west wind. Cf. Aeneid, i. 85.

l. 703. *Serraliona.* The Lion Mountains (so called from the roaring storms there) are to the south-west of Africa, within a few leagues of Cape Verd. The Spanish name is Sierra (de) Leona, the Portuguese, Serra (de) Leoa. (Keightley.)

Eurus and *Zephyr;*—called also Levant and Ponent (rising and setting), are the east and west winds.

Sirocco (ventus Syrus) blows from the south-east, and *Libecchio* (ventus Lybicus) from the south-west. These winds are so called by the Italian sailors of the Mediterranean. (Keightley.)

l. 718. Isaiah lvii. 20. For a 'sea of passion' there is a precedent in Shakespeare's 'sea of troubles' (Hamlet, iii. 1), and another in Aeschylus (Prometheus Vinctus 746).

l. 719. A metaphor from a ship in a tempest, disburdened to avoid sinking.

l. 738. *Mine own;*—i. e. curses.

l. 740. Milton here follows the notion that elemental bodies seek their determinate place by an impulse of their own, without regard to gravitation.

l. 741. *Heavy, though in their place.* Bodies should not weigh anything *at* the centre, their weight being only their tendency to the centre. (Keightley.)

l. 743. *from my clay;*—this metaphor is found in Job xxxii. 6; Isaiah xlv. 9.

l. 761. Isaiah xlv. 10.

l. 778. Cf. xi. 536, and Spenser's phrase (Faery Queene, V. vii. 9) of the priests of Isis, who

'On their mother Earth's dear lap did lie.'

l. 780. Job xxxvii. 5.

l. 783. Cf. 'non omnis moriar' of Horace (Odes, iii. 30. 6).

l. 788. Cf. Samson Agonistes 100.

l. 800. Cf. a passage in Jeremy Taylor's Treatise on the Real Presence (xi. 5): 'But there is an impossibility which is absolute, which God cannot do, therefore [i. e. for that very reason] because he is Almighty, for to do that were impotency and want of power; as God cannot lie, he cannot be deceived, he cannot be mocked, he cannot die, he cannot deny himself or act unjustly.'

l. 806. According to the axiom of the schools, 'Omne efficiens agit secundum vires recipientis, non suas.'

l. 808. *sphere;*—i. e. of their operation, their power.

l. 816. *Am found;*—cf. 'thou and I am one' (As You Like It, i. 3).

l. 817. Cf. 'O thou Adam, what hast thou done? for though it was thou that sinned, thou art not fallen alone, but we all that come of thee.' (2 Esdras vii. 48.)

l. 832. *me, me only;*—cf. Aeneid, ix. 427.

l. 840. *future.* The only instance in Milton of this accentuation of the second syllable in this word. Newton gives one from Fairfax's Translation of Tasso.

l. 845. Cf. the lamentations of Constance (King John, iii. 4) and Cleopatra (Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2). A classical precedent has been found in Sophocles (Philoctetes 786, &c.).

l. 846. From a comparison of previous passages (lines 329, 341, 651–5) it appears that this was some other night than that immediately after the Fall.

l. 859. *slowest;*—very slow. Cf. 'pede Pæna claudo' (Horace, Odes, iii. 2. 32).

l. 861. Cf. v. 202; Virgil, Eclogues, i. 5.

l. 872. *pretended;*—as in Latin, held up or before, i. e. masking fraud.

l. 887. 'Some writers hold that Adam had had thirteen ribs on the left side, and that from the supernumerary rib Eve was made.' (Newton.)

l. 888. Hippolytus expostulates with Zeus to the same effect (Euripides, Hippolytus 616), and Posthumus in Cymbeline (ii. 5) holds similar language.

l. 898. *for either,* &c.;—cf. Lysander's lament on the 'course of true love' (Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1).

l. 905. Keightley thinks that Milton had in view his own courtship of Miss Davies. He certainly bore in mind the scene that ended it. See p. xi. of Life.

l. 914. Eve's appeal and action have been thought to resemble those of Philoctetes in Sophocles (485, &c.), when imploring Neoptolemus not to forsake him.

l. 921. *forlorn;*—utterly forsaken, lost (verloren). Cf.

'Like a forlorn and desperate castaway.'

(Titus Andronicus, v. 3.)

l. 931. Psalm li. 4.

l. 936. The repetition resembles that in iii. 236, and in Abigail's speech (1 Sam. xxv. 24).

l. 953. *that place;*—of judgment. Cf. 932.

l. 978. *As in our evils;*—considering our evil plight. Cf. 'ut in tantis malis' (Cicero, Epist. Fam. xii. 2). An exactly similar use of 'as' occurs in Juliet's soliloquy (iv. 3), 'As in a vault.'

l. 981. *and miserable it is;*—with these words begin a parenthesis ending at *monster* in line 986.

l. 1000. *make short;*—i. e. work. (Keightley.)

l. 1007. Aeneid, iv. 499, 645.

l. 1066. *shattering;*—cf. Lycidas 4.

graceful locks;—cf. vii. 323, note.

l. 1071. *sere;*—cf. Lycidas 2.

foment;—cherish (from foveo, fovimentum, fomentum). Cf. Aeneid, i. 175, 276.

l. 1072. Cf. 'Fulmen detulit in terras mortalibus ignem.'

(Lucretius, v. 1091.)

l. 1075. *Tine;*—kindle (A. S. *tendan,* whence tinder). See the word in

l. 1090. *watering the ground;*—cf. Aeneid, xi. 191.

l. 1091. *frequenting;*—making the air frequent (i. e. full) with sighs. Cf. i. 797, note.

Book XI.

l. 1. *lowliest;*—very lowly, a similar use of the superlative to that in x. 859.

stood;—implying the continuance of the act of prayer. Cf. ii. 55. The expression is referred to Mark xi. 25; Luke xviii. 13.

l. 3. *Prevenient;*—forestalling. Cf. Nativity Ode 24, note.

l. 4. Ezek. xi. 19.

l. 5. Rom. viii. 26.

l. 14. Tasso (Gierusalemme Liberata, xiii. 72) relates that the prayer of Godfrey 'flew to heaven, prompt and light as winged angels.'

l. 15. Requests not granted by the gods were said to be dispersed by the winds. Cf. Aeneid, xi. 795, and Ovid, Metamorphoses, x. 642.

l. 18. Psalm cxli. 2; Rev. viii. 3, 4.

l. 31. This line is an echo of the prayer in the Liturgy to Him who 'despiseth not the sighing of a contrite heart.'

l. 33. 1 John ii. 1, 2.

l. 38. Gen. viii. 21.

l. 44. John xvii. 21, 22.

l. 52. Levit. xviii. 25.

l. 56. Cf. iv. 153.

l. 72. So Zeus summons his council of gods, Iliad, xx. 4.

l. 74. *perhaps;*—not referring to the events, but to the identity of the trumpet.

l. 79. Rev. xxii. 1.

l. 80. *fellowships;*—the 'sweet societies' of Lycidas 179.

l. 82. Bentley's objection to the angels being seated round the throne of God has been answered by the commentators with a reference to Rom. iv. 4. xi. 16, and Matt. xix. 28.

l. 86. *defended;*—forbidden (défendu), so used by Chaucer and Spenser, but never by Shakespeare.

l. 128. Ezek. x. 12, 14. Dante compares the eyes in the wings of cherubim to those of Argus, whose story is narrated by Ovid (Metamorphoses, i. 625).

l. 135. *Leucothea;*—Ino, daughter of Cadmus. The Romans identified her with Mater Matuta, goddess of Dawn, as Cicero remarks (Tusc. Quaest. i. 12, De Nat. Deor. iii. 19). Milton gives the office of Matuta to Leucothea.

l. 157. 1 Sam. xv. 32.

l. 159. Adam had called his wife Ishah (woman) because she was taken out of Ish (man). Cf. viii. 496. He now calls her Eve, or Havah (from the Hebrew word meaning 'to live'). Milton had called her Eve before by way of anticipation. (Newton.)

l. 182. *subscrib'd;*—assented. Shakespeare has thus used the word in 1 Henry VI, ii. 4 (Somerset's third speech), 2 Henry VI, iii. 1 (Margaret's first speech). In Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3, Agamemnon uses 'underwrite,' and Ajax 'subscribe' in this sense.

l. 185. *stoopt;*—participle. 'Stooping is when a hawk, being upon her wings at the height of her pitch, bendeth violently down to strike the fowl, or any other prey.' *tour* may be either the French *tour*, the wheel of a bird in flight, or the *towr* of the lark in L'Allegro 43.

l. 186. The number two is an omen to the human pair, as the twelve swans denoted the twelve Trojan ships that had escaped the tempest (Aeneid, i. 393).

l. 205. The descent of Michael as a deus ex machinâ, is referred by Todd to the similar effects in the masks of Milton's earlier days, and a stage direction from Carew's Masque (1633) is quoted to support this view.

ll. 213–220. Gen. xxxii. 1, 2; 2 Kings vi. 13.

l. 215. *pavilion'd;*—the meaning of Mahanaim is 'hosts' or 'camps.' Shakespeare uses 'pavilion'd' for tented in Henry V, i. 2.

l. 230. In Ecclus. xix. 20, it is said that 'a man's gait shews what he is.' Much stress is laid upon this point by Milton; cf. iv. 870, ix. 389. So also Virgil (Aeneid, i. 405) and Shakespeare (King Lear, v. 3):

> 'Methought thy very gait did prophesy
> A royal nobleness.'

l. 233. *invests;*—cf. Psalm xciii. 1.

l. 242. Melibaea was a city of Thessaly, famous for a fish there caught, and used in dyeing the finest purple.

l. 243. *Sarra;*—a name of Tyre, from Sar, a fish caught there. Cf. Georgics, ii. 506, and note on Il Penseroso 33.

l. 244. Cf. Comus 83. *woof*=what is woven.

l. 246. Iliad, xxiv. 347, 348.

l. 250. *Inclin'd;*—bowed. So in Spenser the Red Cross Knight 'himself inclining,' speaks to Guyon (Faery Queene, II. i. 28).

l. 261. The exact delivery by the angel of the words of the divine decree (line 97) has Homeric precedent. The words of Jupiter are repeated by the Dream to Agamemnon, and by Agamemnon to the council. (Iliad, ii. 11, 28, 60.)

l. 264. *gripe of sorrow;*—so in the song quoted in Romeo and Juliet (iv. 5), from the Paradise of Dainty Devices:

> 'When griping grief the heart doth wound.'

l. 267. *retire;*—used as a substantive by Spenser (Faery Queene, VI. ix. 27), and Shakespeare (King John, ii. 2; Cymbeline, v. 3), in both senses of 'retreat.' It is found in Comus 376 (Various Readings).

l. 269. This farewell has been compared with that of Philoctetes to his cave. (Sophocles, Philoctetes 1453, &c.)

l. 270. *native soil;*—of Eve: though not of Adam, who was brought thither. Cf. vii. 537.

l. 280. A hint taken from the lament of Alcestis (Euripides, Alcestis 249).

l. 310. *To weary him;*—an Horatian phrase (Odes, i. 2. 26), but with an allusion to Luke xviii. 5–7.

l. 316. Gen. iv. 14.

l. 323. Referring to the altars erected by the patriarchs in memory of God's appearing to them. (Gen. xii. 7, xiii. 4, xxxv. 3.)

l. 332. Exod. xxxiii. 22, 23.

l. 336. Isa. xviii. 24. Cf. Pl. vii. 168.

l. 352. Psalm v. 12 (Bible Version).

l. 357. Dan. x. 14.

l. 359. Gen. vi. 3.

l. 374. Aeneid, v. 710.

l. 377. Ezek. viii. 3, xl. 2. As Milton represents the earth as globular, what follows is physically impossible. It might have been more judicious to have represented the whole as in vision. (Keightley.)

l. 389. *Temir;*—Tymûr Lung, commonly called Tamerlane. His first seat of dominion was Samarcand, which is in the region between the Oxus and Jaxartes, but not near either river. (Keightley.)

l. 390. *Paquin;*—Pekin. The *Sinæ* (mentioned by Ptolemy) are the Chinese.

l. 392. *The golden Chersonese;*—Malacca and the Birman empire.

l. 395. *Bizance;*—Byzantium. The Turks came from Turkistan, a province of Tartary.

l. 396. Cf. i. 335 for a similar use of a double negative for affirmation.

l. 397. *Negus;*—the King of Abyssinia, who was called by Europeans Prester John. 'Negus' in Ethiopic signifies 'king,' and is therefore a title, like Pharaoh, Sultan, Shah, &c. (Keightley.)

l. 398. *Ercoco;*—Erquico or Harkiko on the Red Sea, the north-east boundary of the Abyssinian empire.

the less maritime kings;—i.e. the lesser kingdoms on the sea-coast.

l. 399. These places, on the east side of Africa, first became known to Europe by the voyage of Vasco di Gama, and the poetry of Camoens has given them lasting celebrity. *Mombaza* and *Melinda* lie not far from each other, on the coast of Zanguebar. *Quiloa* is a good way to the south of them, and *Sofala* still further south, in Monamatapa. Milton accentuates the last two names wrongly. Quiloa (Kilwa) is a dissyllable, and Sofála is the accentuation of Camoens. Purchas and others thought Sofala to be Ophir, from the resemblance of the names, and because gold was obtained at Sofala. But the real Ophir seems to be Ofir, on the coast of Oman, in Arabia. (Keightley.)

l. 401. From this one might suppose *Congo* and *Angola* to be south of Sofala; but they are really on the west coast, and parallel with Zanguebar. (Keightley.)

l. 403. *Almansor* was one of the Almobade sovereigns, whose dominions extended over the north-west and a great part of the north coast of Africa. *Morocco* and *Fez* are on the Atlantic; *Algiers*, *Susa*, and *Tremisen* on the Mediterranean coast. Here again the language of Milton would lead us to suppose that all these places lay between the *Niger* and Mount *Atlas*, whereas they are north of this range. *Tremisen* is named from its capital, which lay inland to the south of Algiers. (Keightley.)

l. 410. Sir Walter Raleigh's last voyage was to *Guiana*, for the discovery of a gold-mine which he asserted to be there. Wonderful traditions had been current of a golden city, El Dorado, in the interior.

Geryon's sons;—Spaniards; the fabled monster Geryon was king of Spain.

l. 411. Iliad, v. 127; Aeneid, ii. 604. Tasso follows these precedents, making Michael remove the film from the eyes of Godfrey (Gierusalemme Liberata, xviii. 93), that he may see the angelic hosts that have come to his

l. 414. *euphrasy;*—the eye-bright, so named from its supposed effect upon the sight. *Rue* is 'herb of grace' (Richard II, iii. 4; Hamlet, iv. 5). Both plants are affirmed by the old herbalists to have the virtue of purging the eyes.

l. 416. Psalm xxxvi. 9.

l. 420. Cf. viii. 453; Dan. x. 8.

l. 430. *tilth;*—tillage.

l. 433. *sord;*—sward; an older form, which occurs also in the folio Shakespeare (1623), in Winter's Tale, iv. 3.

l. 447. Aeneid, x. 908.

l. 457. Gen. iv. 7.

l. 458. Heb. xi. 4.

l. 467. Cf. Seneca, Phoenissae, i. 131:

'Ubique mors est
. mille ad hanc aditus patent.'

l. 479. *lazar-house;*—hospital. Persons with boils or ulcers were called lazars (from Lazarus). (Keightley.) The word was usually synonymous with leper.

l. 482. *all feverish kinds;*—the 'febrium cohors' of Horace (Odes i. 3. 30).

ll. 485–487. Not in the first edition.

l. 485. Two kinds of madness, possession and melancholy, are here discriminated from lunacy, so called from the supposed effect of the moon's changes on those afflicted with it. (Keightley.)

l. 486. *atrophy;*—a disease preventing the body from deriving due nourishment from food.

l. 487. *Marasmus;*—a wasting fever and consumption.

l. 489. In the draught of a tragedy on the subject of this poem, we read that Adam is shewn a 'mask of all the evils of this life and world.'

l. 496. In this and the next line are two phrases, 'not of woman born,' and 'best of man,' which sound like echoes from the last scene of Macbeth.

l. 502. A Sophoclean sentiment. (Oedipus Coloneus 1225, &c.)

l. 517. Titus iii. 3. Appetite is personified also at ix. 1129.

l. 535. Cf. 'Made ripe for death by eld' (Faery Queene, II. x. 32), and Antonio's observation (Merchant of Venice, iv. 1),

'The weakest kind of fruit
Falls earliest to the ground.'

l. 537. Cf. Cicero, De Senectute xix: 'Et quasi poma ex arboribus, cruda si sint, vi avelluntur; si matura et cocta, decidunt; sic vitam adolescentibus vis aufert, senibus maturitas.'

l. 544. *damp of cold and dry.* Burton gives as the first cause of melancholy, 'which is natural to all, and which no man living can avoid, old age; which being cold and dry, and of the same quality as melancholy is, must needs cause it by diminution of spirits and substance, and increasing of adust humours.'

l. 550. Job xiv. 14.

l. 551. *attend;*—wait for (Fr. *attendre*). In the first edition the passage stood:

'Of rendering up. Michael to him replied.'

l. 554. Cf. 'Permitte Divis' of Horace (Odes, i. 9. 9, &c).

l. 563. *resonant;*—sounding over again. Professor Taylor's opinion of this passage was that its pregnant meaning can be fully appreciated only by a musician. 'All other poets but Milton and Shakespeare make blunders about music; they never.' Cf. note on i. 708.

l. 573. This account of the descendants of Seth is taken from the oriental writers, and particularly from the Annals of Eutychius. (Newton.) Keightley observes that Milton has, at different times, adopted each of the three hypotheses as to the 'sons of God' in Gen. vi. 2. (Cf. v. 447, xi. 622, and Paradise Regained, ii. 179.)

l. 579. Deut. xxix. 29.

l. 582. *bevy;*—company (from the Ital. *beva*, a covey of partridges). The word, according to the old commentator on Spenser, was used properly of larks. 'Of quails' (Keightley).

l. 607. *tents of wickedness;*—expression from Psalm lxxxiv. 10.

l. 620. *troll;*—used here improperly. The tongue is not trolled, but the words are trolled (rolled) over or off it.

l. 624. *trains;*—cf. Comus 151 (note).

l. 625. *swim in joy;*—a phrase frequently occurring in our old poets. Cf. ix. 1009, and Faery Queene, I. xii. 41; II. iii. 39.

l. 627. Cf. ix. 11 for a similar repetition.

l. 632. *Man's woe.* Todd points out this 'ungallant jingle,' and quotes contemporary writers to shew that this derivation of woman is not Milton's invention.

l. 642. *emprise;*—enterprise. Cf. Comus 610, and Faery Queene, I. xii. 18.

l. 660. Newton compares the various parts of this vision with the scenes on the shield of Achilles. (Iliad, xviii. 478, &c.)

l. 661. Gen. xxxiv. 20; Deut. xvi. 18, xxi. 19; Zech. viii. 16.

l. 665. *middle age;*—365 years old, a middle age then.

l. 669. Cf. x. 546.

l. 672. Cf. Richard III. v. 3:

> 'Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law!'

l. 694. Keightley understands the passage thus: These things being done for glory, it shall be held the highest pitch of triumph to be styled, &c. So also Mitford.

l. 696. Cf. Paradise Regained, iii. 81–87.

l. 700. Jude 14.

l. 701. Gen. v. 24; Heb. xi. 5.

l. 723. 1 Pet. iii. 19, 20. The following particulars are from Josephus. (Antiq. Jud. i. iv.)

l. 732. *large;*—for largely, the common Latinism of adjective for adverb. (Georgics, iii. 28.)

l. 738. Iliad, xvi. 384; Georgics, i. 322; Ovid, Metamorphoses, i. 264.

l. 743. *cieling* or *ceiling* (Lat. *caelum*, Ital. *cielo*, Fr. *ciel*). It is variously spelt: 'syll,' 'sile,' and 'siel,' are found in our old translations of the Bible. Cotgrave denies that 'ciel' is the same word in its two significations of 'heaven' and 'a roof,' because the plural in the former case is 'cieux' and

l. 750. *sea without shore*;—Ovid, Metamorphoses, i. 292.

l. 753. *bottom*;— ship: so used in Shakespeare (Twelfth Night, v. 1; Merchant of Venice, i. 1; Henry V. Chorus to act iii).

l. 760. Jer. xxxi. 15, 17; Iliad, xxiii. 222.

l. 763. Cf. Sophocles, Oedipus Tyrannus 316.

l. 765. Matt. vi. 34.

l. 766. *dispens'd*; in the primary sense. 'Pensum' was the quantity of wool weighed out to the maids to spin; 'to dispense' was to distribute to each her task.

l. 773. *neither* without a following *nor* is a Latin construction, used by Milton in prose also, e.g. 'the Jews who were neither won with the austerity of John the Baptist, and thought,' &c.

l. 775. Cf. 'The sense of death is most in apprehension.'
(Measure for Measure, iii. 1.)

l. 777. Ovid, Metamorphoses, i. 311.

l. 781. Psalm iii. 4; Prov. iii. 16.

l. 824. The 'windows' of heaven (Gen. vii. 11) are 'cataracts' (i. e. trap-doors) in the Septuagint.

l. 829. *horned flood*;—cf. 'tauriformis volvitur Aufidus' of Horace (Odes, iv. 14. 25). The expression is used by Ben Jonson and Browne.

l. 835. *orcs*;—the orc (mentioned by Ariosto, Drayton, and Sylvester) is a huge, voracious fish, the *κῆτος* of the Greeks. (Keightley.)

l. 840. *bull*;—float. 'A ship is said to hull when all her sails are taken down, and she floats to and fro.' (Richardson.)

l. 842. Prov. xxv. 23; Ovid, Metamorphoses, i. 328.

l. 843. Cf. 'The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls.'
(Tennyson's Eagle.)

l. 847. Cf. vii. 300. Horace, Epodes, xvi. 47. Drayton frequently uses 'tripping' of the rivers personified in his Polyolbion.

l. 866. Three colours only are given to the rainbow by Du Bartas.

listed;—striped. Low Lat. *lista*, edge, hem, Fr. *liste*, Ital. *lista*, A.S. *list*. (Latham.)

l. 898. Gen. viii. 22.

l. 900. 2 Pet. iii. 12, 13.

Book XII.

l. 1. This and the four following lines were added in the second edition, when the last book was divided.

l. 5. *transition*;—in its classical sense, 'a brief outline of what has been and what remains to be said,' according to Cicero (Rhetorica, Ad Herennium iv).

l. 34. Milton here follows the commentators on Gen. x. 9. St. Augustine would have translated 'before' by 'against'; and Vatablus would have rendered it 'under,' as if Nimrod claimed sovereignty next to God, jure divino. 'The text gives the open ends proposed, but the secret design of Nimrod was to settle to himself a place of dominion to rule over his brethren, as it afterwards succeeded, according to the delivery of the text. [illegible] Babel' (Sir T. Browne, Vulgar Errors,

l. 41. As Taenarus or Avernus is called the gate of Hell. Cf. Georgics, iv. 467. The subterranean fires near Puteoli had a similar reputation, as Sandys notices in his Travels. Cf. Faery Queene, I. v. 31.

l. 53. *avaricious spirit;*—a spirit of variance. Cf. the 'lying spirit' in 2 Chron. xviii. 22.

l. 59. Psalm ii. 4.

l. 60. *bubbub;*—a Spenserian word. Cf. ii. 951 (note).

l. 71. St. Augustine (De Civitate Dei, xv.) says: 'Rationalem factum ad imaginem suam [Deus] noluit nisi irrationalibus dominari, non hominem homini, sed hominem pecori.'

l. 83. John viii. 34; 2 Cor. iii. 17.

l. 85. *Twinn'd.* Shakespeare uses the word in Othello (ii. 3) and Timon of Athens (iv. 3).

l. 96. A similar turn of expression to that in Matt. xviii. 7.

l. 97. Cf. 'But when God hath decreed servitude on a sinful nation, fitted by their own vices for no condition but servile, all estates of government are alike unable to avoid it.' (Milton's History of Britain, v. 1.)

ll. 106–9. Todd remarks that this passage is almost a literal translation from the Hippolytus of Euripides, 938, &c. Cf. Horace, Odes, iii. 6. 46–8.

l. 107. Isaiah xliii. 24; Hosea v. 6; Hab. i. 13; Psalm. v. 5.

l. 115. Joshua xxiv. 2.

l. 126. Heb. xi. 8.

l. 130. Gen. xi. 31. '*Ur* of the Chaldees,' a town situated at the foot of the mountains of Osroene in Upper Mesopotamia. It is a place of pilgrimage for the Moslems, who honour it as the birthplace of Abraham; and it is one of the principal stations in the caravan route between Aleppo and Bagdad. Its classical names are Edessa and Antiochia Callirrhoe. It was the seat of an independent kingdom from B.C. 137 to A.D. 216.

l. 131. *Haran*, or Charran (Acts vii. 2), is laid down in the Geographia Sacra of Bochart (1651) in the direct road from Ur of the Chaldees, and on the west side of the river Chebar. In modern atlases Chebar is placed so far away to the east of Haran that its 'ford' could not lie between that place and Ur.

l. 132. *servitude;*—servants; abstract for concrete.

l. 139. The extent of possession promised to Abraham (Gen. xv. 8) is from the river of Egypt to the Euphrates. But in Numb. xxiv. 8, the entrance of Hamath is named as one of the points of the northern boundary.

l. 140. *Hermon;*—a peak of Anti-Lebanon, now called the 'old man's mountain' (Jebel el Sheikh).

l. 141. *great western sea;*—the Mediterranean.

l. 144. *double-founted.* The sources of the Jordan are two springs—the one named that of Hasbany, near Hasbeiya, about twenty miles north of Baneas; the other, the fountain of Tell-il-Kadi, sixteen or eighteen miles south of the former, by the site of the ancient city of Dan. Jordan signifies 'the flower,' 'river.' (Keightley.) In Sandys' Travels the river is said to spring 'from Jor and Dan, two not far distant fountains.'

l. 146. *Senir* was the Amorite name of Mount Hermon, though Milton seems to view it as a different range. (Deut. iii. 9.) (Keightley.)

155. *increas'd*;—a Latinism. 'Cumque ea aucta liberis.' (Plautus.)
158. *seven mouths*;—cf. Aeneid, vi. 801; Ovid, Metamorphoses, i. 422, 56.
180. *emboss*;—cover with swellings. Cf.

'Bathe Merriman, the poor cur is embossed.'
(Taming of the Shrew, Induction.) (Keightley.)

bossed' is used of a carbuncle (Lear, ii. 4), and of sores (As You Like It,).
188. *palpable*;—'that may be felt' in our version; 'tam densae ut ari queant' (Vulgate).
191. *river-dragon*;—Pharaoh. (Ezek. xxix. 3.)
194. *hard'nd after thaw*;—an opinion of the time, but it is not the . (Keightley.)
207. *defends*;—forbids, as in xi. 86.
210. *craze*;—break (écraser.) Chaucer, in the Chanones Yemannes e, has 'the pot was crased.'
216. Exod. xiii. 17, 18.
218. *inexpert*;—inexperienced. Cf. 'bellis inexpertus' (Tacitus, Histo- um, i. 8).
227. Exod. xix. 16–18.
236. Exod. xx. 19.
240. Gal. iii. 19.
241. Heb. ix. 19–21.
242. Acts iii. 22, 24.
250. *Of cedar*;—an error: it was of shittim-wood or acacia. The mple was in Milton's mind. (Keightley.)
255. Josephus says that the seven lamps signified the seven planets, l that therefore the lamps stood slope-wise to express the obliquity of the liac.
258. Exod. xl. 34–38.
274. *true-opening*;—in contrast to the fallacious knowledge given by forbidden fruit.
277. *His day*;—which Abraham saw. John viii. 56.
285. *Doubt not*, &c.;—Rom. v. 17, 21.
290. Rom. iii. 20, vii. 7.
291. Heb. x. 4.
294. Rom. iv. 22–25.
299. Rom. x. 5.
306. *To filial*;—Rom. viii. 15.
310. *Jesbua*;—meaning Saviour in Hebrew, as 'Jesus' does in Greek. Acts vii. 45; Heb. iv. 8.
322. *a promise shall receive*;—2 Sam. vii. 16; Ps. lxxxix. 36.
325. Isaiah xi. 10.
336. *of bad*;—i.e. including the kings of Israel; for the *longer scroll* of ose of Judah was good. (Keightley.)
338. *popular*;—of the people; i.e. the sins of the kings added to those the people.
342. *thou saw'st*;—not strictly correct; the building of Babel was

l. 347. Psalm lxxxix. 29.

l. 349. Ezra i. 1.

l. 353. A contest between Jason and Menelaus for the high-priesthood gave occasion to Antiochus Epiphanes to come to Jerusalem, where he polluted the temple, according to Jewish ideas, by entering it. (2 Macc. v.) At a later period, a similar contest between Aristobulus and Hyrcanus gave occasion to Pompey to enter the Holy of Holies. The regal power and the priesthood had been united in the person of Aristobulus, son of John Hyrcanus, of the Maccabean family. Pompey set over the land an Idumean, named Antipater, whose son, the celebrated Herod, became king. (Keightley.)

l. 367. *carol*;—from 'choreola,' diminutive of 'chorea.' (Menage.) It is used for a 'dance' by Chaucer. The allusion is here to the Christmas carol. Todd remarks that the shepherds heard the angels' song *before* they went to Bethlehem.

l. 371. Psalm ii. 8; Aeneid, i. 287.

l. 379. Luke i. 28.

l. 387. Cf. Paradise Regained, i. 174.

l. 393. *who comes*;—cf. Matt. xi. 3, Luke vii. 19; *recure*=recover: frequent in Spenser.

l. 394. 1 John iii. 8.

l. 396. Rom. viii. 3.

l. 401. *appaid*;—satisfied, appeased. The word is used by Chaucer and Spenser. (See Glossary to Faery Queene, II.)

l. 403. Rom. xiii. 10.

l. 415. Col. ii. 14.

l. 420. Rom. vi. 9; Rev. i. 18.

l. 421. Matt. xxviii. 1.

l. 424. 1 Tim. ii. 6. The two earliest editions have '*Thy* ransom,' later editions, '*The*.'

l. 442. *profluent*. Milton states in his Christian Doctrine that baptism is 'by immersion in running water.' (Keightley.)

l. 447. Gal. iii. 7–16; Rom. iv. 16.

l. 453. Rev. xx. 2.

l. 457. Col. ii. 15; Ephes. iv. 8–10.

l. 456. Luke xxiv. 26.

l. 451. Ephes. i. 20, 21.

l. 460. Luke xxi. 27.

l. 461 John v. 28, 29; Rev. xi. 18.

l. 475. 2 Cor. iv. 15; Rom. v. 20.

l. 485. Luke xxiv. 49.

l. 486. John xv. 26.

l. 487. John xiv. 18, 23.

l. 489. Jer. xxxi. 33; Gal. v. 6; Heb. viii. 10.

l. 490. John xvi. 13; Ephes. vi. 11, 13–16.

l. 493. Psalm lvi. 11.

l. 508. Acts xx. 29.

l. 514. 1 Cor. ii. 14. Cf. Faery Queene. I. x. 19.

l. 526. 2 Cor. iii. 17.

l. 532. John iv. 23.
l. 539. Rom. viii. 22; Acts iii. 19. The original *ἀνάψυξις* = respiratio, and so translated in the version of Junius and Tremellius.
l. 545. Matt. xxvi. 64; xvi. 27; 2 Thess. i. 7.
l. 546. 2 Pet. iii. 12, 13.
l. 552. *last*;—for the last time, as in line 574.
l. 561. 1 Sam. xv. 22.
l. 562. Psalm. ii. 11.
l. 564. 1 Pet. v. 7.
l. 565. Psalm cxlv. 9.
l. 568. 1 Cor. i. 27.
l. 576. 1 Cor. xiii. 2.
l. 581. 2 Pet. i. 5–7.
l. 587. *A Paradise within thee.* Henry More, Milton's contemporary, in s Exposition of the Seven Churches, defends his interpretation 'of a vine-ard, in so spiritual a sense as to make it something within us, whenas both ilo and other ancient interpreters have interpreted Paradise to that sense.'
l. 589. *Of speculation*;—i.e. a watch-tower (Lat. *specula*). Cf. Paradise egained, iv. 236.
l. 609. *not sad*;—perhaps the most pathetic touch in this pathetic ssage.
l. 611. Cf. Iliad, i. 63. The revelation to Adam was in a vision, that to ve in a dream. 'Visions are clearer revelations of God than dreams.' Bacon, Essay on Youth and Age.)
l. 615. Virgil, Eclogues, iii. 52.
l. 629. *meteorous*;—lifted off the ground, high in air (*μετήορος*).
l. 630. *marish*;—marsh; a form used by Spenser, Drayton and Browne. occurs also in Ezek. xlvii. 11.
l. 635. *vapour*;—heat, as in Horace, Epodes, iii. 15.
adust;—inflamed, scorched.
l. 637. Gen. xix. 16 gave the hint of this line.
l. 640. *subjected*;—lying beneath. The Dragon carries the Red Cross night 'above the subject plain' (Faery Queene, I. xi. 19).
l. 643. *brand*;—sword. (Faery Queene, I. iv. 42.) Its proper meaning 'torch,' and it is thence used for the gleaming sword, both in Saxon and celandic. Cf. Faery Queene, II. iii. 18.
l. 644. Milton has here improved upon the opinion of some commenta-ors (cited by Moses Bar-Cepha), that God placed 'spectrum quoddam ehemens et terribile' before the gates of Paradise. Cf. Aeneid, vi. 575.
l. 646. So the banished Norfolk (Richard II. i. 3) exclaims:
'Save back to England, all the world's my way.'
l. 649. *solitary*;—the angel having left them.

Paradise Regained.

Book I.

... an imitation of the lines (attributed

l. 2. Rom. v. 19.

l. 7. *wasteful wilderness* is Spenserian (Faery Queene, I. i. 32). Cf. Isaiah li. 3.

l. 14 *summ'd*;—cf. Paradise Lost, vii. 421.

l. 15. *above heroic*;—cf. Paradise Lost, ix. 14.

l. 18. Isaiah lviii. 1.

l. 23. Luke iii. 23.

l. 25. John i. 33.

l. 26. *divinely*;—from Heaven: like Lat. 'divinitus.' (Georgics i. 415.) It is so used in Paradise Lost, viii. 500.

ll. 27–30. Matt. iii. 14–17.

l. 33. Job i. 7.

l. 39. Ephes. ii. 2.

l. 42. Milton may here have glanced at the Consistory of Rome, or at the consistorial courts of the Church of England. (Keightley.)

l. 44. *in mid-air*;—Ephes. vi. 12. Cf. Paradise Lost, i. 516.

l. 53. *attending*;—waiting; so used also in Paradise Lost, vii. 407, xi. 551.

l. 62. *infring'd*;—shattered, broken. 'Infringe' always bears the meaning of 'break' in Shakespeare.

l. 87. *obtains*;—holds and keeps (obtinet).

l. 89. Cf. Paradise Lost, vi. 834 et seqq.

l. 94. *utmost edge*;—cf. 'extreme edge of hazard' (All 's Well that Ends Well, iii. 3). ἐπὶ ξυροῦ τῆς ἀκμῆς is a usual expression in Greek. (Iliad, x. 173.)

l. 100. Cf. Paradise Lost, ii. 430, &c.

l. 117. Cf. Paradise Lost, i. 374, &c.

l. 120. *his easy steps*;—in contrast to his former expedition. (Paradise Lost, ii. 930–950.)

girded with snaky wiles;—as Sinon was 'dolis instructus' (Aeneid, ii. 152).

l. 129. According to Rabbinical tradition Michael was the angel of severity, and Gabriel the angel of mercy.

l. 130. The speech beginning with this line having been brought forward as a proof that Milton was an Arian, Mr. J. Morris, in his essay on the subject, thus repels the accusation. 'The marvel in Heaven was not that the Son of Man was the Son of God, but that the Son of God should become the Son of Man. Any intimation of the Divinity of the Son to Gabriel would be Arianism, as it would intimate that Gabriel knew it not.' But the whole drift of Paradise Lost is in consonance with what appears to have been the deliberate opinion of Milton, that there is no ground for believing in the eternal generation of the Son or in his essential Divinity. (See Christian Doctrine, v.)

l. 146. *apostasy*;—for apostates. Cf. use of 'servitude' in Paradise Lost, xii. 132.

l. 157. *the rudiments*;—Cf. Aeneid, xi. 156, 157.

l. 162. John xvi. 3.

l. 171. Apollo, appearing in a vision, sang to Tibullus:

'Postquam fuerant digiti cum voce locuti.' (iii. 4. 41.)

l. 175. *vanquish* is accented on the last syllable in 1 Henry VI. iii. 3.

l. 185. Aeneid, x. 890.
l. 204. John xviii. 37.
l. 206. Aeneid, ix. 311.
l. 207. Psalm i. 2; cxix. 103.
l. 213. *or their own.* Alford (on Luke ii. 46), observes: 'The Lord was not acting the part of a *master*. It was the custom in the Jewish schools for the scholars to ask questions of their teachers; and a great part of the Rabbinical books consists of the answers of the Rabbis to such questions.'
l. 222. *to conquer willing hearts;*—Virgil, Georgics, iv. 561.
l. 226. *subdue* is marked in the errata to the first edition to be read instead of *destroy*. Cf. Aeneid, vi. 854.
l. 257. *vested;*—Exod. xxviii. 43.
l. 267. Isaiah liii. 6.
l. 292. Milton seems to have agreed with Beza and Grotius that divine knowledge was gradually communicated to the human nature of Jesus, and that He was not omniscient. Luke ii. 52. (Keightley.) Sir Thomas Browne says on this point, 'Divinity affirmed that for the assurance of his humanity unto men, and the concealment of His divinity from the devil, he passed this age like other children.' (Vulgar Errors, VII. xvi.)
l. 294. *our Morning Star;*—Rev. xxii. 16.
l. 310. *among wild beasts;*—Mark i. 13.
l. 314. *an aged man.* 'This image is not, and is not meant to be, in harmony with the wild and awful character of the supreme fiend: on the contrary, it is meant to be in antagonism and intense repulsion. The household image of old age, of human infirmity, and of the domestic hearth, are all meant as machinery for provoking and soliciting the fearful idea to which they are placed in collision, and as so many repelling poles.' (De Quincey, Works, vii. 321.) Cf. note on Paradise Regained, ii. 340.
l. 320. *Perus'd.* The 'perusal' of a face is an expression twice used by Shakespeare (Hamlet ii. 1; Romeo and Juliet, v. 3).
l. 324. *pin'd;*—consumed, wasted with pain. (A. S. *pinan*, and Prov. Ger. *pijnen*, to cause pain.)
l. 331. *dwell;*—dwell in. The preposition belonging to the verb is frequently omitted by Milton. Cf. Paradise Lost, iii. 185, 483, 485. (Keightley.)
l. 339. *stub;*—used here for 'stalk'; it properly means a stump. (Keightley.) Bacon and Dryden both use it in the latter sense.
l. 351. The scene of the Temptation is evidently meant to be the great Arabian desert, to reach which, from the banks of Jordan, it would be necessary to take a journey of very many miles. But the desert of the Temptation was that of the 'Arabah, the valley of the Jordan, which has at all times been a wilderness. Mount Quarantania overhangs it, and tradition has been true in fixing on that mountain as the spot whence our Lord beheld all the kingdoms of the earth. (From Keightley's Life.)
l. 353. *Elijah.* Here, and at ii. 19, the word (in original edition) is Eliah, but in ii. 268, 277, Elijah. Milton's MSS have the name Eliah. (Keightley.)
l. 372. 1 Kings xxii. 19–22. There is a similar use of 'fraud' in

l. 385. *attent;*—a form used by Spenser (Faery Queene, VI. ix. 26). Calidore, listening to Melibee,

'Hung still upon his melting mouth attent.'

l. 397. Cf. Paradise Lost, vi. 900–907.

l. 407. John viii. 44.

l. 414. *gaz'd;*—cf. Paradise Lost, v. 272, for a similar use of the word.

l. 416. Cf. Paradise Lost, ix. 467.

l. 421. Milton was here probably thinking of Juno's speech (Aeneid x. 63), in which she states and refutes the argument of Venus. (Keightley.)

l. 428. 1 Kings xxii. 6.

l. 435. Croesus, King of Lydia, consulted the oracle at Delphi before he made war on the Persians, and was told that he would overthrow a great empire—a prediction verified by the ruin of his own. The similar answer given to Pyrrhus is quoted in 2 Henry VI. i. 4.

l. 447. This notion of angels presiding over kingdoms and regions was held by the Fathers, who derived it from the Book of Daniel and the Septuagint translation of Deut. xxxiii. 8 ('according to the number of the angels of God'). (Keightley).

l. 456. Cf. Nativity Ode, final note.

l. 488. Isaiah i. 12.

l. 494. *scope;*—drift, purpose; as Northumberland says of Bolingbroke:

'His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties.' (Richard II. iii. 3.)

l. 496. Cf. Paradise Lost, iv. 1007.

l. 499. So Prospero says of the actors of his mask (iv. 2), that they

'Are melted into air, into thin air.'

l. 500. *double shade;*—cf. Comus 335, and Ovid's expression 'duplicataque noctis imago' (Metamorphoses xi. 550).

Book II.

6. The *I mean* here has several precedents in Harrington's translation of the Orlando Furioso—which, as Keightley remarks, might better admit so familiar an expression than this poem.

l. 13. *only shewn;*—so Virgil of young Marcellus (Aeneid, vi. 870).

l. 16. Sylvester calls Elijah 'the Thesbit.' 'Thisbe or Tisbe was a city of the country of Gilead, beyond Jordan.' (Newton.) Thischbites is the epithet used in the Latin Bible of Tremellius.

l. 20. Bethabara is generally supposed to be the place at which the Israelites under Joshua crossed the Jordan, and therefore must have been opposite Jericho, 'the city of palms.' Joshua iii. 16; Deut. xxxiv. 3; John iii. 23. (Keightley.) 'Bethabara,' the common reading, is a conjecture of Origen for the original 'Bethany.' (Alford.)

l. 21. *Salem old* was noted in St. Jerome's time for its ruins of the palace of Melchisedec.

l. 22. *Macbærus* was a castle in Perea, the country beyond (on the left bank of) Jordan. It lay east of the Dead Sea, at some distance from the Jordan. The Apostles seek Jesus in Jericho, the place of any consequence nearest to Bethabara and on the same side of the river, then in Ænon and Salem, both likewise on the same side, but higher up [illegible]

l. 25. *creek*. This word seems to mean here merely an indentation in the river. It is now generally restricted to the sea (cf. Paradise Lost, vii. 399); but in the colonies it is still used in its original sense, as equivalent to stream. (Keightley.) Sir John Davies (Immortality of the Soul) uses it for a turn or crook of the shore:

'As streams that with their winding banks do play,
Stopp'd by their creeks, run softly through the plain.'

l. 34. John i. 14.

l. 44. Psalm ii. 2.

l. 46. Nehem. ix. 26.

l. 65. *clad*;—cf. Paradise Lost, xi. 17.

l. 88. Luke ii. 34, 35.

l. 98. Luke ii. 49.

l. 103. Luke ii. 19.

l. 109. *tracing*;—Cf. Comus, 423 (note).

l. 111. Cf. Persius (Satires, iv. 23):

'Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere.'

l. 122. Milton here follows the opinion of the Platonists, who assigned daemons as presiding powers to all the elements; but he makes these daemons to be fallen angels, in accordance with the Fathers. (Keightley.) Cf. Il Penseroso 90, note.

l. 130. *frequence*;—cf. Paradise Lost, i. 797. Timon sends his message to

'Athens, in the frequence of degree,
From high to low throughout.' (Timon of Athens, v. 3.)

(It should, however, be noticed that Collier reads 'sequence' in this passage.)

l. 131. *tasted*;—made experience of; as the Greek equivalent is used. Cf. Paradise Lost, ii. 686; Samson Agonistes 1091.

l. 138. *absolute*;—finished, perfect. Cf. Paradise Lost, viii. 547.

l. 151. Asmadai (Paradise Lost, vi. 365) or Asmodeus (Paradise Lost, iv. 168), the angel who loved Sarah, daughter of Raguel, and slew her seven husbands, as is related in the book of Tobit.

l. 160. Cf. Paradise Lost, ix. 489.

l. 161. Cf. Paradise Lost, viii. 504.

l. 164. *the rugged'st brow*;—Cf. Il Penseroso 58. Spenser, in his Sonnet to Sir Christopher Hatton, speaks of 'the rugged brow of careful Policy.' Cf. also:

'The rugged forehead that with grave foresight,
Welds kingdom's causes and affairs of state.'
(Faery Queene, IV, Introd. i.)

l. 168. *magnetic*;—magnet; adjective for substantive. Keightley remarks that 'magnetic' is not a real Greek word.

l. 178. Here Milton follows the same interpretation of Gen. vi. 2 as that in Paradise Lost, iii. 463. See note on Paradise Lost, xi. 621.

l. 186. The stories of these nymphs are found in Ovid's Metamorphoses.

l. 189. *Too long*;—sc. to tell. The same expression is used in Paradise Lost, i. 507, iii. 473.

scapes;—pranks (Fr. *échappée*). Menage considers the Ital. *scapare* and *scappare* to be identical, and he derives them from the Lat. *cappus*

l. 190. On the charge often brought against Milton of having blended the Christian and Pagan forms, De Quincey thinks that the justification is complete, since the false gods of the heathen world were (according to him) the fallen angels, and as such were no less real than the loyal and faithful angels of the Christian heaven.

l. 192. *delight not all*;—cf. Virgil, Eclogues, iv. 2.

l. 196. *Pellean*;—Alexander was born at Pella. His father Philip had made it the capital of Macedon.

l. 210. *vouchsafe*;—always thus spelt in Paradise Regained, though always *voutsafe* in Paradise Lost.

l. 240. See note on Paradise Lost, x. 155.

l. 258. *thoughts that feed*;—cf. Paradise Lost, iii. 37.

l. 259. Matt. v. 6; John iv. 34.

l. 261. Psalm iv. 4.

l. 262. *hospitable covert*;—cf. Horace, Odes, ii. 3. 10.

l. 263. Cf. the description of Adam's bower 'inwoven shade' (Paradise Lost, iv. 692).

l. 266. *Him thought* is of the same construction as 'me thought.' 'Him seemed' is the correct reading in Faery Queene, IV. viii. 4, though arbitrarily changed in some editions into 'he seemed.'

l. 279. The lark is called 'the herald of the morn' by Romeo (iii. 5).

l. 287. Similar repetitions occur in Comus 221, &c., and Paradise Lost, iv. 640, &c.

l. 289. *bottom*;—hollow, valley. Cf. 'bottom-glade' (Comus 532).

l. 293. Cf. Arcades 88; Paradise Lost, iv. 246, ix. 1086.

l. 295. *Nature taught Art*;—cf. Faery Queene, II. xii. 59.

l. 296. A reminiscence of the passage in Tasso (Gierusalemme Liberata, xiii. 26) where, in the enchanted forest, nymphs issue from the trees to Rinaldo. (Keightley.)

l. 309. *Nebaioth*;—put for his father Ishmael. *found he* in original editions; *here* in ed. 1692.

l. 313. Where Hagar wandered was the wilderness of Beersheba. Where the Israelites were fed with manna was the wilderness of Sin. Elijah retreated into the wilderness 'a day's journey from Beersheba.' Our Saviour was tempted in the wilderness near Jordan. But Milton treats all that tract of country as the same wilderness, distinguished by different names from different places adjoining. (Todd.) See note on i. 351.

Thebez. It should be *Thisbe*; Thebez was in Ephraim. (Keightley.)

l. 322. *the giver*;—cf. Comus 703.

l. 324. Cf. Satan's flattery to Eve (Paradise Lost, ix. 539, &c.).

l. 334. Cf. 'Interea gustus elementa per omnia quaerunt.'
(Juvenal, xi. 14.)

l. 340. On this passage Charles Lamb remarks: 'The whole banquet is too civic and culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted, holy scene. The mighty artillery of sauces which the cook-fiend conjures up, is out of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the guest. He that disturbed him in his dreams, from his dreams might have been taught better.' Cf. line 375 'Nothing [illegible]

different view is taken by another critic: 'The principle of lurking and subtle antagonism will explain everything that has been denounced under the idea of pedantry in Milton. It is the key to all that lavish pomp of art and knowledge which is sometimes put forth by Milton in situations of intense solitude, as in the Eden of Paradise Lost and the banquet here. The shadowy exhibition of a regal banquet in the desert draws out and stimulates the sense of its utter solitude and remotion from men and cities. The images of architectural splendour suddenly raised up in the very centre of Paradise, as vanishing shows by the wand of the magician, bring into powerful relief the depth of silence and the unpopulous solitude which possess this sanctuary of man whilst yet happy and innocent.' (De Quincey.)

l. 344. *gris-amber*;—i. e. ambergris. The substance was much used as a general perfume, and even in the high cookery of that time. Cf. 'pheasants drenched with ambergris' (Massinger, City Madam, ii. 1). (Keightley.) Fuller gives its derivation 'gray amber,' from the colour thereof; and Richardson also quotes (in his Dictionary) a passage from Beaumont and Fletcher, shewing that the wines at a feast 'were amber'd all.'

l. 345. *Freshet*;—a stream of fresh water. Browne, in his Britannia's Pastorals, speaks of fish that

'Now love the freshet, and now love the sea.'

l. 347. Pontus Euxinus, in which, Pliny observes, all fish quickly came to perfection. The Lucrine lake, near Baiae, is celebrated by Horace (Epodes, ii. 49, and Satires, ii. 4, 32), and Martial, Epigrams, iii. 9. 3. Martial uses Lucrina alone to signify oysters. The lamprey from the Straits of Gibraltar is mentioned by Aulus Gellius.

l. 349. *diverted*;—turned aside. So used in Milton's Eikonoclastes.

l. 351. *fragrant smell*;—cf. Odyssey, ix. 210.

l. 355. *Naiades*. By these he probably means the Dryades and Oreades, the wood- and mountain-nymphs. The Naiades were the water-nymphs. In making them bearers of fruit and flowers, he probably remembered Virgil, Eclogues, ii. 45. Amalthea was the nymph or the goat that nursed Jupiter, who gave her horn the power of pouring out fruits. The Hesperides were the three maidens who had charge of the golden fruit, but who never left their garden. He seems here to take the Hesperides for the name of their abode, rather than of themselves. (Keightley.) Milton makes the Naiades companions of Circe (Comus 254), and also the Hesperides skilful in singing (Comus 983).

l. 360. *Logres* (or Loegria);—England east of Severn.

Lyones (or Lionesse);—Cornwall. (Todd.) More probably Leon in Brittany. (Keightley.)

l. 361. *Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore*;—characters in the Morte D'Arthur, translated (1470) by Sir Thomas Mallory. Sir Pelleas, in Spenser, is one of those who pursue the Blatant Beast when, after being conquered by Sir Calidore, it broke its chain and ranged through the world.

l. 362. *harmonious airs*;—cf. Paradise Lost, xi. 595.

l. 364. *of gentlest gale*;—cf. Paradise Lost, iv. 156.

l. 370. *defended*;—forbidden, as in Paradise Lost, xi. 86.

l. [illegible] *like*;—as in Hamlet ii. 2. 'It likes us well.'

l. 385. Cf. Horatio's farewell to Hamlet (v. 2):

'And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.'

l. 391. Cf. the Sophoclean sentiment (Ajax, 665),

'The gifts of foes are none, and profit not.'

l. 401. *far-fet;*—far-fetched. This form was doubtless used for euphony, like 'perfet' and 'voutsafe' in Paradise Lost. Keightley cites passages from Beaumont and Fletcher, and from Ben Jonson, in which 'far-fet' occurs. 'Fet' is used by Shakespeare (Henry V. iii. 1).

l. 403. The vanishing of the banquet seems to have been suggested by the scene in the Tempest (iii. 3).

l. 416. 'Hunger bitten' occurs in Job xviii. 12.

l. 422. Cf. Mammon's praise of wealth (Faery Queene, II. vii. 11), and Horace's enumeration of its advantages (Epistles, i. 6. 36).

l. 423. Antipater is mentioned by Josephus as abounding in wealth; and his son Herod, by promising money to Mark Antony, obtained the kingdom of Judæa.

l. 427. Cf. Horace, Epistles, i. 1. 53, and Juvenal's remark 'Probitas laudatur et alget' (i. 74). (Keightley.)

l. 439. Judges vi. 15; xi. 1, 2.

l. 459. With this passage compare the speeches of Henry IV. (Pt. II. iii. 1), and Henry V. (iv. 1) in Shakespeare.

l. 466. Cf. Horace, Odes, ii. 2. 9.

l. 470. *Cities of men;*—an Homeric expression (Iliad, xviii. 490), used also in Paradise Lost, xi. 640.

l. 481. Milton probably had in mind the narrative in Quintus Curtius (iv. 1) of the young men who declined the proffered kingdom of Sidon and named Abdalonymus for it; as well as the resignations of Diocletian, Charles V, Christina of Sweden, and others.

Book III.

l. 3. *convinc't;*—convicted. The word is so used in the Authorised Translation. (John viii. 46.) So also in Shakespeare, Macbeth, i. 7; iv. 3.

l. 10. Matt. xii. 34.

l. 11. *shape;*—used in the sense of the idea, the 'forma formans' of Bacon.

l. 18. *conduct;*—leading of an army. Cf. Paradise Lost, i. 130; hence Ital. *condottiere.* (Keightley.)

l. 27. *erected;*—a classic epithet, used also in Paradise Lost, i. 679. 'Magno animo et erecto' (Cicero, pro Rege Deiotaro). Sidney, in the Arcadia, speaks of 'high erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesie.' Cf. Lycidas 70, &c., and Paradise Lost, i. 679.

l. 29. Spenser shews Guyon (in Faery Queene, Bk. II.) tempted first by Mammon and then by Vainglory (Philotime).

l. 33. Alexander when he began to reign was only twenty, and but twenty-three when (B.C. 333) he won the battle of Issus, and two years afterwards, by the victory of Arbela, he overthrew the Persian empire

l. 34. *dispose*;—disposal, a form also occurring in King John (i. 3):

'Needs must you lay your head at his dispose.'

l. 35. Scipio was but twenty-seven when (B.C. 207) he brought down the pride of the Carthaginians by expelling them from Spain. But he was thirty-two when he gained his decisive victory of Zama.

l. 36. Pompey was only twenty-four when he rode in triumph for his African expedition, but forty-five when he entered Rome after his victory over Mithridates, the Pontic king.

l. 39. *Great Julius.* He is said to have wept at the sight of the statue of Alexander, who at Cæsar's age had already made himself famous.

l. 47. Cf. Paradise Lost, xi. 691, 789, &c.

l. 50. 'The deliberate utterance of the most democratic of our great poets.' (Henry Taylor, Notes on Books.)

l. 78. Joel ii. 3.

l. 81. Antiochus II. and Antiochus Epiphanes were called Theus. The Athenians called Antigonus and Demetrius Poliorcetes, Benefactors and Deliverers.

l. 84. Alexander and Romulus. Milton seems to allude to the drunkenness of the one, and to the violent death of the other. (Keightley.)

l. 128. Cf. Paradise Lost, iv. 46.

l. 38. *recreant*;—apparently = 'renouncing the faith,' from obsolete 'recroire,' as 'miscreant' from 'mécroire.' (Keightley.) Richardson also gives (Dictionary) the derivation from Low Lat. *recredere*. When slaves were found on trial to have put forth an unfounded claim to freedom, they were said 'reddere et recredere se' to their masters—hence those were said 'recredere se' who owned themselves defeated in battle. Latham takes 'recredere' = 'believe again,' 'give up a creed or claim,' 'retract.'

l. 159. Cf. Luke xiii. 1. Josephus speaks of the murders of the Jews by Pilate.

l. 160. *oft.* Not quite correct. In the time of the Emperors, though the rule of the governors was severe, the religion of the Jews was respected. (Keightley.) Pompey, with several of his officers, entered the Holy of Holies, as Antiochus had done before him. (2 Macc. v.)

l. 171. *Kingdom*;—the condition of a king, like 'serfdom.'

l. 173. *Occasion* in Spenser is a hag with a grey forelock.

'But all behind was bald, and worn away
That none thereof could ever taken hold.'
(Faery Queene, II. iv. 4.)

l. 175. Psalm lxix. 9; John ii. 17.

l. 183. Eccles. iii. 1.

l. 187. Acts i. 7.

l. 206. Cf. Paradise Lost, iv. 108.

l. 217. Keightley supposes that 'From' must be a mistake for 'For.' There does not, however, appear to be any need of alteration. Satan assumes, from the placid aspect of Christ, that the 'reign' of Messiah will be a 'shelter' to himself.

meek regard;—cf. Paradise Lost, iii. 266.

l. 210. Cf. Fair Infant, 69.

l. 238. *insight;*—'in sight' in original editions. But 'meanwhile' is also printed separately in those editions. Their authority must not be pressed too far; for they are not always correct or consistent. Neither the sense nor the cadence of the line would be improved by following them.

l. 242. 1 Sam. ix. 20, 21.

l. 256. Strabo describes Euphrates as flowing with a winding stream. It is called 'vagus' by Statius. Pliny says that by the Medes the Tigris is called an arrow, from its swiftness. 'Tigris means arrow, probably alluding to the straight current of the river.' (Keightley.)

l. 270. The bounds traced were those of the Assyrian empire at the height of power.

l. 275. Diodorus Siculus gives sixty miles as the circuit of Nineveh.

l. 277. *golden monarchy;*—either in allusion to Nebuchadnezzar's dream, or with a more general reference to the splendour of Eastern kings. (Paradise Lost, ii. 4.)

l. 278. *Salmanassar* in the reign of Hezekiah carried the ten tribes captive into Assyria.

l. 280. *Babylon;*—built by Belus and Semiramis, the father and wife of Ninus; and rebuilt by Nebuchadnezzar (Dan. iv. 30), who twice led Judah captive; in the reign of Jehoiakim (2 Kings xxiv.), and eleven years after in the reign of Zedekiah (2 Kings xxv.), till Cyrus set them free and restored the Jews to their own country.

l. 284. *Persepolis*, if not built by Cyrus, was made by him the Persian metropolis.

l. 283. *Bactra* (modern Balk) was the capital of Bactriana, a province of Persia, famous for its fruitfulness. (Virgil, Georgics, ii. 138.)

l. 286. *Ecbatana;*—the capital of Media and summer residence of the Persian kings, as Susa (Shusan of Scripture) was their winter palace.

l. 287. *Hecatompylos;*—so named from its hundred gates. It is thought to be the modern Damaghan, not far from Teheran, eighty miles south of the Caspian. (Keightley.)

l. 289. Perhaps Milton derived this circumstance from Heylin's Cosmography, where it is said of the Euloeus (another name for Choaspes, which is also called Ulai in Daniel) that its stream was so pure 'that the great Persian kings would drink of no other water.'

ll. 290–292. *Æmathian;*—Macedonian. Cf. Sonnet iii. 10. These cities were built by the successors of Alexander. *Seleucia* was built near the Tigris by Seleucus Nicator, called Great to distinguish it from other cities of the same name. *Nisibis* was another city on the Tigris, called also Antiochia. *Artaxata*, the chief city of Armenia on the Araxes. *Teredon* a city near the Persian Gulf below the confluence of Euphrates and Tigris. *Ctesiphon*, opposite Seleucia, was the winter residence of the Parthian kings.

l. 294. All these cities, once belonging to the Seleucidæ or Syro-Macedonian princes (sometimes called kings of Antioch, from their usual residence), were now under the dominion of the Parthians, whose empire was founded by Arsaces, who revolted from Antiochus Theus B.C. 250.

l. 301. *the Scythians;*—i. e. the Turk; probably the present Usbegs.

l. 302. *Sogdiana* was a province beyond the Oxus or Jihon. It is part

l. 309. These are methods of drawing up infantry. (Keightley.) The rhomb was a battalion arranged in the shape of a diamond. Sir Thomas Browne (Garden of Cyrus) says 'The shear and the wedge battles were each made of half a rhombus and but differenced in position; the wedge invented to break or work into a body, the forceps (or shear) to environ or defeat the power thereof; composed out of the selectest soldiery and disposed into the form of a V, wherein receiving the wedge it enclosed it on both sides. The rhombus or lozenge figure was a remarkable form of battle in the Grecian cavalry, observed by the Thessalians and Philip of Macedon.'

l. 310. *numbers numberless* is warranted not only by classical usage, but by the repetitions of this very phrase in English prose and poetry before the date of Paradise Regained.

l. 315–321. *Arachosia* (modern Affghanistan), and *Candaor* (modern Candahar) were provinces of Parthia to the east; *Margiana* (Khorassan) and *Hyrcania* to the north. According to Sir W. Jones, Shirvan and Daghestan are the countries meant by the *Hyrcanian cliffs* and the *Iberian dales*. From the *Atropatian*, or northern division of Media, the description of these Parthian provinces (moving nearly in a circle) turns southward to *Adiabene* or the western part of Babylonia, and, passing through part of *Media*, it concludes with *Susiana* which extended southward to the Persian Gulf, called *Balsara's haven*, from the port of Balsora. This Balsara is a mispronounciation (as Sir William Jones remarks) of Basra, which besides was not built for more than six hundred years after the Temptation.

l. 324. *sharp sleet*;—cf. 'Shower of hail and arrows.' (Faery Queene, V. iv. 38.) Aeneid, xii. 284.

l. 326. Euripides, in the Phoenissae (109) describes 'a field of brass.'

l. 329. Jonson uses 'endorse' in a like sense in an epigram to William Earl of Newcastle on his horsemanship, saying of the earl's steed that his master's 'seat his beauties did endorse.'

l. 334. *rivers proud*;—cf. Aeneid, viii. 728.

l. 337. The allusion is to Boiardo's Orlando Innamorato. *Agrican*, the Tartar king, brings into the field 2,200,000 men; and Sacripante, king of Circassia, who comes to the aid of *Gallaphrone*, 382,000 men. The siege is alluded to in Don Quixote, Book ii. chap. 2. Hallam calls these lines 'perhaps the most musical Milton ever produced,' for which he is ridiculed by Landor.

l. 341. *Angelica*;—heroine of the Orlando Furioso, Ariosto's poem, in continuation of that of Boiardo.

l. 342. *prowest*;—see note on Milton's paraphrase of Psalm cxxxvi. 34.

l. 366. The Parthians led away Hyrcanus to Seleucia, but made Antigonus king of the Jews, of which dignity he was afterwards deprived by the Romans.

l. 374. 2 Kings xviii. 11. The cities were now under the Parthian dominion.

l. 377. It has been suggested that Milton wrote '*Eight* sons of Jacob' in accordance with the fact.

l. 384. Gen. xv. 18; 1 Kings iv. 21.

l. 387. *of fleshly arm*:—2 Chron. xxxii. 8; Jer. xvii. 5. Cf. Faery

l. 388. Cf. 'Totius belli instrumento et apparatu.' (Cicero, Quaestiones Academicae, ii. 1.)

l. 396. John vii. 6.

l. 409. 1 Chron. xxi. 1.

l. 414. Jeroboam set up the calves in Bethel and in Dan in imitation of the two calves which the Egyptians worshipped, one called Apis, at Memphis (metropolis of Upper Egypt), and the other called Mnevis, at Hierapolis (metropolis of Lower Egypt). Jezebel, Ahab's wife, was a Zidonian princess (1 Kings xvi. 31). Ahab built an altar for Baal (1 Kings xvi. 32), and probably at the same time was introduced the worship of Ashtaroth (1 Kings, xi. 5). Selden says the prophets of 'the groves' were the prophets of Ashtaroth, and that 'the groves under every green tree' should be 'Ashtaroth under every green tree' (2 Kings xvii. 10).

l. 431. Jer. v. 19.

l. 436. Allusion seems here made to Rev. xvi. 12 and Isaiah xi. 15, 16.

Book IV.

l. 10. 'There is no simile here, no illustration, but exactly what Satan had been doing.' (Landor.)

l. 15. Cf. Iliad, ii. 469; xvi. 641.

l. 18. Cf. Iliad, xv. 618; Aeneid, vii. 586. Cf. also Wolsey's protestation that his duty should stand firm

'As doth a rock against the chafing flood.'

l. 27. The *plain* of Latium is shewn. The *ridge of hills* is the Apennines; the *southern* is the Tyrrhene Sea. (Keightley.)

l. 35. Cf. Virgil, Georgics, ii. 35. Keightley remarks that at the time of the Temptation some of the objects here described were not yet in Rome. The first *triumphal arch* was that of Titus, for the destruction of Jerusalem; the *aqueducts* raised on arches were not yet built. The palaces were the mansions of such men as Pompey and Lucullus.

l. 40. The modes of vision here suggested are found in the commentators on Luke iv. 5. The annotator of the Latin translations by Beza and Tremellius demurs to the literal interpretation as implying that the vision was one of the body, and that Satan had power over the senses and mind of our Lord.

l. 57. *imperial palace*;—that built by Nero after the burning of Rome. By 'gilded battlements' he may allude to Nero's Golden House. *Turrets*, *terraces*, and *spires* belong to modern architecture. (Keightley.)

l. 59. *hand*;—for handiwork. Cf. Paradise Lost, ix. 398.

l. 66. *turm*;—coined from Lat. *turma* (Aeneid, v. 560). The regiment (ala) was composed of turmae (troops).

l. 68. The Appian road led to the south, and the Æmilian to the north. The nations on the Appian road are included in ll. 69–76; those on the Æmilian in ll. 77–79.

ll. 69–75. *Syene*;—a city of Egypt on the confines of Ethiopia. *Meroe*, an island and city of Ethiopia, on the Upper Nile. 'Meroe being within the tropics, the sun, after being vertical, passes north of it: so that the

Keightley.) 'In Meroe bis anno absumi umbras.' (Pliny, Natural History, i. 75.) The *realm of Bocchus* is Mauritania. The *golden Chersonese* s Malacca. (Paradise Lost, xi. 392.) *Taprobane* is Ceylon, from which, Keightley observes, embassies came to some Roman emperors, but not to Augustus or Tiberius. Pliny (vi. 22) speaks of 'Taprobane, extra orbem a naturâ relegata.'

l. 77. *Gades;*—the modern Cadiz, here put for that part of Spain most listant from Rome, Hispania Inferior.

l. 78. From the mouth of the Danube to the Palus Maeotis, all along the Euxine, lay the European Scythians, and beyond them northward the Sarmatians.

l. 84. The Tempter had before advised Our Lord to prefer the Parthian. iii. 363.)

l. 103. Luke iv. 6.

l. 114. In Hakewill's Apology there is an elaborate disquisition on 'the excessive gluttony of the Romans, their costly tables, their huge platters,' &c.

l. 115. The citron-wood which grew on Mount Atlas was used by the Romans for tables. It was beautifully veined and spotted, and a second reference to it may be here intended by 'Atlantic stone.' Evelyn writes to Pepys, asking whether it be 'possible to discover whether any of those citron-trees are yet to be found, that of old grew on the foot of Mount Atlas, not far from Tingis, and were heretofore "in deliciis" for their politure and natural maculations.' Keightley supposes that *Atlantic* is put for Numidian (after classic precedent), and that the *floor* of the dining-room of Numidian marble, or giallo antico, may be meant.

l. 117. All the places here named are in Campania. Martial mentions Setia as famous for its wines. The Calenian and Falernian are named by Horace (Odes, i. 31. 9) and Virgil (Georgics, ii. 96).

l. 118. *Chios;*—the modern Scio, off the Ionian coast. Its wine is mentioned by Horace (Satires, ii. 3. 115; Odes, iii. 19. 5) and Virgil (Eclogues, v. 71). Tasso names the wines of Crete with those of Chios.

l. 119. *crystal* is put for 'glass,' and *myrrhine* for 'porcelain,' which came from China, but as the Romans got it viâ Persia, they thought that it was manufactured in that country. (Keightley.)

l. 136. *peeling;*—pillaging. Chaucer and Spenser have the form 'pill': 'peeled' occurs in Isaiah xvii. 2. Hakewill devotes a section of his Apology to the Roman custom of unmercifully 'pilling and polling, robbing and spoiling the provinces.'

l. 142. *scene;*—theatre. Perhaps an allusion is intended to the prominence which theatrical matters obtained in the life of the court and metropolis, as shewn by Pepys' Diary.

l. 145. Cf. Paradise Lost, xii. 90, &c.

l. 150. Dan. ii. 44.

l. 157. *nice:*—see note on Comus 139.

l. 188. Cf. Paradise Lost, iv. 109.

l. 203. 2 Cor. iv. 4.

l. 219. *Moses' chair;*—Matt. xxiii. 2.

ideas. (Bacon's 'idola' were very possibly in his mind.) Traditions were probably the opinions of Pythagoras and others, so handed down; the paradoxes were the well-know questions of the Stoics. (Keightley.)

l. 235. *evinc'd;*—subdued, a Latinism. (Aeneid, iv. 474.)

l. 239. *built nobly;*—cf. Iliad, ii. 546.

l. 240. The Spartans, when urged to destroy Athens, refused to put out one of the two eyes of Greece. (Keightley.)

l. 252. *recess;*—retreat. Cf. Paradise Lost, iv. 708, ix. 456.

l. 244. *Academe;*—called after the Attic hero Academus. It was the favourite resort of Plato, and hence his followers were called Academics. 'Though the sacred olives grew there, it is incorrect to term it an olive-grove, as the olive is little suited to form groves such as contemplation would love.' (Keightley.) But Plutarch, in his life of Sulla, describes the Academy as the suburb of Athens most abounding in trees.

l. 245. *Attic bird;*—the nightingale. Philomela was the daughter of Pandion, king of Athens. Near the Academy was Colonos, which Sophocles has celebrated as the haunt of nightingales.

l. 246. 'The nightingale is never heard after the middle of June.' (Keightley.)

ll. 247–249. Mount *Hymettus* was famous for its honey. It is about three miles south of Athens. The *Ilissus* rises on the north slope of Hymettus, flows through the east side of Athens, and is lost in the marshes of the Athenian plain. 'It rolls only in the poet's imagination, like Siloa and Cedron.' (Keightley.)

l. 253. *Lyceum;*—a gymnasium at Athens, *outside* the walls, just above the Ilissus. It was frequented by Aristotle and his followers the Peripatetics.

Stoa;—the painted portico (στοὰ ποικίλη) adorned with pictures of Marathon, by Polygnotus. In this portico Zeno conversed with his disciples, thence called Stoics. Dr. Wordsworth remarks that the only topographical error in Milton's description is the placing the Lyceum within the walls.

l. 257. *charms;*—i. e. songs, 'carmina.' Alcaeus and Sappho were both of Mitylene in Lesbos. They were the leaders of that 'Aeolium carmen' which Horace boasts to have introduced into Italy. (Odyssey, iii. xxx. 13.)

Dorian;—the poems of Pindar are meant. (Cf. Horace, Odyssey, iv. 2.)

l. 259. Herodotus, in the life of Homer attributed to him, says that Homer was born near the river Meles, and thence called Melesigenes, and that afterwards when blind and settled at Cumae he was called Homer (quasi ὁ μὴ ὁρῶν) from the term by which the Cumaeans distinguished blind persons. (Todd.) Sir Thomas Browne speaks of 'Melesigenes, alias Homer, the father poet.' (Vulgar Errors, VII. xiii.)

l. 260. In allusion to the epigram in which Apollo says

Ἥελίου μὲν ἐγών, ἐχάρασσε δὲ θεῖος Ὅμηρος.

l. 261. The tragic dialogue was mostly in iambic measure.

l. 264. *sententious;*—Quintilian's character of Euripides is 'sententiis densus, et in iis, quae a sapientibus tradita sunt, poene ipsis par.'

l. 266. *High actions;*—the fall of Troy, the fate of Oedipus, the defeat of Xerxes. *high passions,* as in Medea, Hippolytus, Philoctetes, &c. (Keightley.)

l. 270. *Shook the Arsenal;*—None of the commentators can explain this

fulmin'd. Spenser uses the word (Faery Queene, III. ii. 5),

'Of lightning through bright heaven fulmined.'

The oratory of Demosthenes was compared by Longinus to thunder and lightning. Aristophanes had paid (Acharnians 531) a similar tribute to the eloquence of Pericles.

l. 271. *To Macedon;* – in the Philippics of Demosthenes.

l. 273. *tenement.* In the Clouds of Aristophanes (l. 92) the dwelling of Socrates is pointed out as a 'small house' or 'tenement' (*οἰκίδιον*). Cicero praises Socrates (Tusculanae Quaestiones, v. 4) for having brought philosophy down from heaven to dwell in cities and even in houses.

l. 274. Socrates was so pronounced by the oracle, because, though equally ignorant with others, he knew that he was ignorant, while they esteemed themselves wise.

l. 277. *Mellifluous streams.* Cicero, speaking (Acad. Quaest. i. 4) of the old Academic and the Peripatetic systems, says, 'idem fons erat utrisque,' sc. Plato.

l. 278. The three phases of Academic philosophy were the old, under Plato; the middle, under Arcesilas; and the new, under Carneades.

l. 283. The Stoic paradox, that a wise man is always a king. Cf. Horace, Satires, i. 3. 125. It has been proposed to read '*Their* rules.'

l. 295. Milton, in his poem De Idea Platonicâ, calls Plato 'fabulator maximus,' from the allegories in the Dialogues.

conceits are the Ital. *concetti*; here rather used as equivalent to Bacon's 'imaginations as one would.' Spenser calls his poem a 'continued allegory, or dark conceit.'

l. 296. The Sceptics, followers of Pyrrho.

l. 297. The Peripatetics.

l. 299. This line gives a somewhat distorted reflection of the ideal of Epicurus—'health of body and tranquillity of soul.'

l. 308. *subtle shifts.* 'Stoicorum autem non ignoras quam sit subtile, vel spinosum potius, disserendi genus.' (Cicero, De Finibus, iii. 1.)

l. 314. Cicero maintains that we have a right to glory in our own wisdom and virtue, as proceeding from ourselves. (De Naturâ Deorum, iii. 36.)

l. 316. *Rather accuse him;*—cf. Odyssey, i. 32, &c.

l. 320. *her false resemblance only meets;*—Ixion-like.

l. 321. Eccles. xii. 12.

l. 322. Cf. Paradise Lost, vii. 126.

l. 329. *worth a sponge.* Augustus said, when he had written a tragedy of Ajax, 'Ajacem suum in spongiam incubuisse.' (Suetonius, Augustus.)

l. 330. Cf. Newton's well-known comparison of himself to a child gathering pebbles on the shore of the unexplored ocean of Truth.

l. 335. *artful terms;*—referring to the inscriptions at the beginning of several psalms to denote the various kinds of psalms or of instruments.

l. 340. *personating;*—proclaiming loudly. (Aeneid, vi. 417.) Todd takes the sense of 'acting,' and quotes from Prynne's Histriomastix: 'the recital, acting, and personating of the names, the histories, and notorious villainies of the heathen gods.'

l. 346. Milton, in his own person, had expressed this opinion in his

l. 354. *statist;*—statesman. The word is used by Shakespeare (Hamlet, v. 2; Cymbeline, ii. 4).

l. 366. *all his darts;*—cf. Psalm lxiv. 3; Ephes. vi. 16.

l. 411. Cf. Aeneid, iii. 199; Faery Queene, I. viii. 9.

l. 413. *ruin* is here used (as elsewhere in Milton) in the sense of rushing down. Cf. Paradise Lost, i. 46; vi. 868.

l. 414. *stony caves;*—cf. Aeneid, i. 52.

l. 415. *hinges of the world;*—the *cardinal* points (Lat. *cardo*, a hinge).

l. 419. *sheer;*—see note on Paradise Lost, i. 741.

shrouded;—sheltered. See note on Comus 147.

l. 422. Milton may have here remembered the pictures of the Temptation of St. Anthony.

l. 426. Cf. Lycidas 187; Comus 188; and Paradise Lost, vii. 134.

l. 427. *amice;*—used for a monk's habit in Faery Queene, I. iv. 18. When the wizard Michael Scott lay dead,

> 'A pilgrim's amice wrapt him round.'

It is properly a linen cloth worn by the priest during mass, intended to represent the veil with which the Jews blindfolded Christ, and typifying 'faith, the head of all virtues.' (Strype, Appendix, 109.)

l. 429. *chas'd the clouds;*—cf. Aeneid, i. 143.

l. 431. Cf. Spenser's description (Sonnet xl.) of the effects of the 'fair sunshine':

> 'That, when a dreadful storme away is flit,
> Through the broad world doth spred his goodly ray;
> At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
> And every beast that to his den was fled,
> Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
> And to the light lift up their drooping hed.'

l. 453. Aeneid, i. 137.

l. 454. *flaw;*—gust of wind. See Paradise Lost, x. 697.

l. 455. *the pillar'd frame;*—cf. Job xxvi. 11. Comus 598.

l. 467. *Did I not tell thee?*—referring to iii. 351. There is a copy of his poem in the King's Library, carefully corrected throughout, apparently at the date of publication, in accordance with the printed directions. At this place, in the same handwriting, occurs the following alteration, for which those directions give no authority:

> 'Did I not tell thee, soon thou shalt have cause
> To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
> The perfect season offer'd, with my aid
> To win thy destin'd seat, prolonging still
> All to the push of Fate? pursue thy way,' &c.

l. 478. Cf. l. 374, and ll. 381–389.

l. 502. The punctuation is that of the original editions. Keightley puts a comma after 'heard.'

l. 534. *as a centre;*—cf.

> 'Of his corage as eny centre stable.'
> (Chaucer's Squire's Tale.)

l. 542. The hippogriff bears off Rogero, in the fourth canto of the Orlando Furioso.

l. 548. *Alabaster;*—not as in Comus 660, 'alablaster.' 'Perhaps (as Vossius says) from ἀ and λαβεῖν, that which we cannot hold, or which has no handles (λαβαί).' (Richardson.) The pear-shaped form being used for boxes of ointment or perfume, the word (on this theory) was transferred from the shape to the usual material of the boxes.

l. 549. *pinnacle;*—Milton probably meant one of the spires. See note on l. 51. (Keightley.) Alford supposes πτερύγιον to mean (in Matt. iv. 5) a pointed roof or gable; and that our Lord was placed on Herod's portico, a dizzy height, overhanging the ravine of Kedron.

l. 561. The commentators diversely interpret Milton's meaning in this passage: (1) That our Lord asserted His divinity, and proved it by standing on the pinnacle; and that 'Tempt not the Lord thy God' was a rebuke to the devil for tempting him. (2) That our Lord gave this precept of Holy Writ as a reason for not casting himself down, and stood by his faith thus exhibited. (See Introduction, p. lxi.)

l. 564. *Irassa*, in Cyrene, is said by Pindar to have been the scene of the contest of Hercules with Antaeus, the Libyan giant, who is by some identified with the king of this city.

l. 565. *Alcides* is the name of Hercules, son of Jove and Alcmena. (Aeneid, vi. 123.) But the appellation properly belongs to the son of Amphitryon, whose father was Alcaeus.

l. 572. The Sphinx, when her riddle was solved, threw herself from the Cadmea, which might be termed the *Ismenian steep*, from the river Ismenus that ran by Thebes.

l. 581. *globe;*—cf. Paradise Lost, ii. 512 (note.)

l. 583. *him* in this line would grammatically apply to Satan, although the sense is obvious enough.

l. 585. In the Metamorphoses of Apuleius, Psyche, when exposed on a lofty rock, is wafted thence by a zephyr to a charming valley, where, in a stately palace, she finds provided for her a rich repast, at which, while she sits, she is regaled with music by invisible performers.

l. 595. Landor, commenting on the inferiority of this triumphal song to those in the earlier poem, remarks that 'the angels must have lost their voices since they left Paradise.'

l. 597. John i. 14.

l. 604. *Thief of Paradise;*—cf. John x. 1; Paradise Lost, iv. 192.

l. 605. *debel;*—subdue (debellare). (Aeneid vi. 854.) Bacon uses 'debellate.'

l. 611. Psalm cxxiv. 7.

l. 619. Luke x. 18. Cf. Iliad, v. 5.

l. 620. Luke x. 18; Rom. xvi. 20. Cf. Paradise Lost, x. 190.

l. 624. *Abaddon;*—Destruction; in the Old Testament the name of a place (not of a person as in Rev. ix. 11), and equivalent to Hell. See Job xxvi. 6, xxviii. 22, xxxi. 12; Proverbs xv. 11. (Keightley.)

l. 628. *possession foul;*—cf. Rev. xviii. 2.

l. 629. Matt. viii. 28–33; Rev. xx. 1–3.

l. 636. *our Saviour meek;*—Matt. xi. 29.

Samson Agonistes.

Preface.

P. 205, l. 8. *for so, in physic*, &c.;—allusion to the doctrine of Signatures, set forth by Paracelsus, between 1530 and 1540, which inferred the propriety of the use of remedies from their bearing some resemblance to the part affected. Thus saffron and turmeric were given in liver complaints from the resemblance of those substances to the colour of bile.

l. 14. *a verse of Euripides.* Newton remarks that the verse is amongst the fragments of Menander, and Todd rejoins that it is also among those of Euripides.

l. 16. *Paræus*, David, a Calvinist theologian (1548–1622). His commentary on the Romans was burnt by the executioner by order of James I, on account of its anti-monarchical doctrine. His commentary on the Revelation was translated into English in 1644.

P. 206, l. 5. *the poet's error*, &c.; glancing at the tragedies of Dryden, or perhaps even at those of Shakespeare. Milton would probably have disapproved the grave-diggers in Hamlet, and the fool in Lear.

l. 9. *no prologue;*—i. e. apology for the poet, as did the ancient comedy.

l. 20. *Apolelumenon;*—i. e. free from the restraint of any *particular* measure, not from all measures whatsoever.

Argument.

equals of his tribe. 'Equals' here = 'aequales,' those of his own age. Cf. 'Ennius Livio aequalis fuit.' (Cicero, de Claris Oratoribus 18.) The word is found in this sense in the Authorised Version (Galat. i. 14), and in the passage quoted from the Apology for Smectymnuus in the Appendix.

Agonistes. The ἀγωνισταί were those who only occasionally contended for prizes at the public games, and were not professional athletes. The word is therefore appropriate to Samson's single appearance in the arena.

l. 13. *Dagon;*—cf. Paradise Lost, i. 462.

l 15. *with leave;*—i. e. with granted leave. (Paradise Regained, ii. 302.)

l. 27. Josephus says that the angel ascended through the smoke as in a chariot.

l. 33. *captiv'd;*—so accented (on the last syllable) in Faery Queene, II. iv. 16.

l. 53. Cf. Horace, Odes, ii. 4. 65. (Keightley.)

l. 59. Cf. Bacon's expression, 'God doth often hang the greatest weights on the smallest wires.'

l. 87. *silent;*—dark. 'Silens luna' is the moon in conjunction, new moon. Dante speaks of the west as 'where the sun is silent' (Inferno, i. 60). Elsewhere he has the same metaphor, 'a place mute of light.'

l. 89. *vacant;*—'quia luna ibi vacat opere et ministerio suo.' (Todd.) Keightley remarks that the interlunar *cave* is an invention of Milton's own

l. 100. *a living death.* Instances of the use of this phrase are brought by Todd from Sackville, Drummond, Beaumont and Fletcher, Sylvester, Daniel, and Shakespeare (Richard III. i. 2).

l. 111. *steering this way;*—cf. Nativity Ode 146. Comus 310 (Various Readings).

l. 115. In the Orestes of Euripides, the Chorus is enjoined by Electra to move softly lest they should wake her brother. (Orestes, 1313.)

l. 118. *diffus'd;*—a Latinism. Cf.

'Fusaque erant toto languida membra toro'

(Ovid, Epist. iii. 3. 8),

Aeneid, i. 213, and Faery Queene, I. vii. 7.

l. 133. *Chalybean.* The Chalybes lived south of the Black Sea, and were famous for working in metal. The third syllable should be long, though here shortened, like that of 'Thyestean' in Paradise Lost, x. 688.

l. 139. *his lion ramp;*—cf. Paradise Lost, iv. 343; Faery Queene, I. viii. 12. *ramp* (from Fr. *ramper*, to climb) was applied to the action of rearing, with the notion of fierceness, as in Psalm xxii. 13 (Prayer-book Version).

l. 145. Judges xv. 17.

l. 147. *Azza;*—Gaza. (Deut. ii. 23.) Sandys says 'Gaza or Aza signifieth "strong:" in Persian, "a treasury."'

l. 148. *seat of giants old;*—cf. Joshua xv. 13, 14; Numb. xii. 33.

l. 149. The Jews were permitted to travel only for the distance of three-quarters of a mile on the Sabbath-day. (Keightley.)

l. 164. This passage resembles the lament of the Chorus over the fallen fortunes of Oedipus. (Sophocles, Oedipus Rex 1186, &c.)

l. 165. *Since man on earth;*—cf. Paradise Lost, i. 573.

l. 172. Fortune was painted as standing on a sphere, but by 'sphere' in this passage Milton must mean 'wheel,' for a sphere could not well 'raise.' (Keightley.)

l. 181. Eshtaol and Zora lay at no great distance from each other along the sea-coast from Joppa to Gaza. (Keightley.)

l. 184. *apt words have power;*—cf. Horace, Epistles, i. 1. 34. Cf. Faery Queene, I. x. 24.

l. 191. Keightley quotes Ovid's lines (Tristia, i. 9. 5):

'Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos;
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.'

l. 195. *that which was the worst;*—i. e. his blindness (l. 66).

l. 203. Job xxx. 9.

l. 210. Cf. l. 759 and l. 1034, and Milton's opinion that in marriage choices, 'the best and wisest men, amidst the sincere and most cordial designs of their hearts, do daily err in choosing.' (Tetrachordon.) Cf. also Paradise Lost, x. 899, &c.

l. 222. *motion'd;*—proposed. So in Paradise Lost, ix. 229.

l. 226. *divinely;*—from heaven. So in Paradise Lost, viii. 500; Paradise Regained, iv. 357.

l. 230. *specious;*—handsome (speciosa).

l. 235. *zeal of words.* 'Zeal' is similarly used in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1

l. 253. *Etham.* The desert of Etham, or the wilderness of Shur, was part of the Great Arabian desert. (Numb. xxxii. 8.)

l. 278. Judges viii. 4–9.

l. 282. Judges xi. 15–27, and xii. 1–6.

l. 265. *tribe* is used for a lower division of one of the Tribes of Israel in Numb. iv. 18; Judges xx. 12; 1 Sam. ix. 21.

l. 294. Cf. Paradise Lost, i. 26.

l. 299. Psalm liii. 1. Cf. Tennyson's 'school,'

'where blind and naked Ignorance
Delivers brawling judgments, unabashed,
On all things all day long.' (Idylls, Vivien.)

l. 303. 'Maiestatem populi Romani minuere' was the same as to be guilty of a 'crimen laesae maiestatis.' So Milton, by 'the diminution of God's glory,' means 'high treason against him.'

l. 309. Contrast this with the utterance of Hooker, 'The being of God is a kind of law to His working.' (Ecclesiastical Polity, I. i. 2.)

l. 319. *purity;*—ceremonial purity according to the Law of Moses.

l. 321. *unchaste.* The application of this word to Dalila is not warranted by Scripture. But Milton maintained in his Doctrine of Divorce that perverse behaviour on the part of a wife was equivalent to fornication. (Keightley.)

l. 345. *Duell'd.* It was a single combat on Samson's side. (Keightley.) From an extract given by Latham from Hammond's Sermons, it would appear that if the combat were single on one side only, the word might be used. Lord Bacon uses it to denote an encounter between champions as opposed to a general engagement.

l. 360. Luke xi. 12.

l. 362. Isaiah v. 7, liii. 2.

l. 373. *Appoint.* Warburton and Todd understand this word as here equivalent to 'arraign,' 'blame;' but Keightley interprets the passage, 'Do not you take the direction, the appointment of things reserved for the disposal of Providence.'

l. 394. *capital secret;*—i.e. the secret of my head, as *capital* is used in Paradise Lost, xii. 383.

l. 437. Judges xvi. 23.

l. 442. *disglorified;*—deprived of glory. Todd adduces the following words compounded by Milton with dis- as a negative prefix:—'disallied' (at l. 1022), 'disespoused' (Paradise Lost, ix. 17), 'disexercising and blunting our abilities,' 'disconsenting,' 'disgospelling,' 'disworship,' from the Prose Works.

l. 453. Milton uses 'idolism' (Paradise Regained, iv. 234) and 'idolish' in his Reason of Church Government.

l. 471. *blank;*—'make pale,' and so 'confound.' Spenser has both meanings. They are blended in the line from Hamlet, iii. 2 (Play).

'Each opposite that blanks the face of joy.'

l. 472. So Aeneas seizes on the omen from the mouth of his son Ascanius (Aeneid, vii. 117).

l. 500. Alluding to the punishment of Tantalus for divulging the secret

l. 533. *venereal trains*;—artifices of love and desire. Cf. Paradise Lost, xi. 624. (Keightley.)

l. 535. Cf. Faery Queene, II. vi. 14.

l. 543. *the dancing ruby*;—cf. Prov. xxiii. 31; Paradise Lost, v. 633; Comus 673.

l. 545. Judges ix. 13. Milton's version, remarks Keightley, is more faithful, as Elohim frequently signifies great men. Cf. also Psalm civ. 15.

l. 550. *clear milky juice*. Milton had already called 'water' 'milk,' for resembling it in sweetness (Paradise Lost, v. 306); but 'juice' for 'fluid' is surely a strong oxymoron. But he uses it in reference, and in opposition, to the juice of the grape. He probably at this time had Aeschylus (who is addicted to strong figures) read to him. (Keightley.)

l. 557. Cf. Numbers vi, Amos ii. 12.

l. 569. *Robustious*;—forcible, violent; as in 'robustious periwig-pated fellow' (Hamlet, ii. 2). Here merely 'strong.' It is used for 'violent' in Henry V. iii. 7. So in passages from Fuller and Drayton, quoted by Richardson.

l. 574. *draff*;—refuse; especially hogwash. (Nares.) Cf. 'still swine eat all the draff' (Merry Wives of Windsor, iv. 2), and Falstaff's description of his recruits, 'so many prodigals, come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks.' (1 Henry IV. iv. 2.) Richardson derives the word from A. S. *dræfan*, to drive, i.e. what is driven out. Latham gives as kindred words the Dutch *drabbe*, and Danish *dvra* = dregs. Cf. Paradise Lost, x. 630.

l. 581. Milton here follows (not our translation, but) the Chaldee paraphrase and the best commentators, who hold that God made a cleft in some of the ground or rock, in the place called Lehi; Lehi meaning both a jaw and a place so called. (Newton.)

l. 600. *humours black*;—according to the old physiology. Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, adduces the opinion of Galen, that the mind itself, by those dark, obscure, gross fumes, ascending from black humours, is in continual darkness, fear, and sorrow.

l. 605. *healing words*;—a phrase of Euripides (Hippolytus, 478). Cf. Paradise Lost, ix. 290.

l. 612. *accidents*;—in the scholastic sense. See note on Vacation Exercise 74

l. 620. *wounds immedicable*;—the 'immedicabile vulnus' of Ovid (Metamorphoses, x. 189).

l. 627. Todd remarks, that in Milton's own editions of his prose works, he spells 'medcinal' repeatedly. Cf. Comus 636. Otherwise I should incline to read 'medicinal' with the penultimate accented, as in Othello v. 2:

> 'Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
> Their medicinal gum.'

l. 628. *Alp*;—for mountain in general. Cf. Paradise Lost, ii. 620.

l. 634. Cf. Paradise Lost, ix. 31.

l. 637. *abstemious*;—in its original Latin sense, refraining from wine. (Keightley.) So used by Ovid (Metamorphoses, xv. 323).

l. 659. *Lenient of grief*;—alleviating it. Horace has 'lenire dolorem' (Epistles, i. 1. 34).

l. 683. *highth of noon;*—cf. Wolsey's 'full meridian of my glory' (Henry VIII. iii. 2).

l. 693. Cf. Iliad, i. 4.

l. 695. Alluding probably to the proceedings against Sir Harry Vane.

l. 700. *crude;*—premature, not in its proper season. But Virgil uses 'cruda senectus,' in the opposite sense of hale, vigorous age.

l. 701. In this and the next line the commentators suppose there is an allusion to Milton's gout.

l. 714. Milton, in scorn of the clergy (Of Reformation, ii), pictures them 'under sail, in all their lawn and sarcenet, their shrouds and tackle.'

l. 715. *Tarsus;*—Tarshish, which word Milton avoided from his dislike to the sound of *sh*. He seems to have agreed with those who thought that Tarshish was Tarsus in Cilicia, not Tartessus in Spain. (Keightley.)

l. 716. *Javan;*—the 'isles of Javan,' = Greece. Cf. note on Paradise Lost, i. 508.

Gadire;—i. e. Gades, Cadiz.

l. 719. Cf. Gratiano's speech in Merchant of Venice, iv. 6.

l. 720. *amber;*—i.e. ambergris; amber is scentless. (Keightley.)

l. 728. *Like a fair flower;*—transplanted hither from Iliad, viii. 306.

l. 748. 'Many strange matters are related of this beast [the hyæna], and above all other, that he will feign man's speech, and coming to the shepherds' cottages, will call one of them forth whose name he hath learned, and when he hath him without, all to worry and tear him to pieces.' (Holland's translation of Pliny.)

l. 761. Cf. Milton's reflection (Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce) on 'two persons ill embarkt in wedlock.' 'What folly is it to stand combating and battering against invincible causes and effects, with evil upon evil, till either the best of our days be lingered out, or ended with some speeding sorrow!'

l. 785. *parle;*—parley. Cf. the 'angry parle' in Hamlet, i. 1. It has here the sense of 'agreement,' 'reconciliation,' as in Paradise Regained, iv. 529.

l. 808. *Mine and love's prisoner;*—cf. Juliet's speech (Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2). ''Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone,' &c.

l. 840. The same construction occurs in Paradise Lost, ix. 792.

l. 842. *Or.* Keightley suspects that Milton dictated 'And.' Cf. Paradise Lost, ix. 1059.

l. 897. *acquit themselves.* 'Acquit' is derived by Menage from the barbarous Latin *adquietare*, to give quiet to one accused or in debt. So 'to acquit' oneself would mean to clear oneself of accusation, or perform any bounden duty, or needful task. Cf. l. 1709.

l. 901. Contrast Othello's 'round unvarnished tale' (i. 3).

l. 910. Cf. Heb. xii. 17.

l. 936. Cf. Psalm lviii. 4, 5.

l. 953. Cf. Sir Giles Overreach's exclamation,

> 'O that I had thee in my gripe! I'd tear thee
> Joint after joint!' (New Way to pay Old Debts, v. 1.)

Polymestor expresses a similar wish with regard to Hecuba. (Euripides, Hecuba, 1125.)

l. 973. Milton stands alone in making Fame masculine. His Fame is probably Shakespeare's P[illegible]

l. 982. A similar perpetuity of fame is promised by Iolaus to Macaria, in the Heraclidae of Euripides (598).

l. 995. So Teucer (Sophocles, Ajax 1038) bids his opponents love their opinions, as he will his own.

l. 1003. Exemplified in Paradise Lost, x. 940, &c.

l. 1008. Cf. 'Amantium irae, amoris integratio est' (Terence, Andria, iii. 3. 23).

l. 1020, *paranymph*;—the friend of the bridegroom, who went with him on the wedding-day to fetch the bride home. Jeremy Taylor uses the word of one that 'solicits the suit, and makes the contract, and joins the hands.'

l. 1037. *Intestine.* Keightley refers to 2 Cor. xii. 7.

l. 1039. A *cleaving mischief*;—like the poisoned shirt sent to Hercules by Deianira. Dryden applies the same phrase with the same allusion in his Aurengzebe.

l. 1075. *fraught*;—freight, as 'the bark that hath discharged her fraught' (Titus Andronicus, i. 2). Cf. Comus 355.

l. 1079. In 2 Sam. xxi. we read of the 'sons of Harapha,' but whether Harapha be a proper name, or mean 'giant' (as translated in our version) is uncertain. (Keightley.)

l. 1080. *Anak, and the Emims*;—cf. Deut. iii. 11, ii. 10, 11; Gen. xiv. 5.

l. 1081. Cf. Paradise Lost, iv. 830.

l. 1093. *Gyves*;—handcuffs, not chains. Gyves and cuffs are different forms of the same word. (Keightley.) But Falstaff's description of his recruits seems to shew that 'gyves' were used to fetter the legs (1 Henry IV. iv. 2). Richardson derives the word from A.S. *gefeterian*, to fetter. Latham notices the Welsh *gefyn*, a fetter.

l. 1109. *assassinated.* The word was formerly used, as in French and Italian, to denote an assault with murderous intent, even if the intent were not accomplished, and its meaning is here extended to maltreatment in general. (Trench.)

l. 1120. *brigandine*;—a coat of mail (Jer. xlvi. 4).

habergeon;—mail for the neck and shoulders. Nares derives the word from 'hals,' the neck, and 'bergen' to cover.

l. 1121. *vant brace*;—(avant bras) armour for the arms.

greves;—for the legs (1 Sam. xvii. 6). Richardson derives the word from A.S. *grafan*, to hollow out, i.e. *grooves* for the legs; Latham from Norm. Fr. *grève*, shin.

l. 1122. Ajax in Ovid (Metamorphoses, xiii. 2) is 'clypei dominus septemplicis.' Cf. Iliad, vii 220.

l. 1134. Alluding to the oath in which the adverse champions swore that they had no aid from charms or enchantments.

l. 1138. *rufflʼd porcupines*;—recalling the 'fretful porcupine' of Shakespeare (Hamlet, i. 8).

l. 1162. *comride* is thus accented in Shakespeare (Hamlet i. 3; 1 Henry IV. iv. 1).

l. 1164. *boistʼrous* = robustious, l. 569. Richardson gives the derivation from Dutch *büster*, furious. In one of his examples from old English writers the word is applied to a tree, and bears the meaning of 'strong'

l. 1181. *doughty*;—valiant (A. S. *dohtig*).

l. 1188. *their robes*;—following the margin of our translation of Judges xiv. 19, which has 'apparel' for the 'spoil' of the text.

l. 1195. Josephus says that under the pretence of honour, the Philistines sent these thirty companions to watch over Samson. (Judges xiv. 11.)

l. 1220. *appellant*;—challenger, as 'defendant' was the person challenged. Both words are thus used in 2 Henry VI. ii. 3.

l. 1222. *thrice*. Challenges were thrice repeated. In the last scene of Lear, Edgar appears at the 'third sounding of the trumpet.'

l. 1226. Alluding to the regulations of the duello, which forbade the acceptance of a challenge given by a traitor, thief, heretic, or other dishonourable person.

l. 1248. Keightley remarks that 'our version of 2 Sam. xxi. 19 inserts, without any authority, "*the brother of* Goliath," since Goliath had already been slain by David; and in this Milton acquiesces.'

l. 1278. The same sort of jingle as in Paradise Lost, i. 642.

l. 1283. Cf. 'Then fiery expedition be my wing' (Richard III. iv. 3).

l. 1309. *remark*;—make remarkable, point out. 'Perhaps Milton here imitates the intensive form of the Latin *re* in composition.' (Keightley.)

l. 1312. *triumph*;—see note on L'Allegro 120.

l. 1323. The *artists* here named are those of Milton's own day.

l. 1325. *jugglers*;—originally minstrels (Lat. *joculator*, N. Fr. *jongleur*). *mummers* (so called from their silent pantomine) were attendants on Christmas festivities.

l. 1362. *execrably*. Keightley conjectures that Milton dictated 'execrable,' and so the line would correspond with ll. 1361, 1364.

l. 1377. Cf. 2 Kings v. 18, 19.

l. 1387. Shakespeare has brought out this 'presage in the mind' in Romeo and Juliet, where the woman's 'ill-divining soul' has the truer instinct (iii. 5 and v. 1), and in Bassanio's anticipations of good fortune (Merchant of Venice, i. 1) which indeed may have had surer ground than presentiment.

l. 1410, *doff*;—put off ('do off,' as 'don' is 'do on').

l. 1421. Cf. Horace, Ars Poetica 224.

l. 1448. *come*;—for 'go.' 'It is thus that the Latin and Italian confound 'eo' and 'venio.' Our ancestors in like manner used 'learn' for 'teach,' and 'take' for 'give.' (Keightley.)

l. 1472. *tore the sky*;—cf. Paradise Lost, i. 542.

l. 1494. *a nation arm'd*;—an expression resembling Ovid's concerning the hair of Nisus (Metamorphoses, viii. 10).

l. 1512. *inhabitation*;—world (*οἰκουμένη*).

l. 1515. *ruin*;—in the sense of falling. Cf. Paradise Lost, i. 46.

l. 1519. This and the following line rhyme, as do also ll. 1525, 1526. (Keightley.)

l. 1529. *dole* is what is 'dealt,' as in the proverb, 'Happy man be his dole,' and 'the dole of blows' (2 Henry IV. i. 1). There is a play on the other meaning of 'dole,' sorrow. (Cf. Paradise Lost, iv. 894.)

l. 1536. It has been proposed to give this line and half of the next to the Chorus, assigning to Manoa the ensuing half line and line 1538.

loud exclamations, when they have to announce some dire calamity (Aeschylus, Persæ, 249).

l. 1554. *needs*;—neuter verb here, as in Paradise Lost, x. 80.

l. 1556. *distract*. This form is used also by Shakespeare (Julius Cæsar, iv. 3).

l. 1562. Cf. 'O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.'
(Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1.)

l. 1577. Cf. 'An envious sneaping frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.'
(Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1.)

l. 1593. Keightley thinks that this speech may properly belong to the Chorus.

l. 1608. *Of sort*;—of quality. (Keightley.) Cf. 'men of sort and suit' (Measure for Measure, iv. 4), 'prisoners of good sort' (Henry V. iv. 8.)

l. 1619. *Cataphracts*;—heavy-armed cavalry, the horses being protected by mail as well as their riders. Cf. Aeneid, xi. 770, and Paradise Regained, iii. 313.

l. 1627. *stupendious*;—this form is used also in Paradise Lost, x. 351. It occurs also in Harrington's translation of the Orlando Furioso.

l. 1637. *eyes fast fix'd*;—cf. Iliad iii. 218. The exact parallel to the present passage is in Persius, Satires, iii. 79:
'Obstipo capite et figentes lumine terram.'

l. 1647. *As with the force*, &c.;—cf. Paradise Lost, vi. 195, &c.

l. 1666. *dire necessity*;—the phrase of Horace (Odes, iii. 24. 6).

l. 1667. *in number more*; Judges xvi. 30.

l. 1670. *drunk with idolatry*;—Isaiah xxix. 9.

l. 1674. *In Silo*. The ark remained in Shiloh from the time of Joshua to that of Eli, more than four hundred years.

l. 1689. *inward eyes*;—cf. the 'mind's eye' of Shakespeare (Hamlet, i. 2), and Wordsworth's
'inward eye
That is the bliss of solitude.'

l. 1691. *from under ashes*;—cf. Gray's line:
'E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.'

l. 1692. *And as*, &c. Keightley thinks that Milton dictated 'Nor as.' Cf. 'Nor think,' &c., Paradise Lost, vi. 282. 'Chapman begins two sonnets prefixed to his Iliad with "Nor" for "And not."'

l. 1695. *villatic fowl*;—the 'villaticas alites' of Pliny (xxiii. 17), equivalent to 'barndoor fowl.' 'Serpents were said to destroy birds and their young (Iliad, ii. 308, &c.), but not to attack hen-roosts.' (Keightley.) 'Villatic' was used as equivalent to 'rustic.' 'Villatic bashfulness' is a phrase in the Rambler (No. 147).

l. 1699. *self-begotten-bird*;—the phoenix. Cf. Paradise Lost, v. 272, note.

l. 1700. *embost*;—hidden in the woods (Ital. *emboscare*). In Butler's Elephant in the Moon:
'Look quickly, lest the sight of us
Should cause the startled beast t' emboss.'

Cf. 'They seek the dark, the bushy, the tangled forest; they would im-

l. 1701. *nor third.* Landor notices the absurdity of these words, inserted apparently for rhyme's sake.

l. 1702. *holocaust;*—a whole burnt offering.

l. 1706. *secular bird;*—because it was fabled to live for a thousand years. Lactantius (in a passage quoted by Newton) uses 'seculum' for a thousand years. In classical Latin it is nearly equivalent to our 'century.' Herodotus gives five hundred years as the age of the phoenix.

l. 1708. Hecuba, when informed of the heroic death of her daughter Polyxena, checks her grief in a similar manner. (Hecuba 592.)

l. 1714. *Caphtor.* The Philistines were a colony from the island Caphtor (Jer. xlvii. 4), i. e. Crete, or, according to some commentators, Cyprus.

l. 1732. *obsequy;*—following, train (Lat. *obsequiae*): used in the singular by the chronicler Fabian, and by Daniel (of the funeral of Richard II), but usually in plural, as in Latin.

l. 1755. *acquist;*—acquisition. Jeremy Taylor uses the word in his sermon On the Foolish Exchange, when speaking of 'the time expired in the acquist and purchase' of this world's riches.

APPENDIX.

THE subjoined extracts from the Prose Works give Milton's own account of his education, his ideal of a true poet, and his project of some great work to be left to after-time as a 'possession for ever.'

Apology for Smectymnuus.

'I had my time, readers, as others have, who have good learning bestowed upon them, to be sent to those places, where the opinion was it might be soonest attained; and as the manner is, was not unstudied in those authors which are most commended; whereof some were grave orators and historians, whose matter methought I loved indeed, but as my age then was, so I understood them; others were the smooth elegiac poets, whereof the schools are not scarce, whom both for the pleasing sound of their numerous writing, which in imitation I found most easy, and most agreeable to nature's part in me, and for their matter, which what it is there be few that know not, I was so allured to read, that no recreation came to me better welcome. For that it was then those years with me which are excused though they be least severe, I may be saved the labour to remember ye. Whence having observed them to account it the chief glory of their wit, in that they were ablest to judge, to praise, and by that could esteem themselves worthiest to love those high perfections which under one or other name they took to celebrate, I thought with myself by every instinct and presage of nature, which is not wont to be false, that what emboldened them to this task might with such diligence as they used embolden me; and that what judgment, wit, or elegance was my share, would herein best appear, and best value itself, by how much more wisely and with more love of virtue, I should choose (let rude ears be absent) the object of not unlike praises. . . . By the firm settling of these persuasions I became to my best memory so much a proficient, that if I found those authors anywhere speaking unworthy things of themselves, or unchaste of those names which before they had extolled, this effect it

men I deplored; and above them all preferred the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never write but honour of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thoughts, without transgression. And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and most honourable things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy. . . . Next (for hear me out now, readers) that I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered; I betook me among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from thence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight, that he should defend to the expense of his best blood, or of his life if it so befel him, the honour and chastity of virgin or matron. From whence even then I learnt what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies by such a dear adventure of themselves had sworn. And if I found in the story afterward any of them by word or deed breaking that oath, I judged it the same fault of the poet, as that which is attributed to Homer, to have written undecent things of the gods. Only this my mind gave me; that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect the gilt spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder to stir him up both by his counsel and his arm to secure and protect the weakness of any attempted chastity. So that even these books which to many others have been the fuel of wantonness and loose living, I cannot think how unless by Divine indulgence proved to me so many incitements, as you have heard, to the love and steadfast observation of virtue. Thus from the laureate fraternity of poets, riper years and the ceaseless round of study and reading led me to the shady spaces of philosophy; but chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato and his equal Xenophon. Where if I should tell ye what I learnt of chastity and love, I mean that which is truly so, whose charming cup is only virtue, which she bears in her hand to those who are worthy: (the rest are cheated with a thick intoxicating potion, which a certain sorceress, the abuser of love's name, carries about;) and how the first and chiefest office of love begins and ends in the soul, producing those happy twins of divine generation, knowledge and virtue;—with such abstracted sublimities as these,—it might be worth your listening, readers, as I may one day hope to have ye, in a still time, when there shall be no chiding.'

'Although a poet, soaring in the high region of his fancies, with
s garland and singing robes about him, might without apology speak
ore of himself than I mean to do; yet for me sitting here below in the
ol element of prose, a mortal thing among many readers of no empyreal
nceit, to venture and divulge unusual things of myself, I shall petition to
ie gentler sort, it may not be envy to me. I must say, therefore, that after
had for my first years by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father,
hom God recompense, been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences,
; my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and
: the schools, it was found that whether aught was imposed me by them
iat had the overlooking, or betaken to of mine own choice in English, or
ther tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly by this latter, the style, by
ertain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But much latelier in the
rivate academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that
ome trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or there-
bout, (for the manner is that every one must give some proof of his wit
nd reading there,) met with acceptance above what was looked for; and
ther things which I had shifted in scarcity of books and conveniences to
atch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the
talian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps; I began thus
ar to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not
ess to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labour
nd intent study, (which I take to be my portion in this life,) joined with
he strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written
o aftertimes, as they should not willingly let it die. These thoughts at
once possessed me, and these other. That if I were certain to write as men
uy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard be sooner
had, than to God's glory by the honour and instruction of my country.
For which cause, and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at
he second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution, which
Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry
nd art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; not to make
verbal curiosities the end, (that were a toilsome vanity,) but to be an inter-
preter and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens

choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for mine; not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but content with these British ilands as my world; whose fortune hath hitherto been, that if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.

Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse to give any certain account of what the mind at home in the spacious circuits of her musing hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope, and hardest attempting; whether that epic form whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief model: or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, which in them that know art and use judgment, is no transgression, but an enriching of art: and lastly, what king or knight before the conquest might be chosen in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. And as Tasso gave to a prince of Italy his choice whether he would command him to write of Godfrey's expedition against the Infidels, or Belisarius against the Goths, or Charlemain against the Lombards; if to the instinct of nature and the emboldening of art aught may be trusted, and that there be nothing adverse in our climate, or the fate of this age, it haply would be no rashness, from an equal diligence and inclination, to present the like offer in our own ancient stories. Or whether those dramatic constitutions, wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign, shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation. The scripture also affords us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons, and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges. And the Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies: and this my opinion the grave authority of Pareus, commenting that book, is sufficient to confirm. Or if occasion shall lead to imitate those magnific odes and hymns, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy, some others in their frame judicious, in their matter most an end faulty. But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear over all the kinds of lyric poesy to be incomparable. These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some

ough most abuse) in every nation; and are of power, beside the office of ulpit, to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and blic civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and uipage of God's almightiness, and what he works, and what he suffers to wrought with high providence in his church; to sing victorious agonies martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations ing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the neral relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. astly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or ave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that hich is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of an's thoughts from within; all these things with a solid and treatable noothness to paint out and describe. Teaching over the whole book of nctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight those especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as ook upon truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed; that whereas ie paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though ney be indeed easy and pleasant, they will then appear to all men both asy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed The ccomplishment [of these intentions] lies not but in a power above man's to romise; but that none hath by more studious ways endeavoured, and with nore unwearied spirit that none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, as ar as life and free leisure will extend, and that the land had once infranhised herself from this impertinent yoke of prelaty, under whose inquisiorious and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish. Neither o I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some ew years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I m now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some ulgar amorist, or the trencher fury of a riming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases: to this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs; till which in some measure be compassed, at mine own peril and cost I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to

Although it nothing content me to have disclosed thus much beforehand, but that I trust hereby to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes, put from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.'

In the Defensio Secunda is another autobiographical passage, of which the substance has been already given in the Life.

R. C. B.

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CORRIGENDA.

Page 11, line 319, *after* blown *alter full stop to comma.*
321, *for* smelling *read* swelling.
322, *after* field *alter colon to comma.*
Page 28, line 269, *for* and *read* as.
Page 29, line 314, *after* awe *insert comma.*
Page 53, line 505, *for* changed *read* chang'd.
Page 191, line 258, *after* sung *insert comma.*

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